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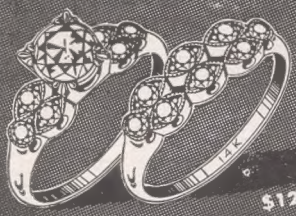

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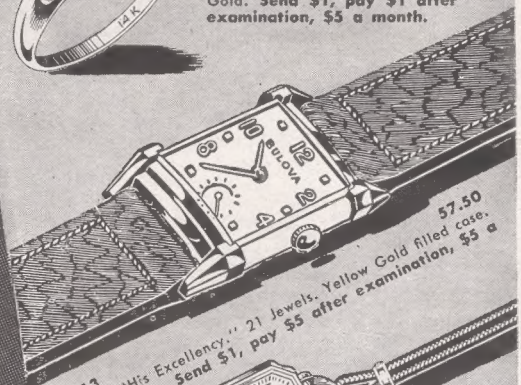

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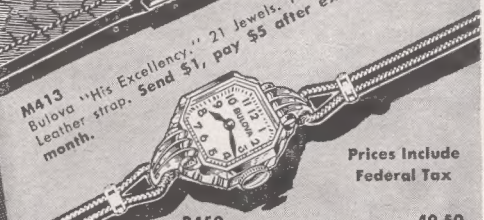

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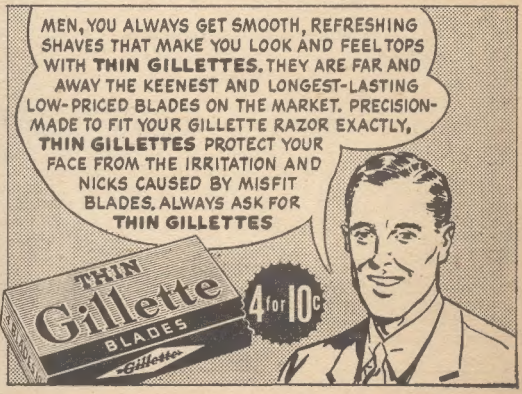
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July, 1948 Vol. 46, No. 2 35 Cents

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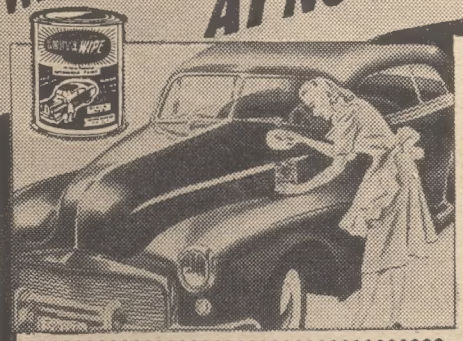

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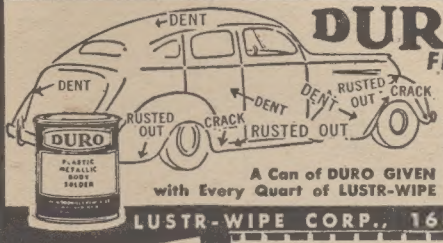

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Clark's Cupolas

By Henry B. Comstock

EVER since I won a wind-up train in 1912 by selling my granddad a long-term subscription to *The Youth's Companion,* my mail has been cluttered up with juvenile book advertisements. I've been urged to help Tom Swift hold off the Chinese river pirates with an electric air rifle; to swim the Bosporus with Halliburton; even to join the Quiz Kids in a tour of Ecuador.

That's how I came so close to tossing fame and fortune into the wastepaper basket the other morning. How was I to know that the editor of the *Book of Knowledge* would ever write me a bonafide letter, requesting a thousand words on the newest developments in American Railroading?

It was a flattering note, with an appended list of my co-authors. What Arthur H. Vandenberg was to statesmanship, Norman Corwin to radio, Serge Koussevitsky to classical music, Bill Stern to sports announcing and the Five De Marco Sisters to swing; Comstock would be to post-war improvements in our greatest transportation industry. Naturally I was pleased—yes, and a little proud.

But that was before I read the text of Attorney General Tom Clark's address at the first annual dinner of the Federation for Railroad Progress. It was some birthday speech, all brightened up with candles burning around the withered corpse of our retrogressive rail carriers. According to the A. G., nobody had bothered to fire up a locomotive since the sack of Richmond; they were all too busy lobbying for the Bulwinkle Bill.

Not that Tom didn't love the railroads; quote: "I venture to say that we could not have won the war so quickly had it not been for them;" end quote, exclamation point! But why, oh why, hadn't they set up laboratories for experimentation and research? When would the weeds cease to thrive on railroad tracks?

Well, there it was in black and white. No vision; no new developments; no place for me in the *Book of Knowledge.*

I read on glumly.

"The record indicates that progress in railroading has been slow. Back in 1884 a few railroads knew of the caboose. At that time the cupola—was indeed 'the new look'; it was not made available on most roads until the turn of the century. In 1835 a man named Phelps proposed a communication system using the principle of electrical induction. The powers that be—turned him down.

"Today we find that same system is being developed—. As a result there is no necessity of having a cupola—. If someone of vision had heeded Mr. Phelps there would have been no necessity of putting them on. Instead we would have had the beautiful bay windows that we see on a few of the more advanced cabooses—."

Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Attorney General! Since when has the location of the caboose lookout had any varying effect on train telephony? According to my book the lookout is for the detection of hotboxes, fallen brake beams and other operating hazards. The radio, or inductive telephone system, or a combination of both, serves to transmit that information to the engineer. And while the bay window has points in its favor in an era of high boxcars, the fact remains that the greatest user of train telephony in the world today is still rather pleased with the streamlined cupolas on its new N-5c cabin cars.

I might mention, too, that a number of railroads, including PRR, the Bessemer & Lake Erie and—psst, Mr. Robert Young—the C&O, made highly unsuccessful attempts to install cab-to-caboose communications in the early '30s. Had Brother Phelps' much earlier appliance proved satisfactory, Union Switch & Signal Company engineers would not have been forced to drown their sorrow in caboose Java (the only railroad product your proposed laboratory tests would prove unchanged since 1884).

Also, just for the record, though it makes your case the more convincing, cupolas appeared on two Erie baggage cars as early as 1851. I would not, however, say that they were uncommon in the 1880s.

Frankly, Mr. Attorney General, I'd almost suspect that one of those bright young FRP publicity men had helped you to write your speech. The party, perhaps, who forgot that the UP ended at Omaha, when computing comparative railroad mileages between the West Coast and Chicago.

On second thought, I think I'll hammer out my article on railroad progress after all. Of course I'll only touch on the things I've seen or know a bit about, myself: the miracles of practical train telephony, gas-turbo-electrics, teletype and micro-film-accelerated paper work, knee-action streamliners of Spanish design, vista-domes, track relocation projects, continuous welded rail, 8000-horsepower juice jacks, and young Doctor Diesel's patented remedy for steam locomotives past thirty-five.

A thousand words? Move over, Koussevitsky; I could write a book!

ANY freight car — of any railroad — anywhere in America — can be coupled up with any other freight car.

This simple fact makes it possible to combine in a single freight train many cars loaded at many different points, moving toward many different destinations.

This in turn makes possible the low-cost continent-wide mass transportation which only railroads provide. And on mass transportation depends the mass production which our nation must have to keep well fed, well clothed, well housed — sound and strong.

These rugged railroad couplers, whose "universal grip" often holds together more than 5,000 tons of loaded freight cars, are the product of never-ending research and tests. Begun sixty years ago by the Master Car Builders, this work is now carried on by the railroads through the Association of American Railroads, the mutual agency for the betterment of *all* railroading.

This is just one example of how railroads, which compete with one another for business, also work together to improve such standardized and interchangeable parts as wheels, axles, trucks, brakes, draft gear, and safety devices. Such cooperation between railroads helps provide America with the most economical, the most efficient, and the safest mass transportation system in the world.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Missouri–Kansas–Texas

By JACK RUSSELL

ONE DARK NIGHT in the depression-ridden Thirties, an old Model-T jalopy chugged slowly up to a railroad siding alongside a small station in Texas. A tall, gaunt man, his face tough as leather from long hours in the broiling southwestern sun, peered uneasily through the still blackness. When he was certain no one was about, he grunted with satisfaction and slid quietly out of the car.

His figure moved quickly along the sparsely-ballasted track until he came to a dingy flatcar loaded with new crossties. For a moment, he paused and sniffed the aroma of fresh creosote contentedly. Then slowly he tugged half a dozen ties off the car, dragged them one by one back to the flivver, and chugged off.

Next day these six new ties made their appearance in a section of mainline track on the Missouri-Kansas-Texas—a section of the Katy, incidentally, where even the best ties looked hardly fit for firewood. And this condition of the roadbed in 1933 was not unusual. The hard fact was that the only thing distinguishing that stretch of Texas double iron from other parts of the Katy was that it had six new ties; generally speaking, the others had none.

Katy's color scheme stands out boldly against night sky at Parsons. Depression-boss Sloan picked yellow to dramatize MKT's new era

Today—just fifteen years later—every section is gleaming with new, well-ballasted rail. Although Katy gandy-dancers recall the days when they had to "steal" crossties from more fortunate gangs, they can smile about it now. But at that time the Katy was so sick financially that nobody gave it a chance to recover, and a wolf, in the guise of receivership, was howling at its corporate door. Crossties or anything else that cost

Caught Short When Its Promised Land Grants Were Given Back to the Indians, the Katy Is Out Front Again—Offering Superior Service to the Southwest

money weren't bought unless trains couldn't be operated without them. From top brass down, personnel learned to do the best job possible with the least possible expense.

As a result of this self-imposed austerity program, the Katy had become one of the most dilapidated pikes in the country. Then came the national defense program, launched in 1939, which gave business a real shot in the arm. With revenues climbing into the black for the first time in nearly a decade, the Katy began turning its profits into a campaign calling for the complete rebuilding of its system.

Since then, more than 100 locomotives have been rescued from depression-spawned boneyards and returned to service. Every crosstie in the 3,254-mile system has been replaced and every mile of main line has been reballasted. More than 250

miles of new, heavier rail have been laid and more than 500 new boxcars and hoppers have either been bought or built in the company's own shops —and more are on the way. Every station and building from St. Louis to Houston has been reconstructed, or repainted, or both.

Nor is the end in sight. During 1947, the Katy began replacing steam with Diesel power. By the year's end, seven 4,500-horsepower freight Diesels had started the Katy's big 2-8-2 type mainline freight locomotives toward retirement, and 1948 was only hours old when the road announced that it was buying 44 additional Diesel units. Diesels also are replacing the hefty 0-8-0 switchers in all important terminals. And the ultra-modern streamlined *Texas Special* now speeds between St. Louis and San Antonio behind a 4,000-horsepower Diesel.

Short-wave radio, a thing-to-come for most southwestern roads when the Katy adopted it last year for its Dallas yard, will be installed at other points as the rehabilitation program progresses. Switching operations at Dallas have been speeded up more than fifty percent since the

Veteran's bonus: Katy's 33-year-old *Texas Special* now has a 4000-horsepower Diesel, delivered by GM in 1947

two-way radio was made standard equipment on all yard goats. The Katy's management is already planning similar networks at its big yards in Parsons, Kan., in Denison, Tex., and probably elsewhere.

As yet, the Katy's main line is not protected by centralized traffic control, although there are 790.4 miles which have automatic block signals. As this is written, the signal system is being installed along the 42 miles between San Marcos and San Antonio, Tex. Some 400 additional miles will be protected the moment materials are made available.

For the first time since the early Thirties, when the Katy adopted the motto "Serves the Southwest", the carrier is actually doing that job well. In fact, it's even changed the slogan to accent the change: the MKT "Serves the Southwest *Well!*" And its advertising men can say it now and mean it.

THAT THE Southwest accepts this slogan at face value is evidenced by the fact that in the states it serves —Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas—the Katy has always held an enviable record for getting traffic. Perhaps this is because the larger systems have failed to take much personal interest in the communities along their routes, while the Katy prides itself on being strictly "the home-town railroad of the Southwest."

This is neither false pride nor an advertising phrase. For more than eighty-five years—ever since the Katy was first conceived as the Union Pacific, Southern Branch—the histories of this railroad and that

Photos courtesy of Missouri-Kansas-Texas

of the Southwest have been so interwoven that it is impossible to trace the growth of one without giving equal attention to the other. The beginnings of the Katy go back to 1863 when the Southwest was young and the nation was torn with Civil War. Anxious for additional railroads to transport men and supplies between western forts and outposts, Abraham Lincoln had persuaded Congress to pass a bill granting the state of Kansas vast sections of government lands to encourage the building of lines west and south through the new state.

President Levi Parsons

With the government offering "ten alternate sections of land for each completed mile of railway" besides a free right-of-way, Kansas capitalists organized the Union Pacific, Southern Branch, and started building southward out of Fort Riley (now Junction City) in the fall of 1867. As these men saw it, the proposition was certain to be profitable. If the shortline itself failed to pay, there was a good chance that the Union Pacific would take it over for a fancy price.

But while profit was a motive in organizing the little pike, it was certainly not the force that drove its spikes across the Kansas prairie. That will to exist was one man's dream—the dream of Levi Parsons, a Yankee who had come West to seek his fortune.

Both a director of the Southern Branch and head of the construction company that laid its first rail, Parsons was a dynamic, two-fisted visionary who looked ahead to the time when the Indian Territory would seek statehood, when farming and industry would take their places alongside ranching in Texas.

"The Southwest hasn't realized its greatness yet," he told his fellow directors, "but some day it will. When that time comes, there'll be a need for a railroad stretching from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. That railroad will be ours."

Fired with some of Parsons' enthusiasm, the directors met early in 1870 and voted to rename their company the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, and elected Parsons as president. Chicago was chosen as its northern goal, the Gulf of Mexico the terminal in the south. With this decided, the construction gangs took over.

Yet Parsons and his associates were not the only men with plans for rail lines into the Southwest. As the Katy railhead moved slowly southward, other pikes were springing up like sunflowers on the Kansas prairie. Two of these, the Kansas & Neosho Valley and the Leavenworth, Lawrence & Ft. Gibson had hopes of beating the MK&T to the Indian Territory. This would win for one of them the sole right to build on to Texas.

These builders failed to reckon with Parsons and his indomitable enterprise, however. His goal was to lay a road to the Territory line and to do it better and faster than anyone else. To be certain that his mission was accomplished, he hired the most experienced construction gangs he could find and put them under the

command of R. S. Stevens, his general manager. Stevens was a railroader who had come up from the ranks. He knew the problems of getting rail on ties as none of his competitors could.

A hard-working, rough-talking plainsman, Stevens not only spoke the language of his men but he could do any job they could and do it better. And he never let them forget it. Loving a good fight second only to railroad building, Stevens saw the race to the Indian Territory as a battle to be won. He cajoled, swore at and pleaded with his gangs, until they were imbued with some of his own spirit.

The Kansas & Neosho Valley had a head start on the Katy and Stevens knew his chances of beating them to the Line were slim. So thirty days before he could even hope to reach the border, Stevens decided to throw his "shock troops" into action. Hand-picking a "flying squadron" of gandy dancers, the general manager sent them by wagon to the dividing line with orders to "get a piece of railroad into the Territory!" The government had specified that the winner of the right to build across the Territory had only to reach the border with its track. Stevens' plan complied with the letter, if not the spirit, of the law.

When advance scouts of K&NV heard of Stevens' maneuver, they dispatched crews to intercept the rival gang. The two met at the Territory line and the Neosho Valley huskies attacked with bare knuckles. Stevens' men routed them with axe-handles and set about laying rail

Parsons remembers. Top hats, Stetsons and drums are visible in the holiday crowd which lined the tracks at Parsons, Kan. in October 1945, to help celebrate the 75th anniversary of the first MK&T train into the town named for the road's first president. Station in foreground was a replica of the early depot; the five-car train was an 1870 model

across the border. The K&NV gangs made new assaults; but each time the Katy crews won.

Between battles, more track went down on the bare topsoil of the prairie, so that within a couple of days, a quarter of a mile of high iron joined Kansas to the Territory by rail. The Katy had crossed the line first! Stevens reported his successful flanking movement to Parsons, and the railroad president was so elated that he immediately telegraphed President U. S. Grant demanding the sole right to build across the Territory.

Grant loved a good fight and admired a smart tactician. He may even have considered Stevens' move praiseworthy. But when the Cherokee Indians protested that the Katy had resorted to trickery, Grant issued an executive order voiding this impromptu piece of railroad building. He directed Stevens to continue progressing his line in the orthodox manner.

UNDAUNTED by his minor defeat, Stevens believed he could observe all the rules and still beat the Kansas & Neosho Valley. He worked his crews twenty-four hours a day. He hewed ties himself, swinging the adze over the green timber and laying sleepers like a veteran gandy dancer. Singing ribald Irish songs at the top of his voice, he stripped to the waist in the warm spring sun and drove spikes with gusto.

As Stevens' railhead moved slowly down the Gibson Trail, the general manager refused to bother with such fripperies as ballast. He laid his rails on virgin soil, unpacked except by the thundering hoofs of cattle that had gone up the trail. This determination, plus a lucky break, began to pay off.

While the Missouri, Kansas & Texas was still miles from the border line, the K&NV reached Indian Territory only to be stopped by indignant redskins. Looking for the shortest route to the Territory, its

Mike Morfa **led the Katy's anniversary parade with converted diamond stack, burnished boiler straps and starred wheels. Built around 1880, engine is in regular service on the Northwestern District**

engineers had built their road to the Quapaw Nation, a tribe not included in the government's arrangement for a right-of-way across the Indian lands. Much to Stevens' delight, it was discovered that the Quapaws had little love for the white man. They had even less for his "steam devils."

So while the Kansas & Neosho Valley projectors tried to bargain with the Indians for permission to enter, the Katy kept driving southward toward the Cherokee Nation, sixteen miles to the west. The Cherokees, one of the Five Civilized Tribes in the Territory, had granted the government railroad rights. If the MK&T could reach the Cherokee Nation first, Stevens was sure his troubles would be over.

At noon on June 6, 1870, the sweating gangs put the last rail in place across the border and drove a spike inside the land of the Cherokees. General Manager Stevens, tired but happy, telegraphed President Parsons, "We've struck the Territory line and are going like hell!" And as Stevens and his gangs directed their roadway across the red clay of the Indian Territory toward the Red River and Texas, Parsons felt for the first time that his dream of a line between the Great Lakes and the Gulf might come true.

With work southward under control, the directors turned their attentions toward the big river terminal of St. Louis and the growing port at Chicago. Parsons was not the man to build a railroad when he could buy or merge with one that gave him the connection he wanted. Soon he began dickering for a carrier already building southwest from Sedalia to tie into the Katy below Junction City on the Kansas prairie. This road, the Tebo & Neosho, was merged with the Katy in November, 1870, and on March 1, 1871, it was

officially joined to the larger system.

This junction of the two created a boom town almost overnight. When Levi Parsons told the settlers that their hamlet was a natural terminal point for a railroad, the citizenry unanimously voted to name it in his honor. Excited as the road president was over Parsons, Kan. bearing his name, the official did not let this new prestige dull his business acumen. For while the christening ceremonies were in progress, Parsons was carefully watching another railroad building east from Paola, Kansas toward Holden, Missouri. Almost before the last rail was in place, Parsons was working toward a merger, and control of the line passed to the Katy. Within a few weeks, he had construction crews at work continuing right-of-way to Bryson, Missouri to connect with the parent MK&T.

After these deals were completed, Parsons went back to Sedalia to rest a few weeks and review the situation. With lines running east and southwest of Sedalia, with a direct connection to the northeast with the Missouri Pacific at Sedalia, Parsons' little road had a monopoly on all freight destined for southern Kansas, the Indian Territory and the entire Southwest. This, he realized, was just the talking point he needed to get more capital. So packing a bag, Parsons clamped on his black derby and headed for New York.

New York was either the home or the favorite haunt of most young men with money. It was to young men Parsons planned to make his appeal. There were quite a few to pick from: August Belmont, then a youngster, had a million or so; J. P. Morgan, already a rising but not too powerful young banker, was a good luncheon gamble; a Cleveland oil man named John D. Rockefeller was in town so Parsons took him along, also. To these, and to others they sent him to, Parsons unfolded his scheme of a transcontinental railroad.

When he returned to Sedalia a few weeks later, Parsons had his valise full of pledges of cash. The Missouri, Kansas & Texas was assured of double iron straight through to the Mississippi.

LEAVING General Manager Stevens to keep building toward Texas, Parsons put new crews to work

M. K. & T. R'y.

THIS IS THE LINE
That runs a Beautiful Parlor Car (seats free) from Hannibal to Chicago, Ills.

THIS IS THE LINE
That runs a Reclining Chair Car (seats free) between Sedalia, Mo., and St. Louis, Mo.

THIS IS THE LINE
That runs the only and finest Dining Cars in the world, between Hannibal, Mo., and Chicago, Illinois.

THIS IS THE LINE
That runs a Palace Sleeping Car between Dallas, Texas, and St. Louis, Mo.

THIS IS THE LINE
That runs BOTH a Day Express and a Night Express out of Texas, one train more than any other line out of Texas.

PEOPLE PATRONIZE THE
Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y
BECAUSE IT IS LIBERAL, AND BECAUSE IT RUNS THROUGH CARS AND GIVES THE PEOPLE SUPERIOR FACILITIES.

Our Illustrated Newspaper, with maps, guide book, time tables and printed rates of fare, will be sent free to all who send their address to
H. P. HUGHES,
Texas Passenger Agent, M. K. & T. R'y, 504 Main street, Dallas, Texas
JAS. D. BROWN,
General Passenger Agent.
St. Louis, Mo.

Service to surrounding communities has always been the boast of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas. In the 1890s, it advertised two expresses between Chicago and Texas to its rivals' one

at Sedalia and started his roadway up the Santa Fe Trail toward Franklin. Hannibal, an important river port north of St. Louis, was his immediate goal. By the summer of 1872, the Katy had built through Boonville and across the Missouri River to Franklin, thence northeast across the Missouri River to Moberly. At this point Parsons discovered that his money was running low, that most of it was needed to complete the all-important line to Texas. However, he did manage to acquire the Hannibal & Central Missouri — which gave the Katy a terminal on the Mississippi — before ordering his men to concentrate every effort on spanning the Red River and establishing a terminal in the Lone Star State.

George Denison

Early in 1872, when the MK&T railhead neared the Texas border, an engineering party crossed the Red River at Colbert's Ferry and selected a townsite for the road's southern terminus. The town was named Denison, for George Denison, vice-president of the road. By September, when the first lots were sold, it already had a population of several hundred for Parsons planned to make it one of the key terminals for his system. As the rails stretched closer and closer in the following three months, Parsons decided that its arrival would be something the citizens would never forget.

With a sense of the dramatic that would have guaranteed him success as a modern press agent, he wired General Manager Stevens:

"Get your last rail laid by December 24. The MK&T will be my Christmas present to Denison and all Texas."

Stevens' crews went Parsons one better. Not only was the last spike driven by Christmas Eve, but the finishing touches were placed on a spanking new clapboard station, too. Everything was ready for the Katy's arrival the next day at its bawdy, bustling new frontier terminal.

Christmas Day dawned on the heels of a famed Texas "blue norther." Snow and sleet darkened the slate-gray skies and blanketed the countryside until the water in the open troughs along the line froze solid. The run from Atoka, the little Indian Territory division point, to Denison was fifty-four miles; still it took twelve hours for the tiny, wood-burning Grant 4-4-0 locomotive to get through with her five cars. Water caused most of the delay. Every time Engineer Pat Tobin stopped his train to refill the boiler from the wayside tanks, he and his fireman had to hack ice and haul it in buckets to the thirsty engine.

Except for this, the trip was uneventful. And in spite of the storm and cold, virtually every man, woman and child in Denison was on hand to greet the train when it chugged into the new station. Its run was history; the first train ever to enter Texas from the north.

With his railway safely over the Red River, and with the Katy the only route connecting the Southwest directly with Hannibal, St. Louis and the East, Parsons was ready now to take things a little easier. Of

Neither Gould nor Engine 75 could figure this 1885 Kansas train a heavy passenger load. Yet under Gould's regime, MK&T made its first real bid as through carrier to the Southwest

course, he still planned to build on to the Gulf and to extend the MK&T from Hannibal to Chicago. But he believed in letting somebody else build the railroad whenever possible, and his eye was on a route that already extended to the Gulf.

This was the Houston & Texas Central, a shortline financed by Texans as well as Eastern capitalists, which was being constructed northward toward Denison from Houston. It had reached Denison early in 1873, thus providing the MK&T with the direct connection it needed. At this point Parsons' campaign strategy met an immovable object: he found it impossible to merge the H&TC with his road, or to buy it outright. After months of failure he had to be satisfied with interchange arrangements with the Houston carrier at Denison.

With hope of controlling the H&TC gone, Parsons looked for new goals. Yet before he could complete any plans for expansion, the panic of 1873 rolled over the nation. Although the Katy was busy hauling heavy cattle trains north from Denison, and despite heavy movements of emigrants and manufactured goods from the North and the East, Parsons' road fell deeper and deeper into the red each day. By December 31, 1874, Parsons was ready to toss in the sponge; the MK&T greeted the New Year of 1875 in receivership.

THE GUIDING genius of Parsons, whose holdings were wiped out by the receivership, was missed by the struggling young railroad. As the national economic situation improved, however, so did the Katy's. Within a year, the receivership had ended, although the going was still tough. For years the Katy remained in the hands of speculators who were to use it as a financial football.

All expansion was halted at this time and not resumed again for about four years. Through an exchange of stock, however, the operators of the

Katy were able to gain control of the International & Great Northern, a 154-mile shortline between San Antonio and Laredo, on the Texas border. This line, together with MK&T, became part of the Gould System in 1880, when both railroads were leased to the Missouri Pacific.

For a while, it looked as if Parsons' dream of a single railroad from the Great Lakes to the Gulf would never come true. Except for the acquisition of the I&GN, his successors had done little to extend the Katy. In 1879, a 41-mile branch had been built from Denison to Gainesville, Texas but except for this, Parsons' original setup was unchanged. And now that the MK&T was losing its autonomy by being absorbed by the Missouri Pacific, it seemed likely that its growth had definitely reached an end.

Jay Gould, however, had even bigger dreams for the Katy as a part of his great system. Shortly after gaining control in 1880, he extended the steel south from Denison to Greenville, Texas, adding fifty-two miles to the route. The following year, he stretched it from Greenville two hundred miles east to Shreveport, La.; shortly afterward, its iron moved west from Gainesville to Henrietta, Texas, then from Greenville to Dallas.

It was also during the Gould regime that Kansas City began to make a serious bid for the title, "Gateway to the Southwest." Already an important cattle market, Kansas City was growing rapidly and its leaders realized that a direct rail connection to the important ranching country in the Southwest would be a boost to the city's growth. In 1883, they persuaded Gould to operate Katy trains north from Parsons to Paola over the Kansas City & Pacific. From that point, the Frisco carried these trains the final forty-two miles to the Kansas City terminal.

This arrangement was profitable to all concerned. It is likely that the Katy would have continued as part of the Gould interests had not the Missouri Pacific defaulted its bond payments in 1888. When this occurred, Katy stockholders went to

Katy System in 1948: 3,252 miles *Serving the Southwest Well.* Road has put a $100,000,000 polish on its trackage and equipment

DONT GET LEFT
THE KATY FLYER
A NEW FAST TRAIN
VIA
THE MK and T
LEAVES UNION STATION DAILY AND SUNDAYS TOO AT ST. LOUIS 8.20 P.M.
FOR SEDALIA, NEVADA, FT. SCOTT, PARSONS, INDIAN TER., DALLAS, FT. WORTH, WACO, HOUSTON, SAN ANTONIO AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

court and obtained an order declaring the lease ended. Once again, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas went into receivership.

On the termination of the lease, the International & Great Northern went to the Missouri Pacific in exchange for a cash settlement because the Katy urgently needed operating funds. Parsons' old road kept the rest of its system intact, however; and the following year, the receivers purchased the Kansas City & Pacific outright, thus giving the road its own line to this growing cattle center. Then in 1891, the Katy came out of receivership. Its new officers and directors, still imbued with some of the spirit of Levi Parsons, embarked on new expansions.

Texas at this time was a maze of shortlines, and the Katy management set out to absorb as many as possible, constructing connecting lines when necessary, to form them into one integrated system. Through purchase and merger, it assembled a right-of-way from Denison to Fort Worth, and thence south to Waco where it joined the Katy's main line south from Dallas. By 1893, the Katy had managed to reach Houston and obtain trackage rights over the Galveston, Houston & Henderson to the thriving port of Galveston. Parsons' dream of a railroad to the Gulf of Mexico had become a reality at last.

But new problems had arisen already. In building into Texas, the Katy management had reckoned

Number 87 pauses with Neosho Division's local passenger at Strawn, Kan., 81 miles south of Junction City. Latter was the starting point of Union Pacific, Southern Branch (later MK&T) rails

without a state law which prohibited a corporation outside the state from owning property within. A long legal fight ensued, which the Katy, as a Missouri corporation, lost. At the direction of the courts, the MK&T was forced to sell the 724 miles it owned in Texas.

of St. Louis was via the Missouri Pacific. Still hoping to complete the transcontinental Parsons had dreamed of, the MK&T brass wanted its own line to St. Louis. And St. Louis, too, was interested in a meet with another direct line to the Southwest. In the early Nineties, a group

Dual-service 4-4-0s were numerous on the Katy's early rosters. Number 54, built by Grant Locomotive Works, is shown at Denison in 1875; Charley Tenney piloted her

TO COMPLY with the law, the railroad's legal department got busy and organized the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company of Texas and had it chartered. Then the parent road sold its Texas property to one H. W. Poor, who had been retained to act in its interest. Poor, in turn, resold the property to the MK&T of Texas and the legal troubles were over so far as the Texas courts were concerned, and the actual control of the Texas subsidiary remained with the parent company who elected its officers and directed its policies.

Once this was done, the Katy management turned its attention to the northern end of the carrier. Hannibal and Franklin were still the terminals and the Katy's only connection with the bustling river port

of local merchants had organized the Missouri, Kansas & Eastern Railway to lay rail westward toward Franklin and a junction with the Katy.

This new road had solid financial backing and already was halfway to Franklin when the builders decided that a division point was needed. They stopped the construction crews long enough to survey a townsite. Then using an interest-arousing stunt that would have been a credit to Levi Parsons himself, the builders held a public contest to select a name for the new town. Thousands of persons entered, hoping for one of the cash prizes. But it remained for a St. Louis woman, using a contraction of the road's name, to come up with the winner. She called the new town "Mo-kan-e."

The Missouri, Kansas & Eastern

Photo by R. J. Foster, Box 375, East St. Louis, Ill.

More pull with drawbars than with brass hats, Katy Pacifics—standard power for passenger schedules since 1910—are on their way out. Officials hope for complete Dieselization in the near future

moved on from Mokane to Franklin right on schedule, leaving behind the new towns of Matson, Case, Wainright, Tebbetts and McKittrick, names reading like a directory of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce during the Nineties. For each town honored a St. Louis merchant who backed his belief in the future of the MK&E by buying a substantial block of stock. And almost before the small road's construction crews had laid away their tools, the Katy's officers were bidding for the line.

The owners of the MK&E were anxious to get back to their merchandising and to leave the business of railroading to experienced hands. So in 1896 the deal was completed. The Katy absorbed the St. Louis company, which today forms the St. Louis Division of the Katy's Eastern district.

The purchase of the MK&E ended the northward and eastward expansion of the Katy, although down in Texas there were miles of steel yet to be added. Officers of the road, foreseeing the wealth of this area, once a sufficient number of settlers arrived, now concentrated all of their efforts at rail building in the Lone Star State. Actually, Texas already was growing up. Men like Deputy U. S. Marshal "Red" Hall, whose lightning draw and accurate shooting had ruled the Red River Valley when the MK&T arrived in the Seventies, were gone. And Denison, which boasted in the Eighties that a man had been killed along every 25-foot section of Main Street, now had almost as many churches as it did saloons and brothels.

"Greater" Dallas, a Katy key point, had a population of 40,000 and was already talking of the day when it would be the shopping and industrial center of the Southwest. Fort Worth was still little more than a country cow-town, but it was getting ambitious, making a bid for the title of "ranching capital in Texas." San Antonio, famed as the home of the Alamo, was already a tourist attraction. Growing, too, were Austin, Waco and dozens of others.

Texas was on the march toward

Rehabilitation has required year-round effort for the past five years. Directed by Conductor G. L. Lewis, ditcher scoops up earth at Milepost 606.2 near Atoka, Okla.

Freight yards and roundhouse at Smithville, Tex., handle all traffic out of the port of Houston. Typical railroad town, Smithville has 1,800 of its 4,000 people working for the Katy

through the ripening fields about June, the Beaver, Meade & Englewood becomes one of the busiest shortlines in the country. Six to twelve solid wheat trains operate daily between Forgan at the eastern end and Keyes on the western tip.

Even during the heaviest harvest seasons, however, there is an informality about railroading on the BM& E rarely found along the high iron today. Operation along its 105 miles stretch is strictly by time order or *sight;* there is not an automatic block signal on the line. The biggest town in the area has less than 2,000 people, and meet points are usually track-side grain elevators where a rickety side track has been built. Agents at the few points where there are telegraph stations serve as dispatchers and purveyors of news. Crews often head in long enough to enjoy a cup of coffee and a piece of gossip with the operator.

Of approximately two-score shortlines that became a part of the Katy system, this road is the last to keep its identity. All others have been so completely absorbed into the parent system that their autonomy has vanished, or else they have been sold or leased or abandoned. Many of these abandonments came shortly after the First World War, when railroads felt the first shock of the economic upheaval that was to come.

In 1922, just when the Katy was trying to adjust to peacetime operation, it found itself in receivership again. Its hodge-podge system of small pikes had been bought and leased with little regard to efficient railroading, and the MK&T had paid a price to learn that some of its holdings could never be profitable. Now the old system—the corporation that Parsons and his fellow capitalists had built—was nearing its end.

The courts gave the Katy a chance to put its house in order by permitting its reorganization in 1923 as the Missouri - Kansas - Texas Railroad company, the system's present corporate name. Soon the Katy began to lease or sell its non-paying properties and to abandon others, reducing the road substantially to today's 3,252 miles. The Oklahoma City-Ada-Atoka line, which Indians drunk on

the white man's "fire-water" had loved to ride, was sold to a new corporation of the same name. The little East Line & Red River, once host to the great General Sam Houston for his 155-mile trip from McKinney to Jefferson in the East Texas pine woods, went to the Louisiana, Arkansas & Texas Railway. Half a dozen others were thus orphaned. Those which went without buyers were ripped up and assigned to oblivion.

By 1929, the Katy had pared itself by the road he built, would have been pleased could he have seen the climbing revenues. Then came the depression!

As industries failed, the prosperity of the bustling Southwest disappeared almost overnight. Strings of shiny new boxcars which the Katy had built in anticipation of continued prosperity rotted on side tracks. More than a hundred locomotives were sent to "boneyards" at Parsons, Kan. and Denison and Waco, Texas, to ride out the storm in white lead.

Interior of the main shop at Parsons, where Mikado 838 has checked in for Class-3 repairs. Parsons is also the classification point for all St. Louis-Kansas City freight bound for Texas

to the point where there was little but mainline mileage—and this was profitable. Virtually every key city in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas was served by the Katy, and all of them were booming. Parsons, long since dead and almost forgotten

Employes who had held regular jobs one day found themselves on the extra board the next, if not jobless.

Luckily, the Katy's top management possessed some of the optimism that Parsons had generated when he built the railroad. They felt that

Diesel-powered units haul passengers, express and mail between Waco and Rotan, Tex., the MKT's Texas Central Branch. *Left*, M-12 awaits a go-ahead signal at Waco Station

South of St. Louis, Number 760 *right* races along the Missouri River bottoms with a long drag. St. Louis Division follows the windings of the Missouri for more than 100 miles

prosperity would come again and that the Katy had to hold on until good times did return. To keep its corporate head above the water, they inaugurated a program of penny-pinching, which nearly broke down the line's physical plant completely, not to mention the morale of the employes.

Locomotives were run without repairs as long as the law would permit. Cars were shopped only when they got so bad that shippers would reject them. Stations and buildings went unrepaired and unpainted. New rail was such a luxury that section crews got it only when the condition of the track demanded its installation or cessation of operation. Crossties were so scarce that rival section crews stole them from each other.

The program worked, however. The Katy did stay out of receivership. But by 1933, the road was little more than the proverbial two streaks of rust.

THEN Matthew S. Sloan took over as chairman of the board and Katy president. Sloan was not a railroader and didn't claim to be, but he had a reputation as a smart operator with a knack for doctoring sick businesses. And the Katy was a very sick patient. Sloan, however, diagnosed the trouble after his first trip over the line.

"How in the hell do you expect to get business with the railroad in the condition it is?" he stormed when he got back to St. Louis. "There isn't a straight line between here and Houston, and every piece of rolling stock is falling apart. The road is so down-at-the-heels that the shippers are afraid to route their business over it and the employes are ashamed to work for it. Our first job is to put the house in order."

As soon as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and bank loans would permit, Sloan started the job of "getting the railroad so it'll operate." He quit paying stock dividends and diverted every dime he could into rehabilitation. Once again the shops hummed with activity, and soon reconditioned locomotives pulling sleek new boxcars rolled over the line.

"Paint every car you shop yellow," he ordered. "Yellow has a new look, and we want everybody who sees a Katy car to know that we're getting a new lease on life."

Stations and buildings got doses of yellow paint, too, plus borders of glossy black. There was another radical change: practically every-

body on the Katy got a straight-from-the-shoulder talk from the big boss himself. Disdaining his palatial business car—Number 400—for a bright yellow Chrysler equipped with flanged wheels, Sloan rode up and down the line shaking hands with station agents, section workers, road and shop men and everybody else he could meet.

"We're going to make the Katy a great road again," he'd tell them.

As more of the Katy's big 2-8-2 hogs came out of boneyards, Sloan began improving freight service. He gave freight trains names like *The Katy Komet* and *The Katy Klipper* and put them on timecard schedules. Then he started advertising Katy fast freights, personally asking shippers to try them out.

But Sloan was not the man to neglect passenger service, either. The Katy was still operating passenger

"This part of the country has the brightest future of any part of America, and the Katy has a future just as bright. We're all members of one family—the Katy family—and we've got to stick together and get this job done so we can enjoy the good times that are coming."

trains, but they were running almost empty because schedules were slow, equipment bad and service poor. *The Katy Flyer,* once one of America's most famous name trains, was a head-end train taking thirty hours between St. Louis and San Antonio, a trip made in twenty-four hours dur-

The Texas Special, St. Louis-Texas flyer run jointly by the Frisco and the Katy, rounds a curve several miles out of San Antonio, powered by Lima-built Engine 400. During Sloan's administration, its timecard was cut from 30 to 24 hours

ing World War I days. *The Texas Special,* crack limited between St. Louis and Texas, had a decent schedule, but service was poor. The same was true on the St. Louis-San Antonio *Bluebonnet.*

Between Kansas City and Texas, conditions were even worse. Premier train from the stockyards city to Texas, *The Katy Limited* was being run an head-end local. Timetables also offered a connection with *The Flyer* between San Antonio and Kansas City; but this was a daylight train, with a slow schedule.

Sloan's first move was to order twenty-five new chair cars with good lighting, large and comfortable washrooms, in addition to sponge-rubber seats designed for either restful day travel or sound sleep at night. Then he coupled beautiful lounge cars on all through trains and reconditioned all diners. Low-cost meals "served at your seat" were introduced for chair-car passengers; pillows were free in the coaches.

The Texas Special, jointly operated by the Katy and St. Louis-San Francisco to slash mileage and thus effectively meet competition, had its schedule revised to put it in San Antonio a scant twenty-four hours after leaving St. Louis. *The Bluebonnet,* also a joint train, was handed lounge cars, new coaches and a stepped-up timecard. *The Flyer,* which runs Katy all the way, continued as a head-end train with new equipment and an observation car.

On the Kansas City main line, the southbound *Bluebonnet* and the northbound *Limited* switched to fast overnight trains between Kansas City and Dallas. Continuing as the daylight local, *The Flyer* was given the usual dose of modern, comfortable equipment and a faster card.

SLOAN'S PROGRAM didn't boom revenues because the country was still depression-ridden. But it did bring needed money to the Katy, enabling the rehabilitation to be continued and putting more men back to work. And when the railroads were called upon to help win the war in 1941, the Katy's plant and rolling stock were ready for the job.

Throughout the war, the work of reconstruction continued. As profits rolled in, they were poured back into the plant.

"The war, and boom which always follows a war, won't last forever," Sloan told his employes. "We've got to use our cash now as insurance for the harder days ahead."

When the international struggle reached its climax, Katy employment had been upped to nearly a record high and employe morale was good. Yet Sloan wanted to instill even deeper his belief that the Katy was a big family of workers. To carry out this idea, he hit on a novel plan.

He introduced it by renaming the road's big Bellmead Shop at Waco, Texas, "Warden Shop" in honor of Vice-President and General Manager H. M. Warden. Methodically he went down the line renaming every siding over which the system had control. When he had finished, almost every official above the rank of district engineer had a siding named for him on the operating timetables. Sloan was proud of these names, but he was proudest of all of the one voted by the employes for the interchange yard at San Antonio. They called it "Sloan Yard," its name today.

By June, 1945, Matthew Sloan had poured one hundred million dollars into the revitalization of the property and the Katy had become one of the best-equipped roads in the South-

west. Yet he still wasn't satisfied. He even accepted an invitation to come to Denison, Tex. to deliver an address on his plans for the future. But on the day before he was to leave his New York home for Texas, Matthew Sloan suffered a stroke. Two days after his speech was to have been delivered, the Katy's masterful president had died.

Sloan's death was a serious blow to employe morale. The rank and file felt that it meant the end of the new era; a return to the old, unprogressive policies of depression days. There was some basis for this feeling, too. A minority of the stockholders had opposed Sloan and sought to replace him with a more "conventional" executive, although when the showdown came Sloan's supporters were able to beat out the minority. However, with several of the president's rivals on the Katy's board of directors and Sloan dead, employes feared that the active minority might elect a new chairman-president whose only interest would be stock dividends.

Actually, the board surprised both the employes and the stockholders by divorcing the chairmanship and the presidency and naming progressive

Automatic block signals stand guard over 800 miles of Katy big steel; as soon as materials are available, this figure will be upped 400 miles. *Left*, Looking north at Milepost 712.1, a mile above Greenville, Tex., on the Dallas Division

***Right*, Number 916 heads for Texas via Red River bridge which spans the water barrier between Oklahoma and the Lone Star State. Crossing is four miles north of Denison**

men to each position. They picked Raymond J. Morfa, vice-president of the Nickel Plate and assistant to Chairman Robert R. Young of the Chesapeake & Ohio, as chairman, and elevated Donald V. Fraser, barely out of the Katy ranks, to the presidency. Morfa was a natural public relations man; he had started as a security salesman during the depression, and had risen to become right-hand man to the most talked about executive in the railroad industry. Fraser had began railroading as a Katy clerk and worked up through the Purchasing Department. When he achieved executive status, he knew every operating detail about the road.

Although neither Morfa nor Fraser ever said so in as many words, they indicated that their general policy would be this: 1) to continue, and even expand, the improvement campaign; 2) to make the Katy an active partner with the Southwest in the development of this area; 3) to reduce the Katy's fixed charges and generally overhaul the financial structure of the road.

One of their first steps was to "Southwesternize" the Katy. Morfa moved his home from Cleveland to Dallas, bought a place in a fashionable section, joined some clubs, and announced that he had become a Texan. This was smart business acumen in a state which prides itself on its "local" institutions—and more than 1,500 miles of the Katy's 3,252-mile system are in Texas. The next step was to quietly remove from the board such "foreigners" as easterners in general, New Yorkers in particular. Succeeding them were a St. Louis bank president, a Fort Worth flour miller, a Kansas City grain dealer, an Oklahoma oil baron and their like.

"The Katy is a Southwestern railroad," Morfa told the newspapers. "Its board of directors should be men who know the Southwest and who are familiar with its problems."

Then Morfa announced that board meetings henceforth would be held in Katy-served cities so that "our officers and directors can get to know the people the railroad serves." Thus far, these monthly meetings have been held in more than a dozen on-line cities, resulting in reams of front-page publicity for the Katy as well as a good time for a selected list of leading citizens. The meetings have also brought new business to the railroad. Morfa and Fraser see to it that from one to three hundred of the biggest shippers in town attend the luncheons that formally close a meeting.

Coordinated with the Katy's progressive medical department are two hospitals for employes, maintained by the Employes' Hospital Association. Pictured above is Denison Hospital; second is located in Parsons

And the Katy knows how to dish up a most palatable luncheon. There are no speeches—only a general get-together with the guests telling the Katy's top brass what's wrong with the road and what can be done to improve it. When it's all over, the officers return to their meeting and consider what they've learned. The guests generally go away convinced that a carrier with such democratic top men must offer fine service—and the officials are doing their best to maintain that good impression.

Nor has Morfa overlooked other bets to publicize the Katy. Shortly after he assumed office, he invited fifty-five top newspapermen of the East and Southwest to tour his system and see just why the four Katy-served states are the bright spots on the nation's business map. They came, and for eight days toured the road in a luxurious special train, stopping at every important city and town to visit local industry and dine with the small tycoons. The reporters returned to their desks armed with first-hand facts about the booming Southwest, and wrote more than a million words about the trip. The Katy, of course, got more than ample mention in their stories.

MORFA, stocky, balding and soft-spoken, has backed up his public relations with progressive improvements designed to give the Southwest the kind of railroading it will need should its industrial boom reach the heights economists predict. Diesel power is one of them. Although his previous experience was on the coal-hauling C&O and its affiliates, Morfa believes that Diesels are best adapted to the Southwest where cleanliness is a by-word and fast service a necessity.

The Katy had been a one-hundred percent oil-burning road when Morfa became chairman. But its locomotives were getting old and many needed replacement. Morfa decided that Diesels not only cost less to operate, but would be cleaner and speedier, so he ordered seven to start. These—all 4,500 horsepower and built by

Posey Hole bridge under construction, billed to the MKT at $500,000. Until its completion in 1946, rampages of the Canadian River added thousands annually to the cost of repairing tracks

Clerk-to-President Donald V. Fraser knows all the angles on Katy operation, plus a few on television. Grimly facing Station KSD cameras for a St. Louis program, Fraser was the first railroad president to be televised commercially

General Motors—were delivered early in 1947. Within three months, they had proved they didn't require a helper on even the stiffest of the Katy's grades, that they could haul more tonnage and haul it faster than any steam hog the road had, and that they spent much less time in the shop. And surprisingly, the enginemen liked them.

Before the end of 1948, practically every major Katy yard will be manned by Diesel switchers and there will be twenty additional units on the road. Eventually the Katy will be completely Dieselized—one of the first Class I railroads to discard steam entirely, Morfa hopes. Buying new motive power while keeping up rolling stock, stations and roadbed costs a lot of money. Yet despite expenditures of nearly twenty millions since the end of the war, the Katy has continued to reduce its funded debt, which is lower now by some $40,000,000 than before the war. Morfa and Fraser are seeing to it, too, that month by month it is still being pared.

Today, "Serves the Southwest Well" is more than a slogan painted on the sides of Katy boxcars. With a physical plant that equals any Southwestern road and is better than many, the Katy highballs its crack passengers and long freights between St. Louis, Kansas City and Texas with speed and service that would make old Levi Parsons marvel. Incidentally, the city which bears his name—now a small metropolis of more than 20,000—is still one of the most important terminals on the railroad he helped to build. Both the main lines from St. Louis and Kansas City meet there and the big Parsons yard is the classification point for all through freight between these two cities and Texas. A considerable amount of freight is also routed through Parsons west to Oklahoma City.

No yards are maintained at Muskogee, Okla., the only division point between Parsons and Denison, although this stretch of track is the busiest on the system. South of Muskogee, from Stringtown to the Texas border, the line is double-tracked for fifty-two miles—the only dual track on the Katy. Denison remains the big terminal for Texas traffic, just as it did in Parsons' day. It is here that the main lines west to Wichita Falls, southwest to Fort Worth, and southeast to Dallas all converge, together with the Sherman Branch. This 10-mile piece of track is the busiest branch on the Katy, laid due south from Denison.

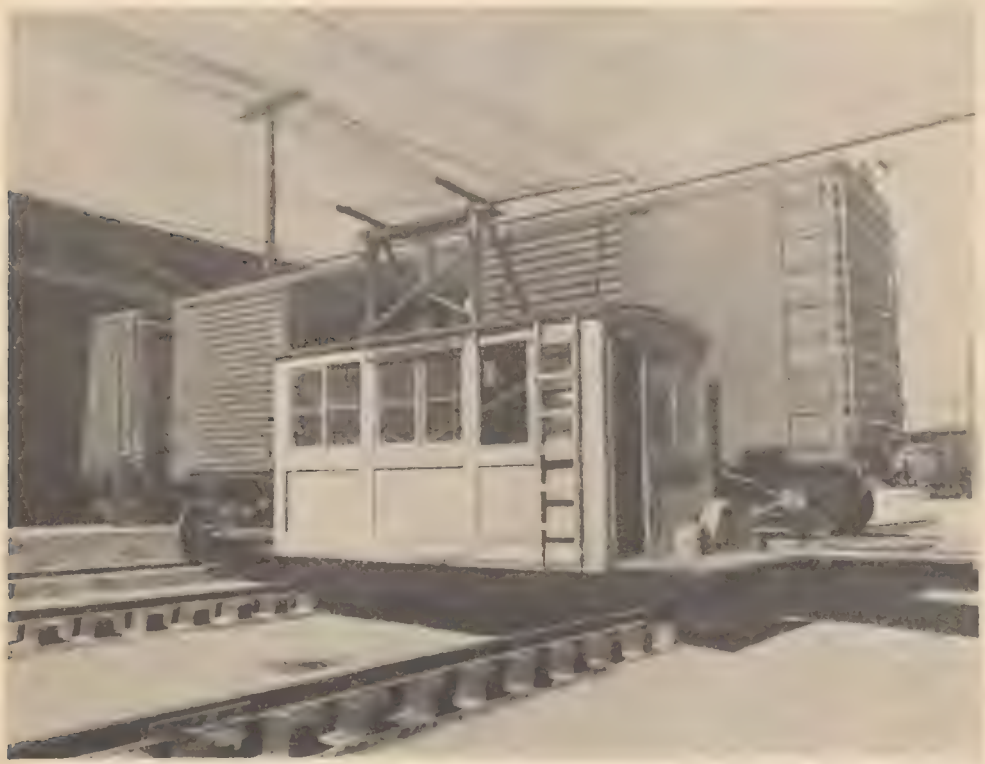
Yards are also maintained at Dallas, Fort Worth, Waco, San Antonio and Houston. Waco is the home of

Dallas gets its Diesels—1000-horsepower switchers to replace hefty 0-8-0s at terminal chores. Installation of short wave radio is boosting their output fifty percent

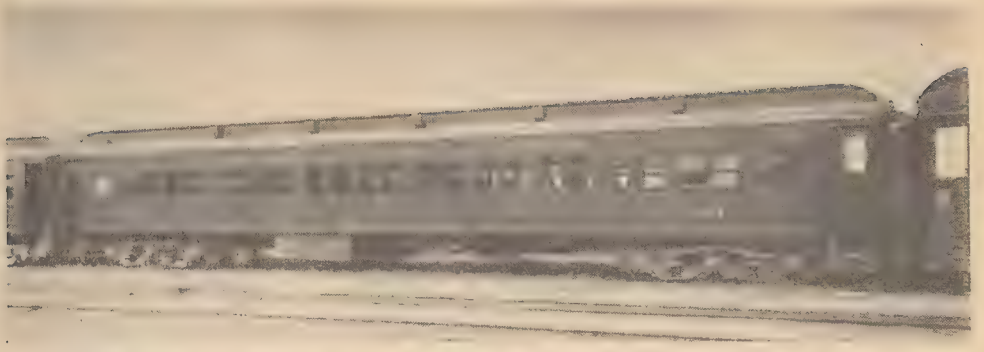
the Warden Locomotive Shops also, as was mentioned earlier. Car shops are at Denison and the passenger car shops are at Sedalia, Mo. Major locomotive shops are maintained at Parsons where the Stores Department and reclamation plant is located.

Every shop and yard on the Katy is a beehive of activity these days, and the management expects to keep them humming. Whether the present prosperity will last or not, however, depends on the future prosperity of the Southwest—and that is the Katy's big interest now. Agriculture and ranching built Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. But in the past few years industry has discovered that this area is a promised land of abundant raw materials, cheap labor, ready markets, and plenty of elbow room where employes can live and work. The Katy, realizing that its successful operation depends on the productivity of the area it serves, is busy bringing new industries to its tracks.

During 1947, industries valued at more than $20,000,000 and with payrolls listing thousands of workers were located on Katy tracks. The MKT is also spending thousands of dollars in teaching Southwestern farmers about soil improvement, conservation, new crops and better agricultural practices. This attitude of progressiveness is the keynote of the



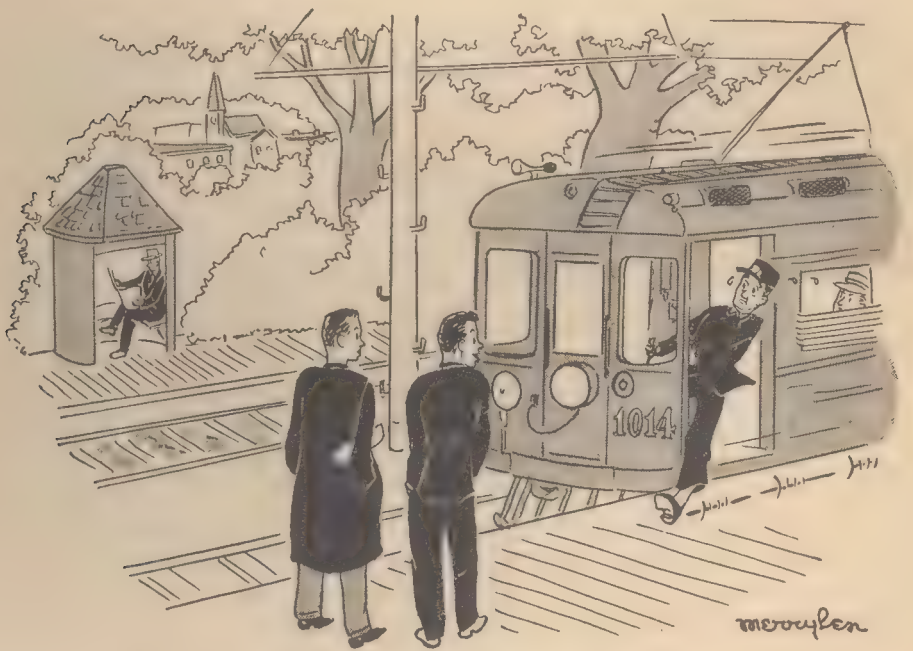
What boxcars the Katy can't buy, it builds: total production has put more than 500 new units in service already, with others arriving daily. Newly-constructed boxcar rests on Denison's transfer table; next move is into the paint shop



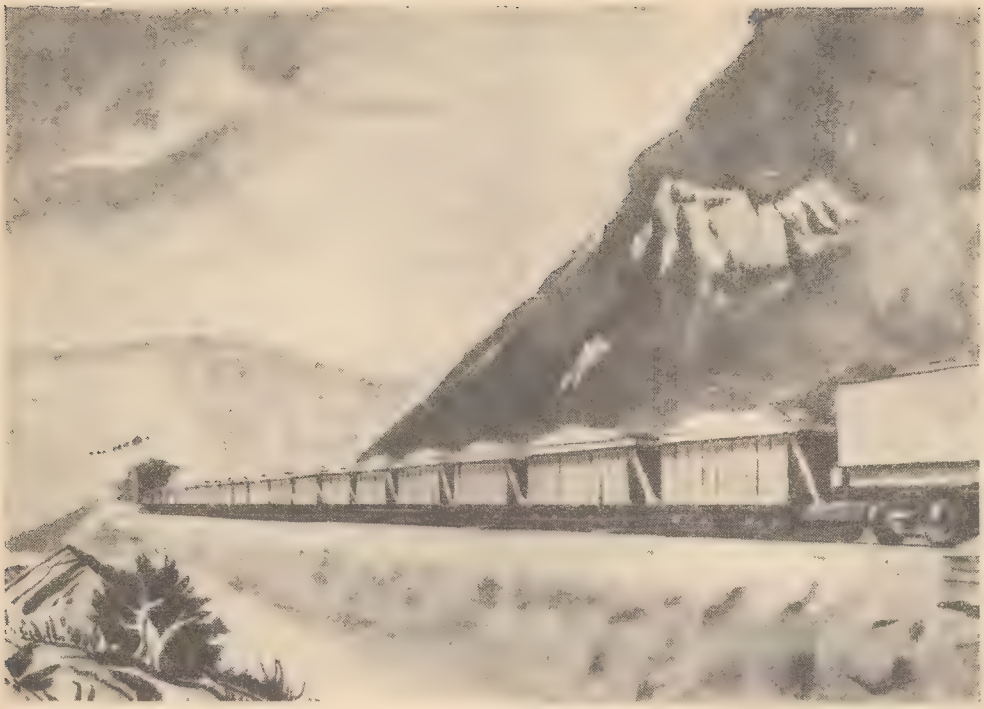
MKT doesn't advertise its prison cars, but it couples them into regular trains when necessary. Convicts are moved from points along the Katy route to Federal penal institution at Leavenworth, Kan. All windows have heavy steel bars; inside doors are similarly protected. Guards occupy compartments at either end

Katy of today, in an area that is just beginning to feel the pulse of growth.

The Southwest is booming as it never has before, although experts say that its prosperity has hardly begun. The Katy thinks so, too. If the economists—and the Katy's management—are guessing right, the Katy will be serving the Southwest and serving it well for a long time to come.



"I told you the 1014 has those quick-acting 9½-B brakes. . . . "



Nevada Northern

By
B. A. THOMAS

ONE day in McGill, Nevada, I met an old fellow who said he'd discovered the copper field at Ruth. I never learned his name and looking back now I doubt if he was in any condition to remember it. He was brushing straw off his clothes when I caught sight of him in the mule yard.

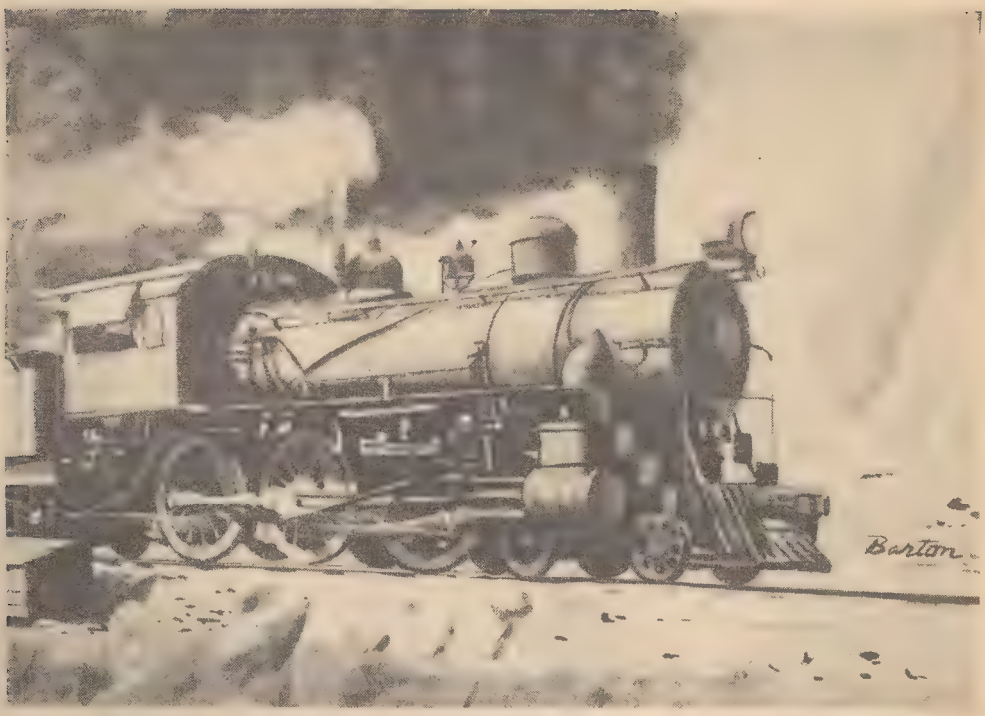
"Been sleeping off a little jag," he told me. I bought him a bottle of beer and sat with him a while, half-listening to his story. He'd always been long on tongue, that was his trouble, he said; like the time over a bottle of beer same as this one he'd confided his discovery to a man he met in Ely. This party —he kept *him* nameless, too— had taken him to New York.

"To the Big City, eh?" I said. He gave me a side-swipe of a smile and then sat holding his glass, smiling happily down into it. They'd dressed him to the nines, he said, and showed him the city—all the bright spots and all the food and liquor he wanted.

"Well, I mostly drank," he modified it. He'd signed some papers and they'd paid his way back to Nevada. They'd been looking after him ever since, paid his bills, he said. The running expenses weren't much, except for the booze. . . He seemed happy and satisfied over the deal.

The old fellow has been dead for several years, and I know no way to check his story. But I believed him then and do now.

The copper on Shell Creek Range became the property of the Guggenheim interests between 1900 and 1905. In the



Ely, Nevada, had been a gold and silver camp since the '60s. The discovery of three percent copper ore in 1901 created four towns and a railroad—one that "once you've worked there, you can't stay away . . ."

latter year, two companies, Nevada Consolidated Copper and Cumberland Ely Copper, were incorporated to develop the project. Each of them bought 10,000 shares of common stock in the newly chartered Nevada Northern Railroad Company. Building operations started June 2, 1906, and the 139 miles of track between Ely and Cobre were completed October 1, 1906. The road paid dividends the first year.

By 1916, when I arrived on the scene, there were branches between McGill and McGill Junction, Ruth and Kimberly, making a total of 165.10 miles. The company owned fifteen locomotives, eleven passenger cars, two baggage, mail and express cars, and a total of 348 box, flat, tank and ore cars. The ore cars numbered 324.

When the branches between the mines and the smelter were completed and the ore began flowing into the mill, the district grew to a population of about 10,000. I remember when I first hove into sight of the Nevada Northern, they had five or six passenger crews, three or four hauling crews and two main line freights.

Business was very good, indeed; so good that I heard about it out in Venice, California, where I was tending bar between drinks. At this time Rule G was booting me all around the country. I'd drunk up my welcome with the Coast railroads, I was blacked out in the Twin Cities and the Northwest wasn't sending out any invitations for my return. I never was enthusiastic over the liquor dispensing occupation—maybe on the theory that those guys are responsible for too much—and when an old rail named Sam Coulter handed me a line about a road that supplied the freight crew cabooses with hot dinners in thermos containers and where the ore hauling crews had all their meals at home, I lit

out at once for those promised delights.

I arrived in McGill at four o'clock, on the Nevada Northern's one passenger, and immediately started looking around for Sam Coulter. He'd said he'd be back there—"They always expect a good rail back again; leave his work-card hanging on the 'Laying Off' list,"—and he was just where he'd said he'd be, spotting on the trestle. By the time I got up the big hill to him, the crews were changing shifts. He took a bath, changed his clothes and down the hill we went for supper.

Nevada Con owned everything in McGill: one drug store, two general stores, one motion picture house, one saloon, one bank and no hotel. Unless you were working in the "camp" there was no place to sleep—and that meant no loafers in the place, everybody worked. It also meant that everybody's credit was good. If you went to the movies you just signed your name in the book and the number of seats you wanted and settled up on payday. Sam and I made the saloon first, a real place called the Copper Club, with three barkeeps busy on each shift. I hit one of the plant foreman at the bar for a regular job at the smelter as switchman.

"Fix you up in the a.m.," he said. And that was that. A job switching on a dinky engine at McGill was really a life saver to me at the time. As I've said they had no extra men lying around waiting for a vacancy, you either worked or you didn't stay there, and when they hired you you were also in as far as food and a bed and a drink were concerned. Sam and I went straight along to the cafe where I made good on the eats right away. After the meal, we ambled on back to the Copper Club to put in the evening.

Brick Geary, the manager of the Club, was what his name implies, a man with a heart as big as a tub and one who carried nothing but the best in stock. The company taxed him a dollar per head each month for every man on the payroll, and in turn the paychecks were sent to Brick who deducted each man's bill for drinks and issued the balance in cash. The tax was used to keep up a library, pool tables and a plunge for the employes.

Naturally, a good many of the boys found their funds exhausted when Brick settled with them—but what was the difference? They could always start a new account. Those who went broke on the liquor or the gambling tables before payday could always bank on Brick for any amount and no questions asked. He was a square shooter and everybody shot square with him. I have heard that he is in the plumbing business in Hollywood now.

McGill had two cops, but the camp was so orderly they seldom had any official duties. My first evening there, when Sam Coulter and I came out of the Copper Club at closing time, midnight, we heard three or four shots fired from off at the side of the camp. One of the officers was standing with us at the time He cocked an ear at the shots. "From over in Turk Town," he said. "Guess the Big Turk is drunk again. I'll go down and see what the trouble is."

I asked Sam about Turk Town. McGill, he told me, had three boarding houses for the single employes. Two of these were actually clusters of one-room cabins, while the other resembled a hotel run on the American plan. But all married men were furnished cottages. As for Turk Town, that was explained by the fact that all the nationalities, Austrians, Greeks, Turks, Japanese and coloured, had their settlements where they kept to themselves socially. The school was more general and had an attendance of about two hundred children.

The cop was on his way back to us "Well, what about it?" Coulter asked. "Oh, nothing, the Turk," (meaning the headman of the Turkish settlement) "shot up another one of 'em and then took to the hills. I'll get him tomorrow."

SMELTER work was interesting to me from the start. The ore was loaded at Ruth, where the veteran mine was located,

The big trestle at McGill, located directly behind the smelter works. Nevada lacks fuel for the operation of smelters—that at McGill treats 14.000 tons of ore daily and is the only one in the state. Most Nevada ore is moved by train into Utah

with the aid of steam shovels located on the various levels or shoulders dug around the side of the pit. Cars spotted by the switchman moved in on tracks laid convenient to the steam shovels and were loaded; then they were hauled to the train yard at Copper Flat where the Nevada Northern picked them up for the 22-mile run to the mill at McGill.

When they arrived there the crewmen set them out on the high trestle presided over by Sam Coulter and located directly behind the mill. An unloading crew would open the hopper bottoms, letting the ore drop down on the endless belts which carried it into the crushers. Sometimes the chunks were too large to go through the hoppers and dynamite had to be used to break up the ore. The time it took to unload the ore trains depended on the size of the chunks and the weather—usually an hour under good conditions, eight to ten under bad ones.

Ordinarily, the trains made two round trips a day. It was a steady climb of eleven miles to the mill and took about an hour to get there. None of the hauling cabooses were equipped with hot-box material or chains. On our approach to the trestle, where the train was to be unloaded, we passed over a scale that weighed our train on the run. When the unloading began, we hunted a spot far enough away for our safety. When we got back to East Ely with the empties we would tie up for lunch. The hostler and crew supplied the engine and cleaned the fire at this time. The run to Ruth and back was all as regular as clockwork. Our superintendent, Mr. Duddelson, had gained his knowledge through experience, not via the erasure end of a soft pencil, and we knew what a swell job we had.

The whole road was run the same way. There were two crews on the mainline freights and occasionally an extra crew to handle the overflow. We made up, and put away, our trains at the terminals and received extra compensation for doing both. We had no contract, but our scale of pay was as good as "mountain pay" on outside railroads. Two day and night crews handled the ore trains with an extra crew helping whenever the ore had to be shot out of the trains.

The road also operated the shift trains, three or four passenger cars loaded with employes going on the various shifts at the mill and smelter in McGill and a train that made the run up the hill to the mines

at Ruth and Kimberly. This particular train, when it returned to Ruth, did the station work at the terminal and the local work at Ruth and Kimberly. When the McGill shift train returned to the terminal, it shuttled the mile back and forth between East Ely and Ely every hour. The business men, who had their homes in Ely, were the influence behind the service.

The stockholders had wanted to keep Nevada Northern a private line and to discourage patronage they charged a ten-dollar fare for the 139 miles, with freight and express rates geared accordingly. However, by the time I arrived on the scene, a regular passenger service with regular rates had gone into effect. The varnish, headed by a superheater engine that often clipped off the miles at 90 per, consisted of a combination Pullman which had observation, dining and sleeper accommodations, several standard day coaches, a smoker and a combination mail and express car.

With the exception of the brakeman, the two crews on this 12-hour run with time for breakfast and dinner at home, worked every other day. The brakeman never missed a trip, for he was bringing in all the papers and magazines for the district and supplying the passengers with lunches, cigars and liquor. One brakie I knew made enough to purchase a pineapple plantation in the Islands.

The state law provided for forty-nine cars between the caboose and engine with two brakemen. During the time when there was no coal dock on the main line—it crossed the Western Pacific at Shafter and connected with the SP at Cobre—sideboards were built on the tanks and the crews were allowed three or four hoboes to pull coal down for the fireman. Train orders to main crews were handled by wire, to ore crews by telephone.

Mr. Frank Slack, the smelter superintendent, was one of those thin, sandy fellows you often see on jobs like this. Depending on who was talking, you'd hear Frank Slack described as "a regular he-man with plenty of guts" or a "gentleman with experience." They meant the same thing. He knew all there was to know about smelting and was liked by every one of his men.

A big converter out of control can be as treacherous as a load of dynamite and considerably more horrifying. There's something about that many tons of *boiling* copper.... Anyway, on this particular day Converter Number 1 had started to burn a hole through the firebrick lining. The foreman and crew wasted a lot of time trying the wrong way to patch the hole. Finally, as the copper trickle got dangerously thick, Mr. Slack was called from his office. He hurried out and up to the converter platform, his freckles standing out like splotches against a whitening skin. One look, and he'd yelled for us to scatter, get away from the building and stay until it was safe to return.

We did that, hightailing it out of there like dogs who'd smelled a case of rabies in their midst—all, that is, except one of us. Bob—I don't remember his last name—stayed right there beside Slack. Slack said without looking at him, "You, too, Bob. Get out—and fast!"

"Why, no," said Bob, drawling it out. "I'm the foreman here and I couldn't fix this damned thing. If you stay, I stay."

He stayed, all right. It took them an hour, but somehow they patched that spot.

On another occasion when I was switching at the smelter, near-tragedy struck out at the shift on duty. We hauled the hot slag from the smelter ovens to the reverbs in cone-shaped containers called pots. A pot held about thirteen tons of

Eureka Pit, lowest mine workings, looking westward, with four loaded trains on the encircling shoulders. Island in the center of pit is part of the bottom of the ore body—so rich it is worked into the other ore little by little. *At left:* the Author

smoking slag and had to be hauled up over a switch back, down to a scale where it was weighed, and then up on the second floor of the reverbs where water pressure was used to dump the pots into the ovens below.

Each pot was held in position by safety pins and chains; the chains were freed first on the theory that the cone-shaped construction of the pot would balance it and no pot could be tipped or dumped unless the water pressure was on. It was a nice theory except that it wouldn't work with a bad-order pot.

I'd dumped two when I saw coming toward me a container I had repeatedly reported—and that had been repaired just as many times. I figured it was all right, touched the chain to unhook it and there, like the slow-motion business you get in a nightmare, was that pot tilting with thirteen tons of red-hot slag pouring over the edges. No use to try to set it straight, the slag was already sluicing over the floor and through the cracks to the floor below.

There were men at work there. The copper content in slag makes it heavy; it will eat through bone with a sort of soft, pressing suction. Already everything on our floor that would burn was afire and the slag was creeping like water toward the dinky skinner and his engine. He stared at it, paying no attention to my shouts. I had the water hose turned on the woodwork and gave him a good spraying straight in the face that woke him up and saved him. By the time the general manager and all his staff arrived, I had the blaze out on our floor. But those poor guys below—

"How many?" I asked.

"Many what?"

I learned then that the crew had gone into the washroom to change shifts a few moments before the accident, and no one was injured. I was so relieved I made a poor showing explaining the bad-order pot. They wouldn't believe that I could turn it over by hand until I demonstrated. The end of it was, all the pots were repaired.

Less splendid than the silver and gold towns, Tonopah and Goldfield, and of later growth, Ruth and Ely are simply company villages. *At left:* a Fourth of July parade strides down the Lincoln Highway in Ely, NN's chief maintenance depot, drawing out more than the town's total of 600 population. And, *above,* Ruth's miniature houses take the curse off their sameness with white paint that glitters in strong sunlight. Ruth is located in the Steptoe Valley; for which her biggest building, the company-owned Steptoe Hospital, is named

MY FIRST acquaintance in McGill, outside of Sam Coulter whom I'd met on the liquor circuit out in California, was a boomer known as "Three-Finger Kelly." He was a good rail and a swell guy. Drunk or sober, we hit it off well. His sleeping cabin was next to mine while I was on the McGill shift. Like most of the other single rails there, we kept a gallon or so of hard liquor in our cabins. The real soaks also bought their beer by the barrel; to save a change of clothes, they said, when they were tired or late coming off shift. Ice could be bought from Brick Geary. He had his beer shipped in from Utah, about three cars a week, and packed in ice. We all craved the ice, especially in summer in that shadeless town smothered in gas and smoke from the smelters and reverbs. Besides the beer, some of us kept a stack of crackers and canned goods on hand; the Copper Club closed at midnight and the boarding house dining rooms were locked tighter than a bank right after supper.

The one where we ate—it was the center of a cluster of cabins belonging to it—charged us thirty a month for food and sleeping. I never was able to figure out how they made any money. Meals were served family style at long tables seating ten to twenty men. For breakfast, there would be platters of bacon, ham, sausages, eggs, beef-stew, cereal, coffee, tea, cocoa or milk. Kelly and I used to get a bang out of watching some poor stiff empty from several days on the stem, tie into that food. It was funny to see their eyes

when they first caught sight of those heaping meat platters and deep dishes of vegetables swimming in butter. Then, nine times out of ten, when this same party got the wrinkles out of his belly he began howling about the grub. . . . People are funny that way.

You could have your choice of a single cabin or share one with another fellow, or even two or three guys if you were really gregarious. I drew a single—it was near the coloured quarters and one evening a couple of those boys got so heated up in a crap game that they put a couple of bullet holes through my shack and right over my bed.

It would have been a pleasure if they'd gone under the bed. The bottom side of my springs and mattress presented the most amazing sight I've ever seen. The previous occupant had been an electrician of the tickering variety and a very cold-natured fellow to boot. He'd wired about fifty large electric globes to the under side of the bed. The idea was to heat it up before he retired. Naturally, I didn't know this when I occupied the cabin and the first time those things went on underneath me, I thought hell itself had opened and was spreading that reddish glow all over the dark floor. After a while, to avoid electrocution, I tore the entire contraption out.

I finally left McGill because of the house situation. Married couples had to register with a man who handled all rentals for the company. The theory was that you were given a house to fit the size of our family. When I first registered, telling him that my wife was on the way to join me, he gave me a line about taking my turn. I was willing to wait—until I discovered there was always a housing shortage when this man talked—and that the men who tipped him most were the ones who got houses. I was assistant to the general labor foreman at the smelter at the time. with every reason to believe that the general foreman was resigning in a few months; but I walked off the job after telling the rental agent the seventeen different varieties of crooks and grafters he represented to me. It didn't turn out badly —I went on a shift at Copper Flat and found a house for my wife in East Ely.

Ruth and McGill were built along the same lines, with a resemblance to ordinary mining camps of the day, except that electricity and water were piped into the houses. Ely, the county seat, eleven miles from McGill, was wide open. Everybody had money and everybody spent it. Sometimes at McGill there'd be a man fully determined to make a stake for himself. "There's no place to spend money here, it's better than a bank," they'd tell you, and go on doing their own washing, retiring early and otherwise readying themselves to start a good, substantial bank account. Then, the first thing we knew, we'd meet them in Ely, trying to get away from the heat and gas smoke of the smelters, and doing the dance halls, the Twilight Zone and the gambling houses. And a little later in the evening we'd see them pushing a stack of chips across the baize table or borrowing money to get back to the smelter. I never saw anybody there who saved money for long.

Right here, an incident that was highly characteristic of policy on the Nevada Northern comes to mind. One day in the office I casually asked Mr. Chris, the superintendent's clerk, for permission to lay off on a certain date. He got up from his desk to study the crew board. "Sorry, Thomas, but that's pay day. Three men here have a standing order to lay off so they can gamble on pay day—and if I let you off, too, I wouldn't have anybody to put in your place." Gambling is no sin in Nevada and especially not in Ely.

Ely's main street—the Lincoln Highway —used to drag in a good many renegade Paiute Indians during the time when the small pox epidemic was raging on the Reservation. They lived out of garbage cans, and got fat on the diet. Or maybe it was the beer that built up their weight The saloons in East Ely boasted a beer depot; the full kegs were locked up, but the empties used to be stacked along the

side of the building outside until there were enough to make a carload. Most of these kegs had a little beer left in them. It didn't make no mind to the Indians that the stuff was sour, stale and full of flies—it made the drunk come and that was all they wanted, bucks and squaws alike.

The winter I was herder in the yard I had more than my share of troubles with these Indians. Having no care as to where they slept, they used to bed down between the rails with fair regularity. It got so I seemed to spend my nights rolling 'em off the tracks—that was when they were solidly out—or fighting them off. My nervousness increased until any time I'd squint into the dark, I'd think I saw a lump down there on the track in front of the engine's path. I was stopping the engineers pretty frequently.

Then, one night, an engine backed up the lead to the roundhouse with Larsen, the brakeman, riding the stormy end of the tank. It was snowing heavily and he was keeping his face behind his collar, giving the yard only a glance now and then. When he happened to look up, there was a man standing in the middle of the track right behind the engine. Larsen had time to give a "wash-out" with his lantern and unload. The locomotive hit the guy all right and dragged him a couple of engine lengths.

When Larsen and the engineer got around to look at him, he wasn't in sight—just his big hat hanging on the drawbar and him caught under the firebox. Larsen got under there and found he was alive, but so scared he couldn't keep still. Larsen had to hold him while the engine moved ahead. The only damage was some skin scraped off the Indian's hand.

They told a good story about Mickey Rice, an old-time boomer who was engine herder at Ely just ahead of me. Mickey was a good-drinking gentleman and hadn't missed any drinks on this particular evening. He left the bottle once to turn the business car, the *Ely,* on the wye. To avoid the danger of skipping a round, he made his movements fast—too fast. His first bloomer was forgetting to cut in the air. He backed the car into the south leg of the wye over the switch and cut her out—but forgot to block the wheels.

This was bloomer number two. Next he moved the engine ahead and lined the switch for the north leg. Then he started around the wye to the other leg. Going down the main line, he loped on the front end, the easiest place to get off to reach the switch. However, his position on the front end of the engine obscured his vision. The crash took him completely by surprise. The *Ely* had rolled out of the wye and come to a stop on the frog of the main line.

She went to the shop for repairs and Mickey lost his pass rights and his seniority on the Nevada Northern.

THE job at Copper Flat was strictly switching. It was a good job, but the boomer who wasn't in the know always got turned down when he went up the hill to hire out. Vanderhof, the big boss of Ruth and Copper Flat, had no use for a man who smoked cigarettes, tried to hire out on a Friday or had ever worked for the D&RG. Once you got on, you had to watch yourself. The rules were: Don't try to lay off four days before or after pay day; report on time for your shift; don't leave room enough in the ore car you spotted at the shovel for your check; and don't forget to keep yourself and your bunkhouse clean.

Van was a snooper and might search your place at any time. If he found a sign of untidiness or so much as a hint that you smoked cigarettes, down the hill you'd go, and sometimes on the toe of his big boot. He was a tyrant all right, but he had some mighty good qualities and was your friend if you hit the ball. He hired, and fired, everybody on the hill.

Copper Flat was the location of the big pit, the largest steam shovel job in the country, a mile long and a mile wide and nearly a mile deep. A job here was the best on the whole road for an old-timer; switch tenders threw all the switches and

the hunkies dumped the cars. Board and room was twenty-eight dollars a month. Switchmen ate their meals at the hotel or put up their own lunches from an assortment of food on display, cafeteria style. Married men were furnished houses at reasonable rents with electricity at fifty cents a room per month and coal at cost.

For amusement there was a motion picture, a gun club, baseball and tennis courts, a pool hall and a plunge. In case of some special event at Ely, eleven miles down the hill, special trains would be ordered to take the whole town down. The trains consisted of baggage cars, coaches, cabooses and flat cars. The people rode on top and all over, without regard to the conductor's convenience in collecting fares.

One inexperienced man instructed his brakeman, "You start from the rear and pick up all the tickets and I'll take all the cash fares." Very few passengers had wasted their time buying tickets, so the brakeman's only work was getting through the crowded cars, climbing on tops of cabooses, to make his way to the headend where he met the conductor. This party was still making cash fares when the train arrived in Ely.

About nine in the evening the trains would pull out for home with the women and children. At midnight those of the male element who could still make it, piled into the second section. This was a messy, rugged trip for the crew. Generally, it meant fights, broken noses and broken seats and windows—but a good time was had by all. Vanderhof would always help in rounding his men up for this train.

I've said before that Van had some mighty fine qualities. If he liked an employe, some fellow who was a good worker but who'd got into debt from drinking or

Beginning the 22-mile drag to the smelter

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Ore trains (note the one vanishing at left corner of the second highest shoulder) enroute to McGill or to Ely, 119.9 miles from the Utah state line. This pit at Ruth is the veteran mine. Senator Clark, affiliated with Butte, Mont., copper interests, owned an option on the first claims, but dropped them a year before W. N. McGill made his discovery

gambling, he'd call him into his office and proceed to give him a lecture full of good, fatherly advice. If the unlucky rail imagined that was the end of it, he quickly learned better. From that time on, Van would draw the fellow's wages, pay his debts and even start him a small bank account, meanwhile allowing him just enough for expenses.

Van was quite a guy. He liked a good fight even better than giving advice or setting a troublesome rail straight. At a banquet in Ely, he was served by a dumb, new waiter who'd been told by some wise guy that the way to get a good tip out of Van was to offer him a pack of cigarettes. The waiter served the coffee, then presented Van with cigarettes and matches on a tray. Van stared, then slowly rose and knocked the waiter flat on his back. Almost before he hit the floor, Van had gathered up his wife and daughter and walked out.

One August afternoon, a man looking for employment climbed the hill and entered Van's office. He got a gruff reception.

"I'm a powder man," he began hesitantly, "and I—"

"Don't need you," Van growled. "Go on back down the hill."

The poor guy started back down, but he was tired from his long walk and the regular Copper Flat heat. He sat down to rest on a rock. A few minutes later, a terrific explosion knocked him flat and nearly shook Van's office to pieces. Picking himself up, the job-hunter was startled to observe a man's arm lying among the debris that had showered around him. He stopped to ask no questions, but started runing down the hill.

Just then Van appeared in the office door and yelled, "Hey, you! Come on back here and go to work!"

The fellow kept right on going.

Van shouted, "You said you wanted work. What's the matter with you?"

Without turning his head or slackening his speed, the fellow called back, "I don't like the way that last guy quit."

The Nevada Northern crews coming up the hill with the empties, backed into Copper Flat on the leg of the wye. They

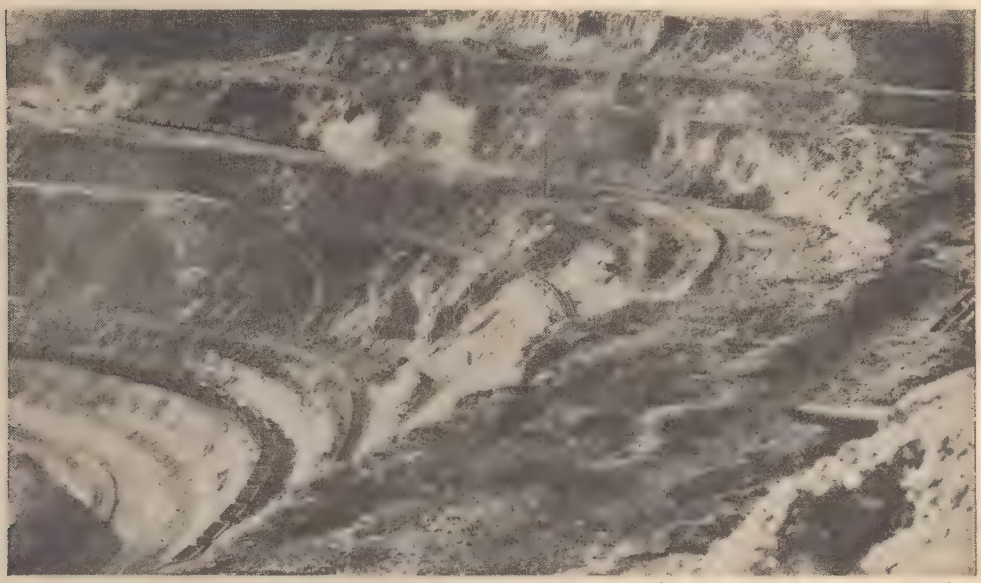
kicked their caboose up into a "lie-by" where the conductor tied it down and blocked the wheels. Switchtenders threw all the switches. The empties were backed into the train yard, which was on a level. The engine herder cut the engine off and placed it on the outgoing loads. Thirty cars of ore down the hill and the same number of empties up the hill was the consist of the ore trains.

After we had tested the air the brakemen would turn up the retainers and wait for the high-ball from the conductor. In about ten car lengths after the train got started the engineer would give the air enough application to start the retainers to work as we headed down the hump. When the train got over the switch, the switchtender lined up the gate, the conductor kicked out the chunks from under the wheels, knocked off the hand-brake, and there he'd go, rickety-jig, down the mainline for three miles to Keystone where the train had stopped for the crew to turn down the retainers.

ONE afternoon I was on a run-away train that didn't stop at Keystone, where we had a meet order on the shift-train. We had made all the tests and pulled out as usual. Our engineer was always jumpy on the hill. When he made the usual application of air, after starting out of Copper Flat, he yelled over to the fireman, "No air!" and immediately started for the gang-way.

The fireman, an ex-engineer who'd been set back for incompetency, told him, "Sure, jump! You've got a wife and kids. Hurry, get off, save your life!" Both the engineer and the head brakeman unloaded. The moment they jumped, the fireman began some tall scrambling to get the air cut in again in time to make the stop for our meet with the passenger train at Keystone.

The distance was too short; we wheeled right by the passing track. A quarter of a mile east of Keystone was a tunnel. The conductor riding the caboose down the hill had picked up the engineer and brakeman after they jumped, and all three saw the ore train enter the tunnel. Feeling certain that it would crash into the shift train, killing hundreds of workmen, the engineer pleaded with the conductor to telephone from the booth at Keystone for



Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

They call this the "copper pit scenic railway"—but a steaming freight on her way in and a coiled line of waiting hoppers testify to serious business. The train at top is hightailing it for the exit and the mainline

doctors, nurses and ambulances. But the conductor kept going.

Up ahead, the lone occupant of engine 97 was about the busiest guy in the world. Just as he nosed out of the tunnel on a half-mile of straight track, the air brakes took hold, and the train came to a stop. He could hear the passenger whistling around the curves. He jumped off and ran down the track, flagging the passenger train. He must have thanked his God that the shift train was ten minutes late.

The company gave him a five hundred dollar Liberty Bond for flattening all the tires on the 97 and reinstated him as an engineer. But he received very little praise from the rails for his deed. Later, while in his cups, he told the truth of why it happened—the engineer had been discharged by then.

The brakeman, Kelly, and I had tested the air in that train line at Copper Flat and it was in perfect condition. We had three investigations over the accident and at no time was the train crew blamed—the fault was laid to the engine crew. After the test was made at Copper Flat, the fireman turned the angle cock on the first car behind the engine, intending to set it straight as soon as the engineer jumped

Between the time the engineer and Kelly jumped, the fireman had very little time—the meet at Keystone was only three miles away—to climb over the engine tank, turn that angle cock back, get back to the cab and get the train line pumped up. There just weren't enough seconds in a minute for him to do this—and he went through Keystone like a bat outa' hell.

Then, about the time he was going through Tunnel Number 2, cussing himself for his bright idea and thinking every minute was death, the air pumped up. He hossed her over and big-holed her and got stopped around the bluff just as the shift train, about ten minutes late, was showing up at Lane City. In this he was lucky, and he knew it; while he was frantically flagging the varnish, he was also thanking his God that the *Ping-Pong,* as we called her, was late. I know the rest of us were doing the same thing.

At the investigation we covered up as much as possible for O'Hare, the engineer, for we all liked him. However, it had got around that whenever anything went wrong with the engine, Bill lost his nerve. The fireman had made good use of this knowledge in planning the whole incident, and he played it up at the trial, too. He got back on the right-hand side of the cab but, as I've said, didn't last. I've heard that he was killed on a logging road.

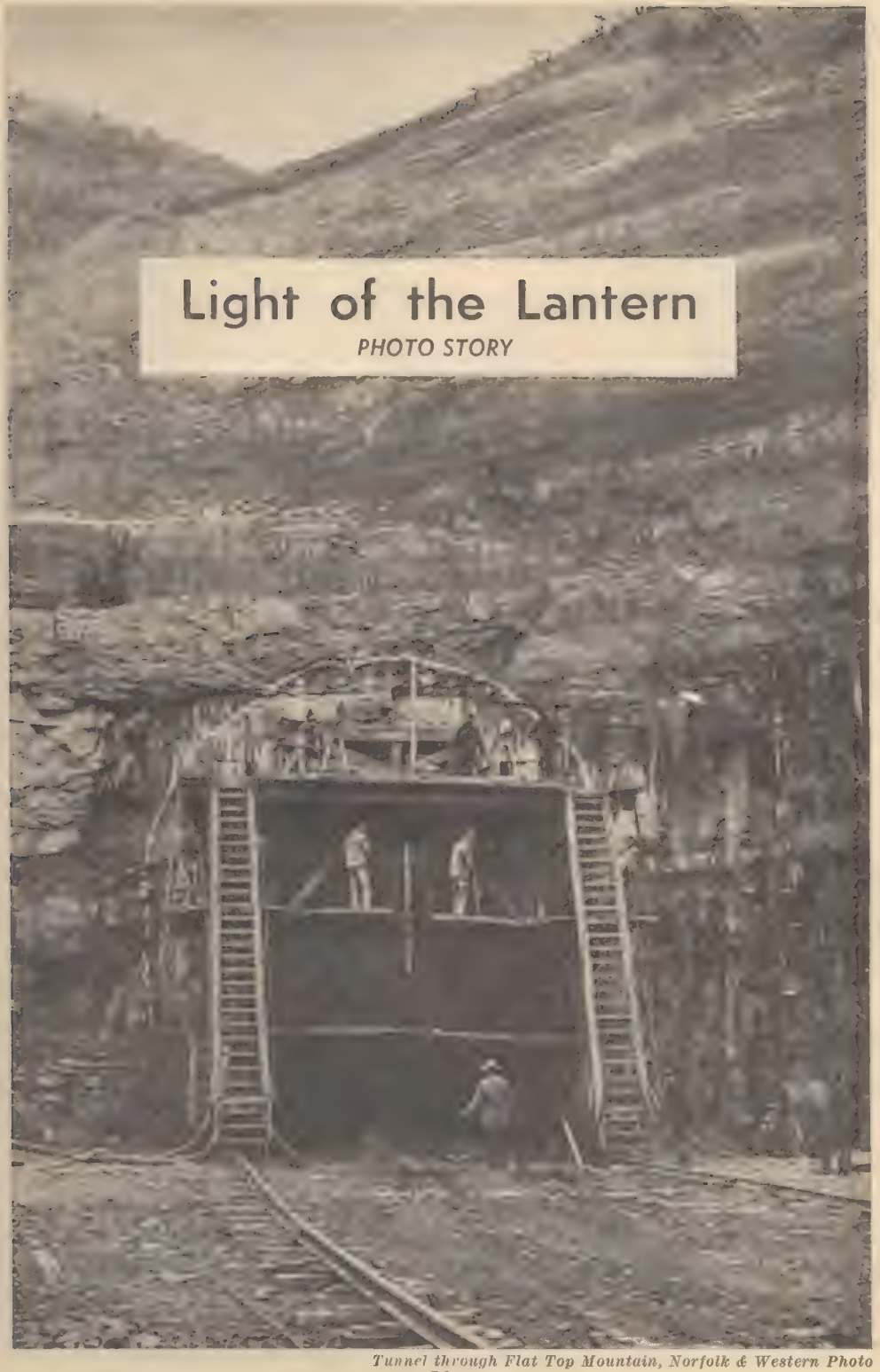
The Nevada Northern was a good road, the best I've ever known; but in one way it was no help to me. Except in flagrant cases like that of my friend Mickey, Rule G wasn't enforced there. Off the job some of us really laid on to it. I had a desire to quit drinking and thought that if I left Ely and went to some other locality, I could make a go of temperance. So one morning I gathered up my company equipment and laid it on Mr. Duddelson's desk.

The old gentleman inquired, "What's this? Why are you quitting, Thomas?"

"The booze," I replied.

"No such thing," he said. "It's the altitude."

In all, I've worked for twenty different railroads. At various times, between being canned as brakeman, conductor or switchman, I've held down jobs as warehouseman, yard clerk, freight clerk, bill clerk, chief dispatcher's clerk, master mechanic's clerk, foreman of material, yard and dining car steward. For example, the SP canned me for Rule G. I was braking at the time; so I turned around and hired out for a different department as dining car steward. I got on a bender in San Antonio one Sunday afternoon just before we left town, and Rule G overtook me again. Afterwards I worked seventeen years for them and retired on total disability. During all the years I've remembered the Nevada Northern. They tell me the passenger trains have been laid off for buses and that Kennecott Copper has taken over the ore hauls, leaving the NN operating only buses and the main line freight. Sometime I'll go back to visit the few old timers that are left and together we'll recall the best days of a regular railroad.



Light of the Lantern

PHOTO STORY

Tunnel through Flat Top Mountain, Norfolk & Western Photo

A Train Is No Faster Than Its Track

DURING 1947, American railroads spent over $280,000,000 for construction projects—to prove that train speeds cannot always be gaged by the power behind the throttle, even Diesel power. Paving smooth roadways for the stepped-up pace of streamliners, Class I carriers directed their engineers and section crews to straighten the kinks, level the grades and cut off mileage where such was possible. Naturally, the job could not be completed in one year; some roads, like the Rock Island, had been planning and working at it for ten. But the Rock Island was a splendid example of what could be done: its .5 percent grade between Kansas City and Chicago allowed passenger trains 100-mile-an-hour ratings, while *Rocket Freights* doubled their tonnage and still clipped one full day off timecards between Chicago and Tucumcari.

First on the list of improvements, revision of grades and realinement of trackage accounted for $45,000,000 of the total expenditure. There were several reasons: the work required a minimum of short materials, would return high dividends both in revenues and lowered operational costs, and several expensive accidents had shown that without a super-highway the most powerful locomotives and lightest of lightweight cars were a waste. Neither could take advantage of its speed potential without running the risk of derailment.

Twenty-two major systems spent heavily. The Chesapeake & Ohio put $5,500,000 into the Mountain Subdivision of its Washington-Cincinnati run to lay low or tunnel the Appalachian hills for the eventful coming of the *Chessies*. The Norfolk & Western claimed the most costly single project: a $12,000,000 scheme including a double-tracked tunnel on the main line west of Bluefield, W. Va. The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis sliced 62 curves off three divisions, reducing 117 others to two degrees or less; the Pennsylvania eliminated slow orders through its home state; the Burlington shortened its Chicago-Twin Cities route; while Union Pacific had a bigger, longer Aspen Tunnel underway.

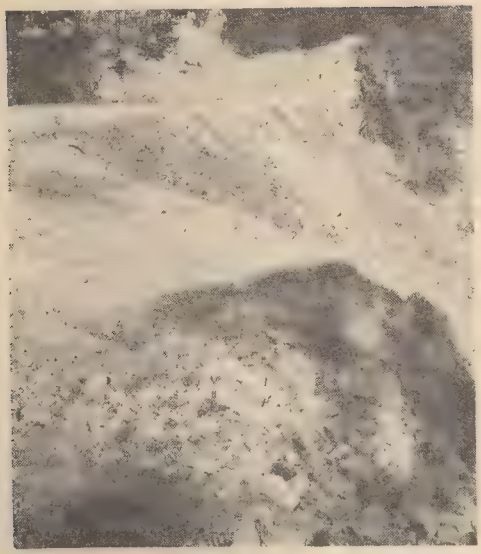
With more work scheduled than they could finish in '47, railroads are still busy on these projects today. Unfortunately, this year's budget—allotting 81 percent to equipment, 19 percent for all building—may end the expansion of super-highways.

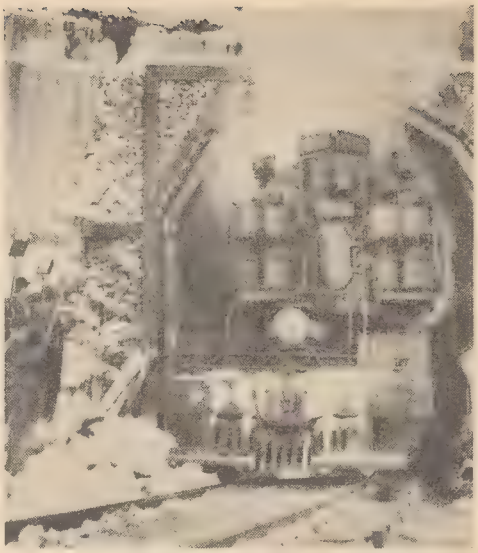
Photos courtesy of Southern Pacific (Texas-Louisiana Lines)

Speedining the Sunset Route. Near Comstock, Texas, trackmen jacked up Espee's San Antonio Division—to connect with new rail ***(right)*** coming from Del Rio on a straighter, shorter course

The *Argonaut*, Number 6 eastbound, making its final run between Pumpville and Malvado, Texas, on the old line. Minutes after its passing, workers pulled up stakes on the rails *left*, joined sections of the old and new, and the Espee had a main line between El Paso and San Antonio that was 4.97 miles shorter, 1706 degrees less tortuous. Maximum curvature was reduced from ten to three degrees; drag grades in both directions were eased to momentum slopes; right-of-way was moved inland above flood danger. The result: new passenger schedules will lop 25 minutes off running time

Courtesy of Southern Pacific (Texas-Louisiana Lines)





Photos courtesy of Chesapeake & Ohio

Shift in lineup. Bypassing two tunnels for a newly-blasted 2806-foot bore and reassembling bridges, cuts and fills so that big bends would register a 3-degree maximum, Chesapeake & Ohio engineers are promising the coming ***Chessies*** a 60 mph minimum on the Washington-Cincinnati Mountain Division, plus a 2-hour saving in time. Yet C&O is not forgetting its main haul: black diamonds. After 18 months' work, a 14-mile extension from Jenkins into Wise County, Ky. was opened February 2nd, tapping a 300-million-ton coal reserve. ***Left***, Jenkins' largest fill and cut (background) necessitated removal of 300,000 cubic yards of earth and rock. ***Right***, first train noses through Jenkins' Pine Mountain tunnel to the shovel salute of trackmen

Photo by Rev. George W. Wickersham III, 535 Haws Ave., Norristown, Pa.

Mainline steel takes a new direction through Goshen, Va., easing an old C&O kink

Between trains last October, Missouri Pacific pulled a quick switch of tracks in Ozark country near Granite Bend, Mo. It was another case of readying the roadway for new equipment; Diesel-powered ***Texas Eagles*** were expected in '48. Except for a 300-foot gap, including a 200-foot fill, the job was done. Crews had four hours to finish between northbound Number 26 at 7:45 a.m. and the ***Ozarker's*** arrival at 12:05 p.m.

Bulldozers, prefabricated track, a waiting work train and corps of trained trackmen d'd the trick—with 30 minutes to spare. ***Page 58:*** Locomotive crane delivers the goods, 39-foot sections of finished rail. ***Bottom:*** Track layers crowd mechanized graders. ***Below:*** Clear track for the ***Ozarker***

Photos courtesy of Missouri Pacific

Photos courtesy of Rock Island Lines

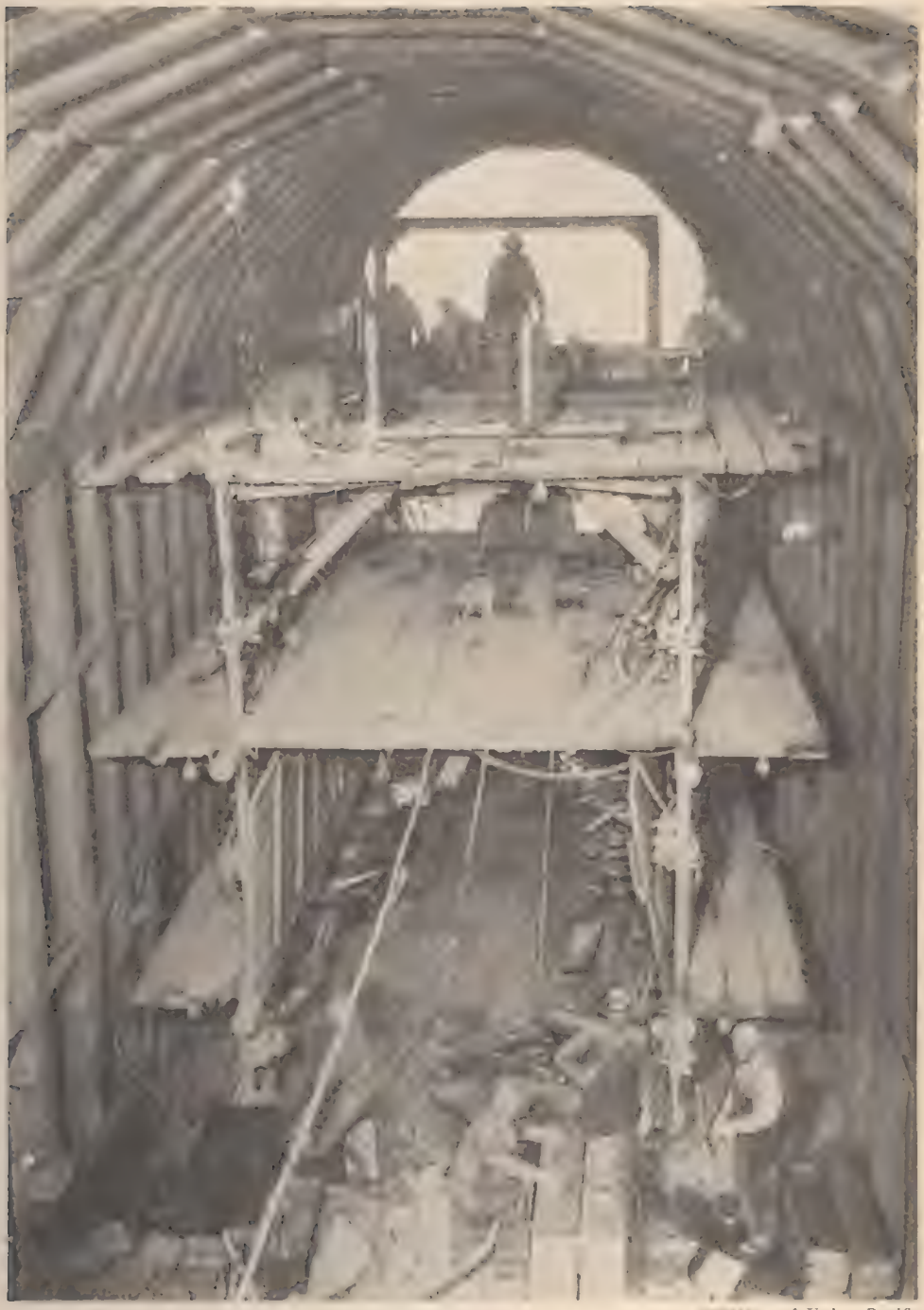
"Planned Progress." Those who knew the Rock Island during its long, lean years are likely to regard President Farrington's transformation as miraculous; yet success did not come that easy. It took 10 years' labor, 400,000 tons of rail, 11,383,000 crossties, 17 steel bridges excluding the Samson of the Cimarron—and $120,000,000. Typical project was $15,000,000 relocation job between Columbus, Ia. and Mill Grove, Mo., to permit 90 mph passenger speeds on the Golden State Route. ***Above:*** bridge over Skunk River. ***Below:*** signal-guarded straightway

Photos courtesy of New York Central

If awards were given for engineering dramatics, New York Central's earth-moving, river-bending Little Falls, N. Y. scheme would run off with 1948 honors. It took 14 months of dredging, blasting and building to complete a 65-foot embankment, two steel-and-concrete bridges and 4-tracked, 3000-foot main line; propelling the Mohawk River into another channel also meant $2,500,000. ***Above***, Gulf Curve's 7-degree sweep with cutoff at rear. Tracks in transition ***below*** show new rails bare, ballast heaped up nearby

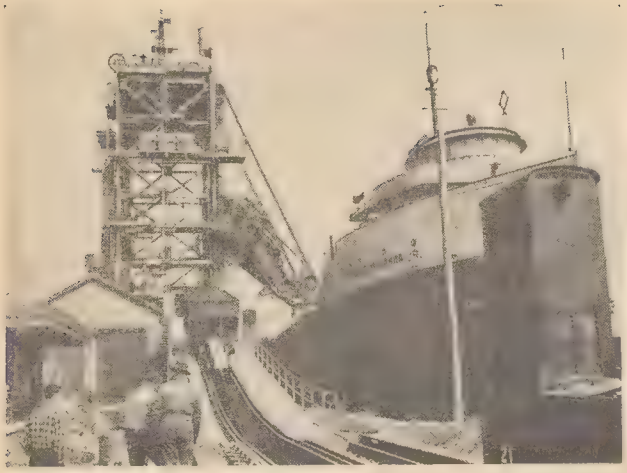
Courtesy of Union Pacific

Union Pacific has its own troubles—differing from usual complaints about helper service and restricted running speeds. Straddling the Omaha-Salt Lake City main line in western Wyoming is Aspen Tunnel, a single-track bottleneck in double-track territory. To date all trains take passage on priority basis: but last August another Aspen bore got under way, topping all dimensions of the first. Service in the $8,000,000 tunnel is slated for '49. ***Above,*** **Gouging the face at top level**



Courtesy of Union Pacific

The ***Jumbo***—multi-deck carriage supporting men and machines for drilling and lining operations. UP's ***Jumbo*** is similar to those used recently by C&O and N&W, is equipped with nine drills and serves as work platform for tunnel face and sides. When blasting is scheduled, the ***Jumbo*** is rolled to the face of the bore where drillers nip out pigeonholes for the explosives. Once the blast has been set off, shovelers take over until the muck is cleared. On the scene again, the ***Jumbo*** assists with steel and concrete reinforcement



Huge coal dumper, built by Heyl & Patterson of Pittsburgh for Baltimore & Ohio and New York Central railroads at Toledo is part of $18,000,000 investment in new dock facilities. The two-year project, formally opened on June 2nd, involved extensive dredging of silt from the mouth of Maumee Bay, filling of a 212-acre marshland area, building two bridges and laying 56 miles of track. Each of three coal dumpers of the type pictured at left can pick up and disgorge the contents of one seventy-ton hopper car per minute

The Information Booth

1

HAVE *any United States railroads ordered new steam locomotives in recent months?*

Louisville & Nashville placed an order for 22 M-1 Class 2-8-4 type road freight locomotives with Lima-Hamilton, late last February. These Berkshires, which will be the most powerful owned by the Old Reliable, are scheduled for delivery starting this summer and will probably all be in service by this time next year. This new power is being acquired largely on account of the L&N's increased coal tonnage, originating on the Eastern Kentucky Division, where several branches have been constructed to serve new mining operations since the war.

In addition to the steam locomotives now on order, L&N will soon add 39 engines to its Diesel fleet. These additions consist of five 1500-horsepower units, to be employed in pusher service on the Eastern Kentucky Division; twenty 660-and ten 1000-horsepower switchers; and four 2000-horsepower passenger Diesels. The order is divided between Alco and Electro-Motive.

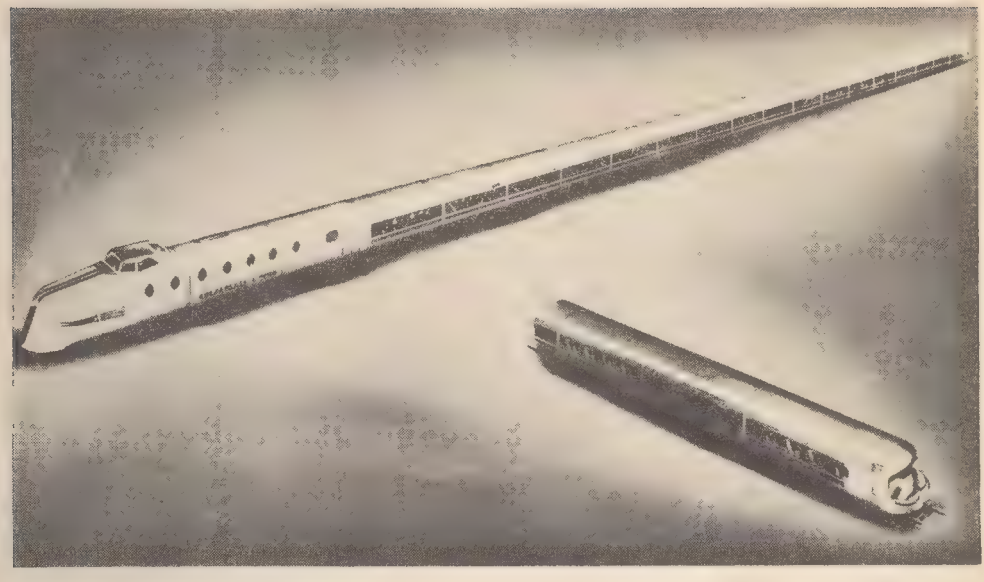
L&N's current 40-million-dollar improvement program also includes 4581 fifty-ton coal hoppers, 22 units of streamlined passenger-train equipment, construction of several more coal-producing extensions, and over two million dollars for the strengthening of bridges all over the system, extension of passing tracks, and the building of new locomotive servicing facilities.

2

A RAILFAN *friend of mine insists that the price of steel rails has dropped steadily from Bessemer's original at $250 a ton in 1863 to less than $50 a ton last year. Is this true?*

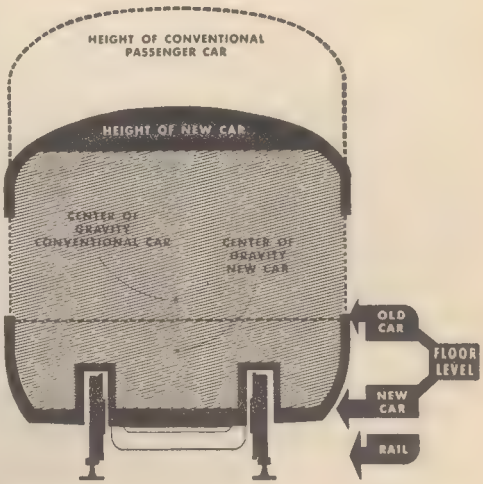
Your friend is correct. The American Iron & Steel Institute recently called attention to the fact that despite costly improvements rails sell for less today than ever before. Over two million tons of rail were produced and put to use last year on the 398,000 miles of track that are in operation for transport of one billion passengers and 2.5 billion tons of freight annually. On main lines the modern steel rail has an average life of fifteen years. In the last ten years rail failures per thousand miles of track dropped from 12.7 to 3.6 percent.

Production of manufactured rails begins with a heated ingot taken from the soaking pits and delivered to the blooming



C&O Finds a Spanish Train to Its Liking

Widely publicized as a new concept of railroad design fresh from the planning boards of the C&O's research department, the multi-articulated train pictured here will joggle the memories of *Lantern* readers. In our Aug., '45 issue, p.49, we pictured a strikingly similar streamliner, designed by Lt. Col. Giocoechea for the Spanish Rys. Using the same recessed and independently mounted wheels, short car length, and stressed skin structure, the two plans suggest an affinity of engineering minds bordering on the psychic. Recalling the low safety factor of ultra-lightweight equipment when it tangles with 70-ton hopper cars, other American railroads remain unimpressed



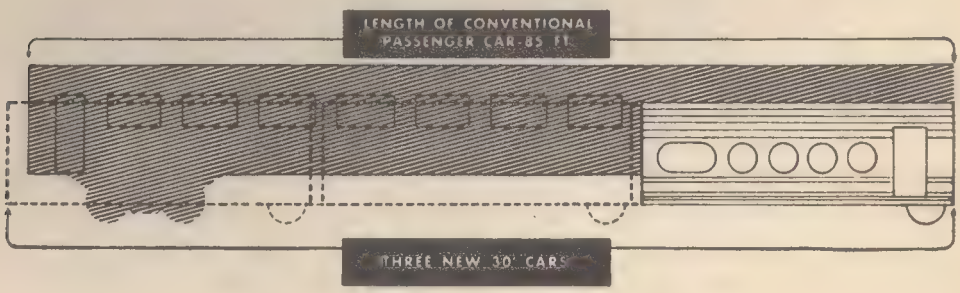


Photo by Mike Runey, 5 Mountainview Drive, Pine City, N. Y.

Lehigh Valley's ***Black Diamond*** pulls across the curving Susquehanna River bridge at Towanda, Pa.

mill where the steel is rolled in a 20-step operation. After being uniformly cooled to reduce the danger of internal shutter cracks, the rail is straightened and its bolt holes drilled. At this point the laboratories conduct resilience tests on sections of each lot of rails, by dropping a ton weight from a height of 20 feet to deliver a blow 25 percent greater than the steel will ever receive in service. Samples are subjected to stress tests to show a minimum elongation of six percent without cracking. Finally, each rail is measured and checked with rail standards to insure that it does not vary more than three-eights of an inch over its 39 foot length.

3

SUPPLY *information on the Bellevue & Cascade Railroad, an Iowa narrow-gage line owned by the Milwaukee Road. This branch was abandoned in the early 1930s, I believe.*

The Bellevue & Cascade, a 35.7-mile long three-foot gage pike extending westward from the CMSTP&P main line at Bellevue to Cascade was built between June, 1879 and January, 1880, and acquired by the Milwaukee, then known as the St. Paul, late in 1880. Operated as a part of the big system until shortly before abandonment, the B&C had a succession of ascending and descending grades, some of which were in excess of two percent, with a maximum of two and eight-tenths percent uncompensated. The line had numerous curves of over eight degrees, with a maximum of twelve and one-half. Cuts and fills were very narrow, and three-fourths of the right-of-way was only 33 feet wide. Rail was laid to 56- and 60-pound iron. There were six villages on the line, serving a tributary population aggregating about eight thousand persons.

At the Bellevue terminus transfer facilities were maintained and all through freight had to be transferred there to standard-gage cars. The line's equipment consisted of four light locomotives and 110 cars of various types. At the time operations ceased, motive power ranged between 31 and 49 years of age, and these little Jacks handled from 110 to 145 gross tons over the ruling grades in either direction. Most of the cars were old and of wooden construction, the majority dating back to 1880.

The B&C branch was operated at a substantial loss for four years prior to the Milwaukee's application for authority to abandon it, late in April, 1932. On March 8, 1933, permission was granted by the ICC. However, three months later the CMSTP&P entered into an agreement with a newly-incorporated independent common carrier, the Bellevue & Cascade Railroad Company, whereby the Milwaukee agreed to sell the line altogether with all rights-of-way, roadbed, equipment, and buildings for 18 thousand dollars, payable in 120 monthly installments. Operations of this new company, representing local

Keystone Photo

Two-two-two is not a "back up" signal but the wheel arrangement of this venerable French locomotive recently displayed at Exhibition of Mechanical Progress at Gare Saint-Lazare

interests, were not successful and finally it was sold to the Joseph Schonthal salvage concern of Columbus, Ohio, for $37,500. This company acquired the property by deed from the Milwaukee early in 1936, and four months later took up the line. The route of the *Hiawathas* relinquished the Bellevue & Cascade narrow gage reluctantly, but had no other choice in the face of the little road's increasingly precarious position.

4

WHEN I was a G. I. in England I enjoyed the distinctive color schemes which identified the locomotives and rolling stock of the four big railway systems and the various smaller companies. What effect has the recent nationalization had on the painting of this equipment?

The "New Look" has appeared in Britain and, as with the ladies, the trend is toward black stockings and increased conservatism. At the present time the Executive is conducting experiments, but the provisional color scheme that has been drawn up is as follows: express locomotives, blue; other passenger engines, green; freight locomotives, black; passenger cars for steam trains, chocolate and cream; electric trains and locomotives, green. The handsome rich maroon, which distinguished the famous Royal Scot Class and other passenger locomotives of the London, Midland & Scottish Railway, England's largest system, will soon be just a memory.

5

RECENTLY I read that the Denver & Rio Grande Western's six Challenger Type 4-6-6-4s have been sold to the Clinchfield. Please supply their present numbers.

The Rio Grande's former Class L-97 simple articulateds, numbered 3800-3805, are now Clinchfield 670-675. Real boomer locomotives, these 4-6-6-4s were built by Alco during the first half of 1944, for the Union Pacific. Intended to be added to a fleet of twenty-five Challengers, Class 307-MB, numbered 3975-3999, these engines never did see service on the UP. Due to a heavy need on the Rio Grande for motive power to handle vital wartime freight, the War Production Board reassigned these locomotives and they were leased to the D&RGW by the Defense Plant Corporation.

6

ACCORDING to a newspaper clipping dated last February 18th, the Akron, Canton & Youngstown will extend its tracks 42 miles eastward from Mogadore to Youngstown if the ICC approves its proposal. Please furnish particulars.

The AC&Y completed an engineering and cost survey of this project last spring, and as we go to press there are no indications that the plan will meet with opposition. However, before the railroad can build such an extension, and even after it has received the blessing of the ICC, that body must issue a certificate of necessity, generally a lengthy process, before actual construction can begin. A reconnaissance map of the route under consideration was made in December.

The proposed addition would be the first to the AC&Y since it took over the Northern Ohio Railway in 1920. At that time, oddly enough, the Akron, Canton & Youngstown owned and operated only 7.7 miles of line between Mogadore and East Akron, while the Northern Ohio extended 161.74 miles from Akron to Delphos, Ohio, with 21.91 miles of sidings and yard trackage. However, the Seiberlings, two of Akron's leading rubber magnates, were directors of the smaller road, which had been incorporated on June 17, 1907, to build a railroad from Akron to Youngstown, via Mogadore, 50 miles, and from Mogadore to Canton, a 20-mile-long branch.

By acquiring the Northern Ohio from the Lake Erie & Western, a New York

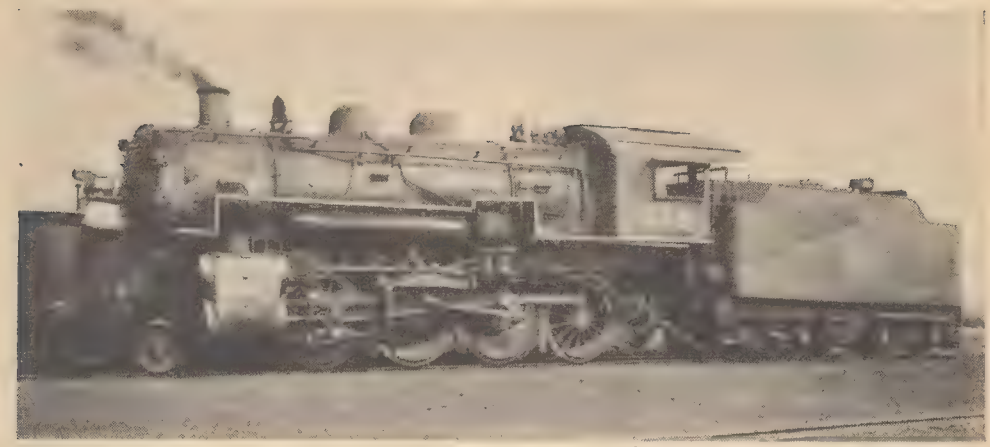


Photo by C. E. Helms, St. Marys, Ohio

Neatly painted and well maintained, thanks to the interest of Akron's Seiberlings

Central subsidiary, the Akron, Canton & Youngstown extended in just the opposite direction from the last two cities in its name. Now there appears to be a good chance that after 41 years the major part of the road's original plan may be achieved, though the possibility of the Mogadore to Canton branch ever being built seems remote, inasmuch as the Wheeling & Lake Erie's Cleveland Division, between Cleveland and Zanesville, provides this connection. At the present time AC&Y's 169.3 miles of through mainline track connects with nine railroads at 21 points along its right-of-way. Its extension 42 miles eastward to Youngstown would provide Ohio with an east-west bridge line, extending nearly all the way across the state, south of the congested Lake Erie area with its many large freight terminals. Through Pittsburgh and Youngstown traffic could be diverted from Cleveland and greatly expedited east to west in much the same manner that the strategic Toledo, Peoria & Western provides a quick, direct route across the Prairie State, south of Chicago, linking Keokuk, Iowa and Lomax, Illinois with Effner, Indiana.

Last January the progressive Akron, Canton & Youngstown received four B-B road-switching locomotives from Fairbanks-Morse. Painted bright yellow, each unit weighs 250,000 pounds and exerts two thousand horsepower.

7

SEVERAL *Rock Island Diesel locomotives are equipped with a new type of coupler which is considerably larger than those in customary use. Is this necessary because of the higher drawbar pull?*

No. The purpose of these Titelock Couplers is to control train alignment and reduce slack. A safety feature of the Rock Island's four latest 4000-horsepower Electro-Motive passenger engines, delivered last February, this coupler also makes possible a number of variations in units used to meet requirements of speed and hauling capacity. Applied on the front, rear, and between the units of each locomotive this type of coupler is also in use on the Atlantic Coast Line, all of that road's passenger Diesels as well as the F-2 dual service locomotives, built by Electro-Motive in 1946, being so equipped.

8

COMPARE *New Jersey railroad taxes with those of other states.*

In 1946, latest year for which figures are available, railroad taxes in the Garden State were $2996 for every mile of track. Quite a drop from there to $1716 per mile, the tax of New York, next highest state! The average for the seventeen northeastern states is $860.

will reduce starting friction by 88 percent, new one-piece engine beds, lightweight reciprocating parts, Franklin compensating snubbers on driving boxes, completely overhauled boilers and new, high-speed booster engines situated above the rear trailer wheels, which will pull 10 percent of train weight at starting and on heavy grades. Pictured at left are H. E. McMurry, assistant master mechanic, Fort Worth *right*, and Harry R. Chaffin, service engineer for the Timken Roller Bearing Co., examining locomotive 644 at Lancaster roundhouse after the modernized 2-10-4 had pulled a freight train into Fort Worth yards on its maiden run from the shops

Locomotive of the Month:

T&P's Rebuilt Texas Type

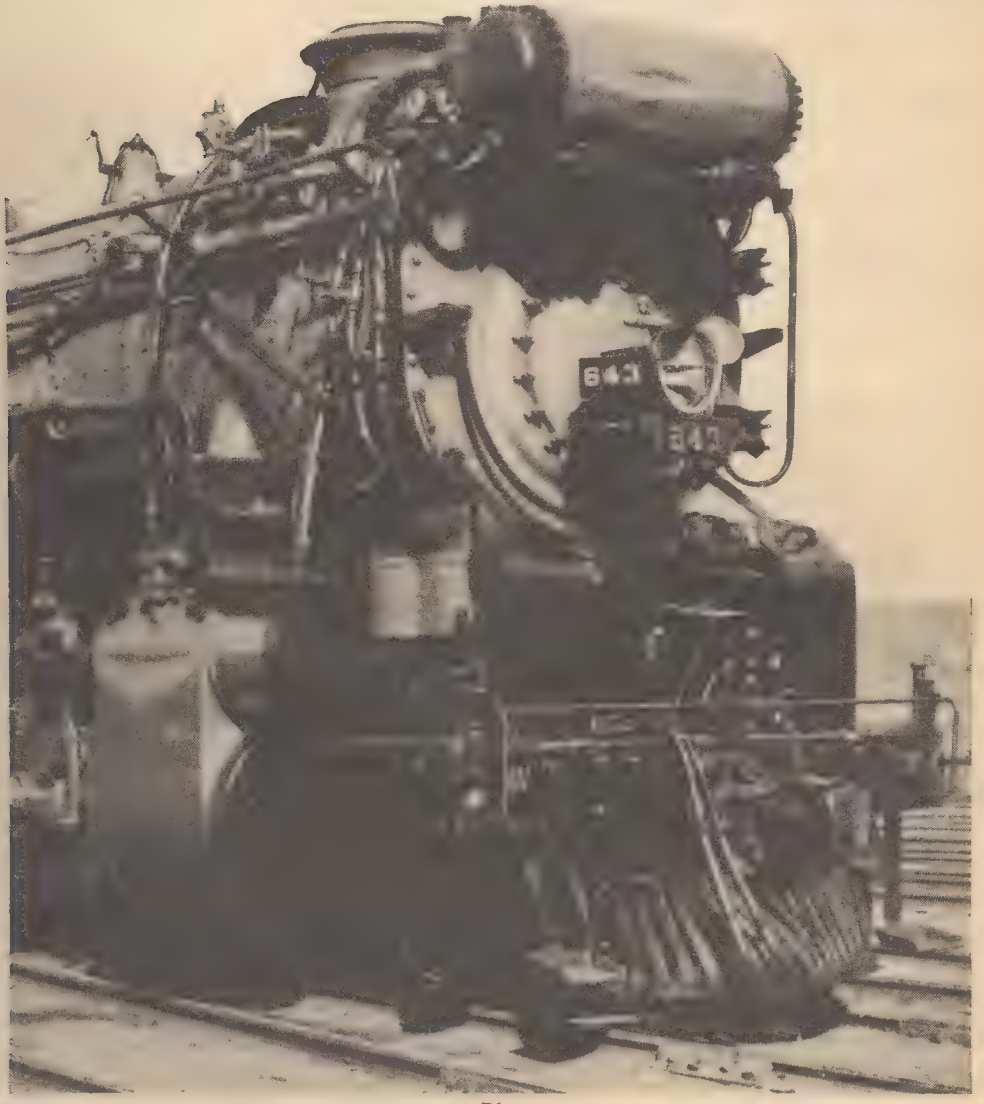
TEXAS & PACIFIC, originator of the 2-10-4 type which honors the railroad's name, recently modernized fifteen of the Lima-built giants in its Marshall shops. Improvements include the application of roller bearings which

Specifications

Numbers	640-654	Weight, Engine	452,000
Builder	Lima	Tractive Effort	84,600*
Drivers	63	Tender Capacity	
Cylinders	29x32	Oil	5,000
Pressure	255	Water	14,000
Grate Area	100	Tender Weight	278,666
Weight on Drivers	303,000		

** plus 13,300 lbs. booster effort*

Below: **Super-super-power with all the trimmings. The 643 stands fifteen feet five and three-quarter inches high and measures ninety-nine feet one inch between coupler-pulling faces**



Race Track

Part I

A Ninety-Day Leave of Absence on a Pike Where the Monkey Wrench Is a Lethal Weapon

THIRTY YEARS AGO, I left home to become an engineer. The villain of this piece was the brass hat who introduced the unbreakable law that sons and brothers could not work in the same service on the same division as their whiskered relations. Now I had no hopes of my father's shifting to a cab not housed in Colorado; neither did I take to braking, which I had given a short trial on the Denver & Rio Grande Narrow Gage. So my next move was a move—to foreign parts. It was 1917. I began bending an eager ear or two to the chant of the grapevine.

"They're hiring firemen on the Santa Fe down in Arizona." "The Union Pacific is crying for switchmen in Wyoming."

By GILBERT A. LATHROP

"The Q needs enginemen at Denver." "The OSL is hiring firemen at Salt Lake, Utah."

Now I had promised my wife a honeymoon trip to Salt Lake City, but owing to unavoidable conditions, I'd never been able to make it good. A couple of months after our wedding, the little woman was beginning to grouse a lot about that honeymoon which hadn't materialized. Well, as I mentioned, the Oregon Short Line was hiring tallowpots for their baffledoor engines out of Salt Lake. I wanted a job in engine service, so the prospects looked mighty fine. I ordered passes for the two of us and took a ninety-day leave of absence.

It was a bright morning in early April,

when my wife and I boarded westbound Number 315, our narrow-gage pride and joy. We were embarking on our great adventure. I'd go firing on the OSL and if I liked the job, we'd be set for life. Yet destiny is a curious old goat at best.

The following day found us riding the D&RG Number 1 through the barrens known as "The Desert," east of Helper, Utah. We pulled into that roistering town shortly before noon, and our long train shuddered to a halt. Through a window on our side of the coach I saw a long, rambling eating house with a few rails loafing in the shade of cottonwood trees. One of these rails I recognized immediately. His name was Leroy Sinele. A couple of months before, he'd quit a job as blacksmith in one of our Gunnison, Colo. garages and gone to Helper together with his wife, Irene. Leroy wanted to "go railroadin'."

Since our train would be stopped twenty minutes so that hungry passengers could get something to eat, I jumped up and unloaded. In a matter of seconds I was pumping Leroy's calloused right hand, asking what he was doing.

"I'm holdin' a regular pool turn firin' between here an' Green River," he told me.

"Are they still hirin' firemen?" I asked.

"I hope to tell the cockeyed world they are," he said. "Why don't you unload an' go to work?"

I shook my head. "I'm headin' for Salt Lake to hit the OSL for a job," I explained.

"I understand that pike is cryin' for men, too," he agreed.

We chinned a couple of minutes longer and then I climbed back on the train and sat down beside the wife. Through the window I saw a strange, well-dressed man talking to Leroy. The fellow glanced up at the coach we were in, as he talked. Then abruptly he left Leroy's side and climbed aboard. He entered our car, looked us passengers over a second, then called: "Is G. A. Lathrop in this car?"

I stood up, figuring maybe he had a message for me. "I'm G. A. Lathrop."

"Then get your valise and unload," he commanded with all the assurance in the world. Wondering what I'd pulled to be so unceremoniously detrained, I blurted, "But we're goin' to Salt Lake City. We're on our honeymoon," I told him, nodding to my wife.

"Your honeymoon runs out here," he said, and kinda smiled. "I'm Mr. Green, the master mechanic. I'm short of firemen and I've been told that you know something about railroading. How about it?"

Well, there we were. I could tell that Green was pretty desperate for tallowpots, and after all, a job firing was exactly what I was hunting. "How about it?" I asked the better half.

"It's whatever you want to do," she said resignedly.

"Okay!" I made up my mind, reached overhead for our baggage and followed Mr. Green from the day coach. On the platform Green motioned Sinele over to us.

"Are there any rooms left where you and your wife are staying?" he asked him.

"I think they got a couple," agreed Leroy.

"Good," nodded the M.M. and turning to me, he said, "Come over and I'll give you an order on the doctor. As quick as you pass him, I'll get your application filled out. We need you on a turn around four p.m."

On the way to the place Leroy figured we might rent a room, my friend told me, "This morning twenty-seven firemen quit their jobs in a bunch. Damned near tied up the whole railroad."

No wonder the master mechanic had been so anxious to grab me!

BUT I STILL had a serious problem. I mentioned in a previous article that my eyes were pretty weak; even with a real manpower shortage I doubted if any doctor would pass me. Back in 1917 glasses on a railroad were almost taboo, particularly among operating employes. And now that I was embarked in the new

venture, I didn't want to be turned down because of faulty eyes.

We found a room. I left, clutching my order on the doctor in my fist and doing some tall thinking. There was no use taking a chance of falling down on the doctor, not with plenty of husky, eagle-eyed young specimens around Helper. I singled out a bird, who looked like he might be a rail, near the beanery. I didn't mince any words.

"Does the local railroad doctor know you?"

He looked at me in surprise. "Naw," he admitted. "I went to work on the Grande in Salt Lake. Why?"

"Well, I want to go firin', but I'm afraid I can't pass the doctor on my eyes," I explained. "How about you passing the exam for me. I'll pay you a dollar."

"I guess I could do it," he decided. "What's your name, an' other dope?"

I gave it all to him and he took my order on the doctor. "I'll meet ya here in about thirty minutes," he promised.

True to his word the stranger was back in half an hour. "Here's your certificate," he said. "I got your name okay, but the rest of the dope I kinda forgot."

"How do ya mean?"

"Well, your age, where you was born an' that stuff. So I made up a lot. They'll never check on ya."

I paid him the dollar and hurried back to Mr. Green's office with my clearance. When I'd filled out an application blank, Mr. Green handed me a book-of-rules and an examination book. "Take these to your room to fill out at your leisure," he told me. "And be ready for a call," he added.

Around four-thirty that afternoon the crew caller came tramping up the stairs, two at a time, and pounded on my door. "Lathrop?" he asked, when I opened up.

"Yeh," I said, tingling with excitement. Already, it made me feel one of the gang.

"Called fer a drag to Black Hawk for six p.m. Engine 1176. Engineer Perkins," he informed me.

I signed the book, nodded an okay and he was gone. Little did I know what I was facing. I expect I'd have been tempted to quit right there if I had.

Leroy had told me: "Out here the firemen own their scoop shovels. You draw one from the supply man. Most of us get a cold chisel and a hammer and trim off the corners so it's shaped like a spoon. Number Fives are best, but ya can get a Seven if ya feel husky enough to use one."

So at the roundhouse I hunted up the supply man. "I'll take a Number Five scoop," I told him.

"Want to trim off the corners?"

"Yeh."

"I'll help you," he offered. "I know just how it's done."

Armed with my brand new scoop, I hunted up the 1176. Lord but she was a massive hunk of steel and iron! Gaged by our present standards, the engine wasn't so big; but back in 1917 she was plenty of locomotive. Her tender carried about twenty-one tons of black stuff that would neither burn, smoke, shake through the grates, nor make steam. Fortunately, I didn't know that at the time. All I was certain about was that her firebox was the size of a small dining room; she had the usual torpedoes, fusees, red, white and green flags, and water in the tank level with the manhole.

I squirt-hosed down the deck, then I began building up a fire. Plenty of coal in the back corners and under the door. Perkins showed up while I was spading the black diamonds. He glanced at me, unimpressed. "How do ya put your name on a time slip?" he asked gruffly.

I told him, and he wrote it down. "This pot carries 200 pounds of steam," he growled. Then he did a surprising thing. He fished out an 18-inch monkey wrench and laid it on the wing of the tender, where he could reach it handy—and he made right certain that I saw him do it! After that, he took up his oiler and dropped to the ground.

While that was taking place, our head brakeman, a squat jovial boomer, came into the cab. Once Perkins was on the ground, the brakeman eyed me up and

down. "New man here, ain't ya?" he asked.

I nodded. "This is my first trip here."

His look took in the monkey wrench. "See that?" he grinned.

"Yeah."

"Well, some of these home-guard hoggers have had all hell beat out of 'em by boomer tallowpots. None of 'em take any more chances with a new man."

"Well, I'll be damned," I breathed. Then I chuckled at the humor of it. Not much protection in that monkey wrench. While a hogger was reaching for it, a tallow could slap him alongside the chops with the flat side of his scoop. Only I wasn't there to fight. I kinda wanted to make good on this new job.

WE LEFT Helper, two engines and a caboose. This job was as easy as taking candy from a baby. For two miles, while we curved through the canyon leading to Castle Gate, I let the wind blow through my ears. Then friendship ceased. At Castle Rock, Utah, we coupled to fifty empty gondolas. The other engine shoved the crummy against the rear end and we left the main stem.

By this time it was getting dark. Yet even had it been bright, clear daylight, I'd have had no time to scan the passing scenery. Perkins simply hauled the throttle out far as it would go and, with Number 1176 smashing atomic exhausts against the surrounding mountains, we wallowed toward the coal mines of Black Hawk.

Some three hours—and eight or ten tons of coal later—we thumped down a main line where massive mine tipples loomed out of the darkness. There had been long strings of loaded cars on adjacent tracks. We were uncoupled, to turn on a short wye. The helper spotted our empties and fished out our loads. Now all we had to do was double them together.

That was the rub! Owing to the position of the curves, all signaling was done on my side. And me with a pair of eyes unable to see a signal more than a dozen car lengths away!

"What's he sayin' back there, kid?" boomed the voice of Perkins suddenly.

I could see a light, or rather a gigantic blob that must be a lantern. But whether it was moving up and down, in a circle, sideways, or just standing still, I didn't know. I decided to act ignorant.

"I don't know," I replied.

"How's his lantern moving?" demanded Perkins.

"Damned if I know."

"Can't ya read signals?"

"Not too good," I told him.

Perkins muttered something to himself, jumped from his seatbox, crossed the cab and poked his head out. "He's givin' the backup signal," he snapped in disgust.

For the next half hour Perkins was the busiest man on the D&RG, shuttling back and forth from throttle to left gangway. When we finally got our train made up Perkins glared at me angrily.

"Ya'd better study up on signals, kid, if ya want to work here," he barked.

"I sure will," I promised.

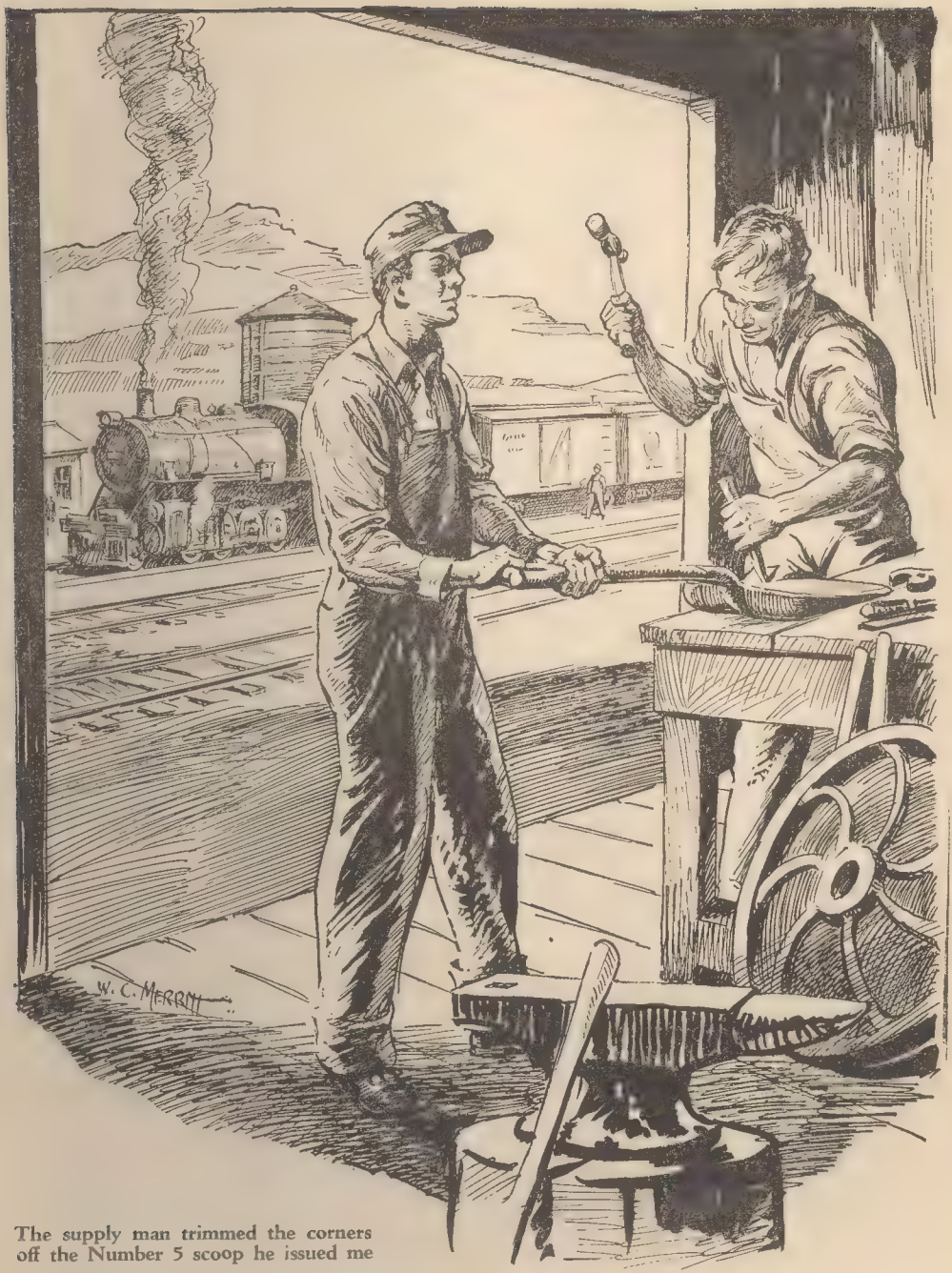
In Castle Gate we set out our train of fifty loads of coal. Then after taking on tanks of coal and water, we coupled to another fifty empty tons to repeat our first trip. By the time we reached Black Hawk the second time, I was like a limp dishrag. And as before, Perkins had to snatch signals from my side while running the 1176 from his.

Daylight broke upon us before we left Black Hawk the second time. Since it was all downhill to Helper, I was able to hang out of my window and relax. Perkins kept looking at me in a mighty peculiar manner, but he made no comment.

We passed a milepost. I could see the number because it sat alongside the track: thirty-eight was painted on it in big black letters. The clanking motion of the engine made me rather sleepy; my eyes wondered aimlessly along the track. Then I noted another blurred milepost about a quarter of a mile further on. And about that time there was a sudden shout in the cab.

"Hey, kid," Perkins hollered, "what's the number of that milepost?"

I could barely discern the post, but I hadn't forgotten the number of the last



The supply man trimmed the corners off the Number 5 scoop he issued me

one. This one must be thirty-seven!

"It's Number 37," I yelled.

There was a moment's pause. "Guess ya can see okay," grumbled Perkins.

I wonder what he'd have done if I hadn't seen the preceding one.

THOSE DAYS—1917—the division between Helper, Utah and Grand Junction, Colo. was divided into two districts: Grand Junction to Green River, Utah; and Green River to Helper. But we held rights all the way. The following morning I was

called to fire the 1209 to Green River. These 1200s were among the best freight engines operated by the D&RG. They were Mikes with 63-inch drivers and plenty of power.

The water along the line was so foul that boilers had to be washed at the end of each trip. Each engine carried a bucket of boiler compound, and under no circumstances should a man drink from the tender. So all the engines carried a 10-gallon wooden keg which was kept filled with ice water. During the summer months a fireman could draw five pounds of oatmeal to add to his ice water. Some claimed this gruel would keep a fellow from having heat prostration.

Most of the tallows wore asbestos aprons which covered their left sides. Yet I was long and lean enough—six-foot-one—so I could shove my rump against my seatbox to steady myself on the curves and still lay the coal where it did most good. I only laid a scoop of coal in a hogger's lap a couple of times while I was working there.

My first trip to Green River aboard Number 1209 was a mad symphony of speed. The division was uphill both ways, according to the gang: this kept the fireboys from wearing out the seats of their overalls. The distance between Helper and Price was about two miles, the track dropping on a mighty sharp grade all the way. My hogger simply worked steam until he had his train going as fast as it would roll, then he slammed his throttle closed and let gravity take over where he left off.

We approached Price on a nice, easy lefthand curve. A train-order board hung in front of the depot, only I didn't know that. Approaching Price I was squatted on my seatbox, head and shoulders out the window, kinda wondering how far we'd plow up the countryside if the 1209 decided to leave the rails.

"How's that board in front of the depot, kid?" bawled my hogger.

I squinted. Cripes I could hardly see the depot, let alone a train-order board. I decided to take a long chance. I waved a highball and yelled, "Clear!"

So the engineer rapped a couple of short ones on his horn and we went through Price around sixty miles per hour. Luck was with me. That board *was* clear.

I wonder how many oldtimers remember Miss Belle's place in Green River? Miss Belle operated a regular railroaders' paradise. Pie books were good as legal tender and Miss Belle's meals were something to write home about. I've since heard that a fire almost razed Green River. Also that in late years the D&RG made just a whistle stop out of what was a booming railroad town before and during World War I.

BACK IN Helper I was called down to Mr. Green's office the following day. I figured somebody had discovered my bum eyes and my deal with the boomer, so I was ready to turn back my company property. Instead, I was greeted with, "Lathrop, how'd you like to transfer to Grand Junction and work out of there?"

I leaped at the chance. In Grand Junction, the wife and I would be able to rent a house where she could cook for me. Eating in greasy spoons was not only expensive, it was one swell way to develop stomach ulcers. That evening we boarded Number 2 and landed in Grand Junction. Then almost before we got away from the depot, I was called to fire the 1207 on Number 65. My engineer was a little fellow known as "Big Bill" Goddard.

Now Big Bill Goddard was quite a character. I reckon he's long since taken his pension, but in those days he was an energetic middle-aged fellow who couldn't sit quiet more than five minutes at any time. We'd be romping up through Ruby Canyon or streaking along the flats between Fruita and Grand Junction, when we'd miss Big Bill. Usually he'd be out on the running board with head and shoulders stuck down in the sand dome or on the tender measuring his water. Now and then he'd climb out on the pilot or top the air pump. Yes, Big Bill did a lot

of commuting around his iron charges.

To get back to that first trip out of Grand Junction, however, Big Bill didn't think much of me when he gave me the onceover. He was only a little over five feet tall, so he had to look up at me. He'd been a sergeant in the Spanish-American War and still acted like one.

After he'd written down my name, he barked, "Listen, kid, ya can Wabash one of these engines or ya can do a job of firin' 'em. I want a job of firin'. Most of these birds who've hired lately are narrow between the eyes an' broad across the backs. They had their brains baked out long before goin' to work here. I want a feather of steam out of the pops all the time. *But don't let her pop!* If ya do your work we'll get along. If ya don't, I'll make a whistlin' post of ya."

With this fatherly advice, Big Bill slid down the long grab iron on his side, armed with his oiler and a chunk of cotton waste. Our head brakeman whistled. "That little buzzard is out to hang your hide on the fence. But ya ain't got to take it."

"But I want to make good," I argued.

"Well, that's your business. Still if it was me, I'd wrap my shovel round him."

During the next week or so, I was tempted to follow that brakeman's advice more than once. From the moment we coupled onto our train that first day, everything I did was all wrong, according to Big Bill. He barked at me, howled, yelled, snatched the scoop out of my hands in an effort to show me how it should be done. He turned on my ejector, shut off my injector—the fireman worked his water on all those jobs—and when not thus occupied, buzzed all over the engine.

Don't get me wrong. Big Bill probably had a lot to do with helping me build up the record I made as a tallowpot on the D&RGW. His methods of instruction were crude, but mighty effective. I took it in silence. Yet there were times when Big Bill never knew how close he came to getting slapped off his seatbox with the flat of my Number 5 scoop. Eventually, I just figured he was a little eccentric and let it ride at that. He was a good head; and once you did the work Bill's way, there wasn't a better guy to fire for.

I'd been firing for Big Bill about a week when a run took us into Green River one afternoon. The engine crew caller there, a big overgrown kid, was taking cartooning lessons from some correspondence school, though I didn't know that. I'd always been pretty fair with a pencil myself, so while Big Bill wasn't looking I drew a cartoon of him. It showed a hogger out on the front end—head and shoulders stuck down the smoke stack—with smoke and cinders blasting around him. I titled the picture: "Big Bill Goddard in one of his characteristic attitudes."

I didn't sign it; I just stuck it on the bulletin board. All of a sudden there came a roar which shook the rafters of the oblong, corrugated-iron enginehouse. Bill had discovered the cartoon.

"Where's that blankety-blank engine crew caller?" he howled angrily.

About that time the boy showed up. Big Bill grabbed him. Shaking a fist under his nose, he demanded, "What in hell do ya mean drawin' pictures of me?"

"But-but-I didn't do that," argued the caller.

"I know ya did. Ain't nobody else around here can draw. For two cents I'd turn ya in. Smart Alec damned punks, pokin' fun at their elders. I got a student fireman just like ya, too. Don't never draw pictures of me again is all I got to say!" Big Bill stomped off, muttering angrily to himself.

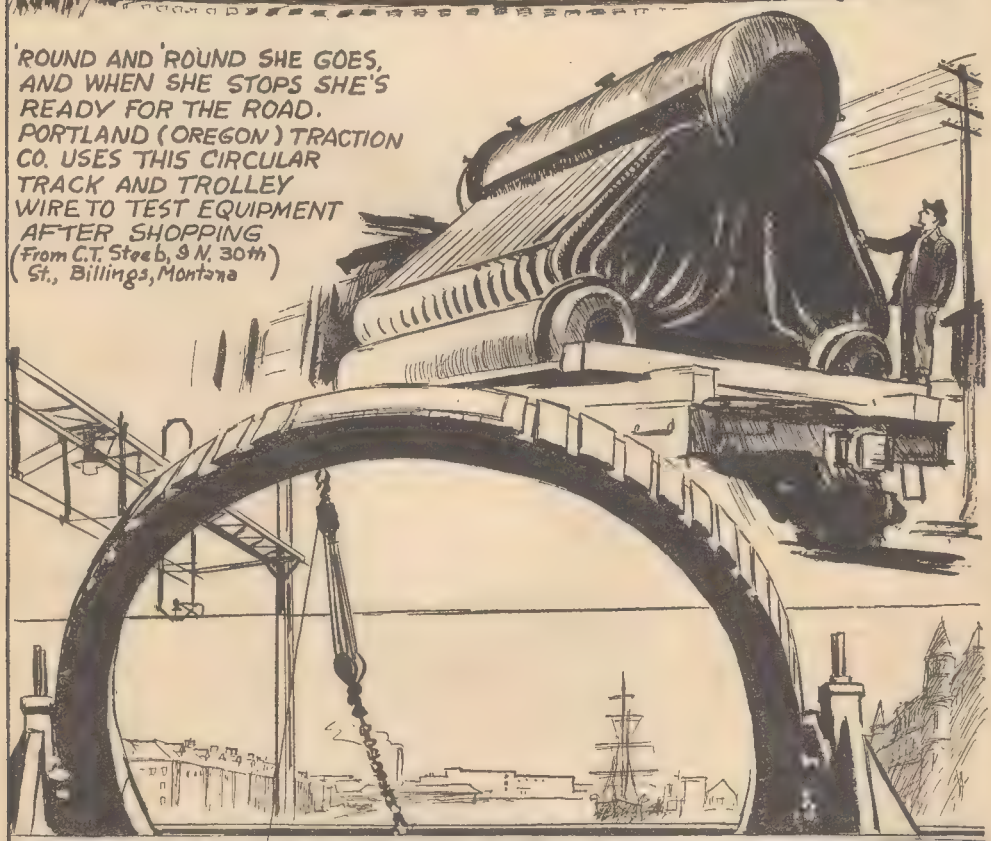
It was a week later that a regular turn with a corpulent, easy-going fellow named Charley Kriegbaum showed up. The run with Big Bill was just a vacancy, so I jumped at the chance of marking up on Charley's turn. Charley was a "rapper," and had little mercy on his fireman; still I'd become used to that. With good natured, easy-to-get-along-with Charley, I was able to relax a little.

(Continued next month)

ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by JOE EASLEY

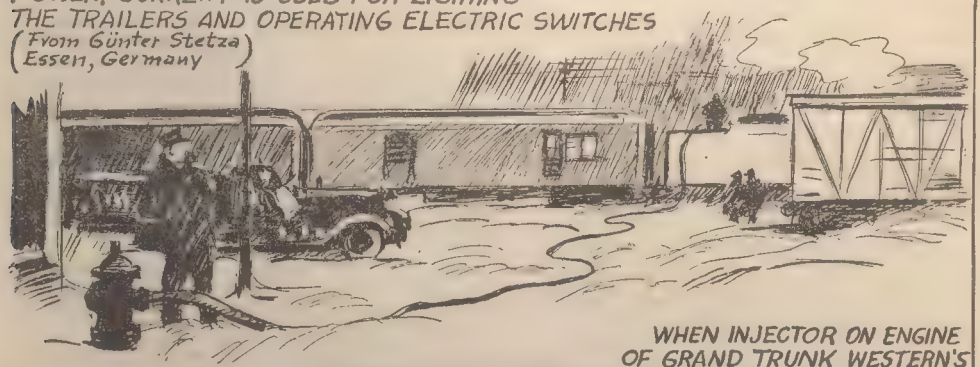
'ROUND AND 'ROUND SHE GOES, AND WHEN SHE STOPS SHE'S READY FOR THE ROAD. PORTLAND (OREGON) TRACTION CO. USES THIS CIRCULAR TRACK AND TROLLEY WIRE TO TEST EQUIPMENT AFTER SHOPPING (From C.T. Steeb, 9 N. 30th St., Billings, Montana)



UNUSUAL OVERSIZE SHIPMENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD ARE MASSIVE PRE-FABRICATED BOILER SHIPPED TO MERRILL, WISC., PLANT OF WARD PAPER CO., VIA C&O, E-J-E AND MILWAUKEE ROADS; AND A 20-FOOT-DIAMETER ROTOR RING FOR LANFORSEN HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER PLANT, THE LARGEST ITEM EVER HANDLED BY SWEDISH STATE RAILWAYS (From Merrill Daily Herald and Swedish-International Press Bureau)

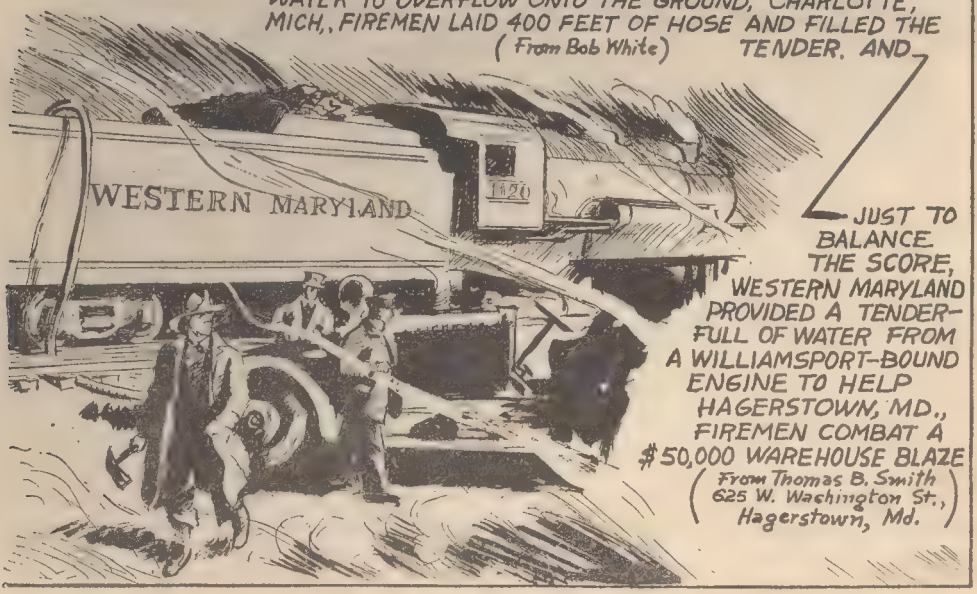
18-TON STEAM LOCOMOTIVE WITH PANTOGRAPH HAULS ESSEN, GERMANY, TRAMWAY CARS WHICH CAN NO LONGER OPERATE UNDER THEIR OWN POWER. CURRENT IS USED FOR LIGHTING THE TRAILERS AND OPERATING ELECTRIC SWITCHES

(From Günter Stetza
Essen, Germany)



WHEN INJECTOR ON ENGINE OF GRAND TRUNK WESTERN'S **INTER-CITY LIMITED** FROZE LAST WINTER, CAUSING WATER TO OVERFLOW ONTO THE GROUND, CHARLOTTE, MICH., FIREMEN LAID 400 FEET OF HOSE AND FILLED THE TENDER. AND

(From Bob White)



JUST TO BALANCE THE SCORE, WESTERN MARYLAND PROVIDED A TENDER-FULL OF WATER FROM A WILLIAMSPORT-BOUND ENGINE TO HELP HAGERSTOWN, MD., FIREMEN COMBAT A $50,000 WAREHOUSE BLAZE

(From Thomas B. Smith
625 W. Washington St.,
Hagerstown, Md.)

Twilight of the Interurbans

JUST ABOUT ten years ago *Railroad Stories* published James W. Holden's article: "Interurbans: Are They Going Out or Coming Back?" Tracing the history of interurban lines during the previous half-century, Mr. Holden concluded:

"Though the streetcar is being replaced by the subway, the electric interurban has a perpetual lease on life in its high-speed, frequent service." Events of the past decade only prove that the author—like the rest of us—had no trustworthy crystal ball.

For today, the interurban lines still serving the nation are at a crossroads: they must either adjust to the modern highway competition by becoming rapid transit-type carriers, or they will find themselves starved of passengers by their automotive competitors.

In 1937 Holden was proud of the Cincinnati & Lake Erie and the Indiana Railroad. These were real examples of interurbans at their best. With cars that could easily hit seventy and eighty miles an hour, their speedy service couldn't be matched by any rival. And considering that they operated along city streets at their terminals, while crawling along small town Main Streets enroute, their schedules were amazing.

You have to remember they were carded over single track and ran against oncoming cars which they could pass only at turnouts It is, of course, true that these small town streets in the Middle West did not even in 1937, offer the traffic obstructions that today obtain almost everywhere. But even then the automobile-inspired feeling against surface

Heading for the point, Car 116 passes through Cedar Rapids & Iowa City Ry. yards at Iowa City. A former Cincinnati & Lake Erie speedster of the same number, 116 and others of this type brought new life with new speed to the "Crandic" line

transportation was growing.

Besieged by competition and expensive maintenance costs along miles of privately owned track and by labor difficulties, the C&LE route disappeared within two years after Holden's hopeful article. The Indiana Railroad made its last run within the two years following the demise of the C&LE. In both of these cases, the highway trucks and buses were taking over. Yet unfortunately it cannot honestly be said that transportation as a whole profited: neither of the new carriers exceeded the perforance of the interurban routes they supplanted.

Scene of desolation? No; maybe she doesn't look it, but Pacific Electric burner 00195 is clearing open track at Glendale, Calif. Weed-killing is one way maintenance costs are increased

In the case of the Indiana Railroad, the war followed closely on its abandonment. With a 35-mile-per-hour speed limit on highways, buses crawled over the old interurban routes, requiring more than double the running time of the electrics. No one in the state of Indiana could help but regret the abandonment of their interurban network; but, had the road been able to operate even its Fort Wayne-Indianapolis line, it very probably could not have recovered cars enough to handle the traffic.

What then has brought about change-overs to trucks and buses on so many other interurban systems in the last decade? Certainly, as far as the riders are concerned, electric cars are more comfortable and roomy than the highway buses; and also, in many instances, their speeds could not be matched on the public roads.

Competition and threats of competition by highway carriers have caused many of the roads to leave the rails and take to highway service. Then, too, the expensive maintenance of miles of track, plus overhead and private property, was more than the revenues could bear. Free from costly road repairs, public highway travel looked simple and profitable to the owners.

Another factor, present in many cases but seldom brought to light, was the run-down state into which the operators allowed their property to fall. Under the pressure of the financial backers, they had to show profits or find themselves out of jobs. In such cases, instead of maintaining their track, overhead wires and cars, they permitted these to disintegrate, using the saving to keep out of the red. And while a profit appeared on the annual reports, it was not long before cars could not be run over the road safely. By this time the property was in such bad shape that the cost of the extensive repairs would require an investment the corporation could not make.

The gradual trend away from the old-time interurban lines, evident even when Mr. Holden's article appeared, has continued up to the present. The only interruption was brought about by World War II.

IT HARDLY seems possible, but during a three-month period in 1947-8 New York, Jersey and Ohio saw the end of their passenger interurban lines. On November 30, 1947, the last run was scheduled over the Jamestown, Westfield & Northwestern, the sole relic of thirty-five passenger interurbans which a fourth-century before had operated thou-

Photo from G. Krambles, 2244 Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A good reminder of what electric power can be at its best. This 16-wheeler freight locomotive is ex-Oregon Electric Ry., built in 1940, and recently purchased for the well-to-do CNS&M

sands of miles of high-speed track in New York State. The others had been starved out of existence by private automobiles and competing buses much earlier; or else a switch to buses had been completed in an effort to cut down expenses.

A month after JW&N's demise, New Jersey's surviving interurban, the Atlantic City-Ocean City route of the Atlantic City Transportation Company, made its final appearance. Never an interurban center like Ohio and New York, New Jersey had supported seven other interurban carriers which all fell by the way. After January 18th, New Jersey could ride the interurban rails no more. The last to go before the Atlantic City was the Trenton-Princeton Traction Company, back in 1940.

Once criss-crossed by mile after mile of interurban roadways, the state of Ohio bid a sad goodbye to its last one in the early morning of February 29, 1948. Then, the Youngstown & Southern made its last revenue run. The Buckeye State, which together with Indiana, boasted the largest interurban network in the nation —reaching nearly every sizable town directly or via connections, at a fare of one or two cents per mile—had its interurbans forced out of business for the usual reasons. For as the 20th century wore on, Detroit's factories were calling the transportation tune.

In the case of the Y&S, a tragic footnote on the history of the Ohio electric empire was written at the Public Utility Commission hearing in Columbus, just a month before the end came. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* reported, "The commission heard testimony on application for abandonment of Ohio's last interurban line without one good word being spoken for the trolley cars that provided cheap transportation for Ohioans a generation ago. The witnesses praised the modern motor bus and denounced surviving interurban cars as a menace to motor-vehicle traffic and an outmoded means of transportation that put a stigma of backwardness upon a community still tolerating them."

To those of our readers who are familiar with the interurban lines still operating today, this must sound like one-sided testimony. The actual facts were not brought out at the hearing; they were well-known to anyone who, like your writer, spent some time in Youngstown when the competing bus line was just starting. Far from being a menace to motor vehicle traffic, the Y&S traversed public streets for a distance of less than one-half a mile in its entire run of approximately twenty miles. And even this

short stretch of rival territory was beyond Y&S control. The bus outfit began operation along a route parallelling the railway line as late as 1942, or thereabouts, and so withdrew just enough passenger business from the electric line to make its owners decide to throw in the sponge, after several years' trials.

Actually, bus operation was carried on at a loss. It was maintained in the hope that continued efforts would result in just what eventually did take place. Had the rail line taken the bull by the horns and increased its service when the competition began, the story of Ohio electrics might be a cheerful and still continuing story.

The outlook for today's interurbans, however, isn't as bad as it might seem. Those surviving until the present have done so in spite of all obstacles and competition; in so doing, they have proven that with favorable circumstances and proper location, the interurban can readily overcome bus competition. To test out this statement, let's have a look at some of the outstanding lines remaining in existence.

In Chicago, three rapid interurban electrics come into the central Loop section; the North Shore Line, the South Shore Line and the Chicago, Aurora & Elgin. Each of these outfits has for all practical purposes risen above the ordinary performance of other interurbans, although originally they resembled so many others that have gone before. It was this enterprise and vision that has kept them in service.

Instead of being satisfied with a slow, congested trackage along the shore of Lake Michigan—enroute to the northern terminal at Milwaukee—the North Shore constructed its Skokie Valley cutoff in 1928. This shortcut enabled the now-famous *Electroliners* (*See Electric Lines*, July, 1948) to speed out of Chicago along well-ballasted, heavy rail to Milwaukee on schedules that make the competing Milwaukee Road envious. The North Shore managers didn't go to sleep when the line was terminated at Evanston, ten

Fast, easy entrance to the Windy City's downtown area is provided by elevated track and this overhead bridge at North Franklin Street, Chicago. Aurora & Elgin cars seen in transit evidence this line's attention to comfort in rolling stock

miles north of Chicago, and had to transfer passengers to slow elevated trains for Chicago. As soon as possible they obtained rights over the elevated right into the down-town Loop section of Chicago.

Although handicapped by a forty mile-per-hour limit on the elevated tracks, the North Shore trains make several stops enroute, traverse Milwaukee streets for a two-mile stretch to the terminal and still beat the time of everything but the non-stop Milwaukee *Limiteds*. That's why they are well-patronized today.

THE SAME thing applies to the South Shore Line and the Aurora & Elgin. The South Shore originally terminated its line in the easterly section of Chicago. Obtaining rights over the Illinois Central, right into its terminal off Michigan Boulevard in downtown Chicago, it had something to sell suburbanites. Now the road is modernizing all of its equipment, with air-conditioning and other rider comforts. It is in excellent financial condition.

The Chicago, Aurora & Elgin kept pace with its requirements by purchasing ten new cars just two years ago. A third-rail line using elevated railway tracks to reach the Loop in Chicago, the CA&E carries a steady passenger business on its fifty-mile routes to Aurora and to Wheaton, Ill. From current signs, it appears that the management expects to continue receiving sufficient revenues. The real point is that the North and South Shore lines and the CA&E are alive and prepared for any possibility.

While it is impossible to cover each operating interurban line and examine the way its development enabled it to overcome all obstacles, there are a few that should be mentioned. The great Pacific Electric network of the Los Angeles area is so vital to the transportation of that city, that it will undoubtedly form the basis of a rapid-transit development reaching all important suburbs. In spite of the propaganda being spread through Los Angeles by the local LATL —a subsidiary of the pro-bus City Lines trust—it is daily becoming more evident that the local bus is being outmoded. A rapid-transit system based on Pacific Electric interurban service may be developed in the near future.

Without question, the nation's outstanding interurban line is the Illinois Terminal, with 500 miles of track stretching between Peoria, St. Louis, Springfield and Danville, Ill. Nearly the equivalent of the usual steam road, it still has the original characteristics of an interurban, with occasional street running enroute. Wherever possible, however, this has been eliminated by bypassing downtown sections of cities with new rights-of-way. For the fast Peoria-St.Louis service, the ITRR purchased three streamlined trains at a cost of a cool million dollars. These cars, now ready for operation, will in all probability have gone into service by the time you read these pages. The IT's profitable freight service was interrupted at its entry into downtown St. Louis vit the ITRR-owned bridge. A serious trestle fire late in February destroyed one thousand feet of track; but repairs were commenced immediately, and the freight stoppage was kept at a minimum.

The amazing survival of electric interurbans in the state of Iowa can probably be accounted for by the fact that they have no steam road competition. Many, like the Waterloo, Cedar Falls & Northern, were steam roads in the beginning. Generally speaking, their financial conditions are none too sound, but since there are no alternative rail routes, they obtain enough business to keep going. One departure from just-existing carriers is the Cedar Rapids & Iowa City. Its modernization included purchase of speedy former-Cincinnati & Lake Erie interurbans, and put the road into a position where its straight twenty-five-mile track between the cities named is the fastest means of transportation available. Passing through the campus of the University of Iowa at Iowa City, the line comes close to being a rapid-transit route, while retaining the original interurban features.

In the future, the interurban electric must follow the times—or fold up. Pro-

viding speed and a convenient entry into congested urban areas, its trackage must offer rapid-transit service through busy sections and in open country. It must be fast and it must tap a sufficiently-heavy passenger patronage to make the large overhead investment worthwhile. Cleveland rapid-transit plans. Except for the highly-efficient subway operation, such as we find in New York City, surface rapid-transit routes are becoming, and will continue to become, the basis of rail transportation in urban areas of the future. The interurbans will remain in the picture

Unpopular street-running literally forced the interurban off most streets and away from many profitable routes. In 1939, Sacramento Northern tram Number 2 buffeted automobiles and corners in a tortuous downtown run. Three years later, passenger service was discontinued in this California town

If sufficient business cannot be obtained, then it cannot weather the threatening switch to highway buses. For the desire of the traveling public for the additional comfort of electrics will not be considered by the state Utility Boards when the operators of the line want buses. Unless good reason is shown, these boards always okay each abandonment when the operators' money is at stake.

Although not strictly an interurban, the Shaker Heights Rapid Transit into Cleveland is one of the finest examples of what interurban cars can do along a rapid transit right-of-way into a busy metropolis. It took the millionaire Van Sweringens to make the original investment, but today the SHRT is the model for other just so long as they transform themselves to fit the changing pattern of transportation.

Now, we're going to try to do what Mr. Holden didn't do ten years ago: to forecast just what will become of today's interurbans in the next ten years. If we had our own way, they'd all continue to operate and modernize; but that just can't be. So, good, bad or indifferent, here are our predictions:

Key System, Oakland, Calif.
Continue, in spite of City Lines operators.

Pacific Electric, Los Angeles
Continue, be integrated into rapid transit set-up.

Denver & Intermountain Railway
Buses.

Georgia Power Company, Atlanta
Remaining Stone Mtn. line bussed very soon.

CA&E, CNS&M and CSS&SB
All Chicago lines continue in good shape.

Illinois Terminal Railroad
Continue main line, branches bussed.

Cedar Rapids & Iowa City
Continue as usual.

Charles City Western
Diesel frt., passenger buses.

Des Moines & Central Iowa
Abandoned.

Ft. Dodge, D. M. & Sou.
Continue frt., passenger buses.

Waterloo, C.F. & N.
Diesel frt., passenger buses.

Baltimore & Annapolis
Passenger buses, Diesel frt.

Piedmont & Northern
Diesel frt. in Southern Div., electric remain in Northern Div.

Sand Springs Ry., Tulsa
Continue as usual.

Portland Traction Co. (Ore.)
Continue as usual.

Lackawanna & Wyoming Valley
Continue as usual.

Lehigh Valley Transit
Buses.

Phila. Suburban Transp. Co.
Continue as usual.

Phila. & Western
Continue as usual.

Pittsburgh Railways
Both interurban routes bussed.

West Penn Railways
This is a tough one. Probably main lines will continue, rest bussed.

Houston North Shore
Passenger bussed.

Texas Electric
Diesel frt., passenger buses.

Bamberger RR, Salt Lake City
Passenger bussed.

Milwaukee-Waukesha line
Only Milwaukee rail line left.

Car Barn Comments

Steve Maguire

FEW persons except electric railway fans realized the significance of the title of a play that opened this past winter in New York: *A Street Car Named Desire*. But as the days went on and *Desire* became a smash hit, word finally got around to the general public that the name originated with a New Orleans trolley line whose cars carried the destination sign, *Desire,* and ran past the old-fashioned houses on Desire Avenue. The play made the little single-tracked Desire car line of the New Orleans Public Service a tourist attraction for all visitors traveling through the old French Quarter.

Built for service to the shipyards during World War I, the Desire line is single-tracked, running in a loop through the eastern part of the city. It traverses the wide Canal Street for only one block, turning right from Canal to Bourbon and following along on Dauphine to Desire, where it turns north and starts on a large rectangular loop bounded by N. Tonti, France and Royal—the *Vieux Carre* or French Quarter—returning to Canal Street via Royal.

Popular as the Desire line is for the present, its days seem to be numbered. NOPS has listed it for abandonment in favor of buses. Dr. Fred Hornberger, 524 Audubon St., New Orleans 16, La. writes that recently three heavy streetcar routes, Freret, Jackson and Magazine, were changed to buses. Three more are scheduled to go in the near future—St. Claude, Gentilly and Desire.

* * *

TWO LETTERS in the same day asked and answered the same question concerning the status of San Francisco transportation.

One correspondent, E. Fabian, s.s. Towanda Victory, Luckenback Steamship Co., 120 Wall St., New York City, comments, "I have written you regarding San Francisco's poor streetcar service on which there has been considerable comment in that fine city, but so far I have

seen nothing I have written you in *Railroad Magazine,* although I have kept right up-to-date with news there."

The other letter seems to answer Mr. Fabian. The writer, Bill Gorton says,

Municipal Ry. 1553, an example of the popular "Muny" cars built to replace those destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake, still remains in service after more than forty years

"The situation has been in quite a state of flux lately. By the time you could print any of this information the entire program might be changed."

That's just the way we feel about the San Francisco situation. For a while we tried to keep up with the latest news, but no sooner had we done so, than the city fathers reversed themselves, even before our magazine appeared on the newsstands. The first few times such a thing happens you feel a little embarrassed, but after months of reversals, all you can say is that the situation is still unsettled.

Only a month or so ago the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* reported, "There exists at this time no definite, coordinated plan for reorganization and improvement of the Municipal Railway . . . and none existed in November when the voters approved a 20-million dollar bond issue for transit rehabilitation, under the impression that such a plan had been formulated."

As of this moment, it appears that this sum will be split up as follows: $1,375,000 for 50 streetcars, $8,320,000 for 416 trolley buses, $3,325,000 for 190 gas buses, $956,000 for track repairs, $2,217,000 for trolley bus overhead, $1,500,000 for substations and feeders and $2,307,000 for carhouses and garages. The 50 streetcars will be used to replace the old Market Street Ry. equipment on the heavy K, L, M, and N routes.

Out of the present jumble of plans there must eventually develop some subway set-up but just when or how it is hard to figure. Mayor Robinson was undoubtedly correct when he recently stated that the downtown traffic problem in San Francisco would not be solved until a subway is constructed under Market Street.

* * *

ACROSS the Bay, in Oakland, the battle between National City Lines' Key System and the populace, with the city fathers in the middle, continues. George Chope, 1746 24th Ave., Oakland 1, Calif., writes that the Key is still trying to get a blanket franchise from the city, permitting them to run any type of equipment they may desire over any routes they wish (guess how many rail lines that they would keep under this plan!) The City Council was actually about to accede to their wishes when a couple of members recalled how much the Key System had already promised and not fulfilled. So things again became stymied.

Ultimate plan for the Key System, and one which would delight their gas-rubber backers, would be to have all local lines off rails by April, 1949, and the fast Bridge cars' destination a terminal they would construct at 40th and San Pablo Streets in Emeryville. Fortunately, the state strongly objects to their plan for cutting off the bridge lines.

* * *

INTERURBAN lines of the Pittsburgh Railways, to Washington and Chaleroi, Pa., will eventually be served by PCC type cars fitted with special trucks, reports Charles Dengler, 1545 Spring

While City Lines operators debate, Key System MU trains keep on schedule. ***Above:*** Emerging from tunnel on E line in Berkeley, Calif., enroute to San Francisco

Garden Avenue, Pittsburgh 12, Penna.

"In addition to the first two cars tried out on the interurban line to Washington," Dengler reports, "ten more PCCs are now being fitted for the fast service, numbers 1613-1619 and 1644 to 1648. In addition the first 25 are destined for interurban service and will ride on St. Louis B-3 trucks, while the other 75 of the order will ride on Clark trucks for city and suburban service. Delivery of 100 cars is expected in the fall of 1948.

* * *

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island, has cut its railway lines down to the three using the College Hill tunnel, Elmgrove, Hope and Butler routes, reports Robert J. Mahar, 9 Central St., Westfield, Mass.

At two a.m. on March 20th, the last run on the Broad Street line was made in Providence. One of the busiest in the city, the line was opened as a horsecar route in 1879 and electrified in 1892. Buses will replace cars only until overhead wire is strung, after which trackless trolleys will be used.

The three College Hill tunnel routes remain because the United Electric Railways operators can't figure how to serve the same territory with buses conveniently. Although only one-sixth of a mile in length, the tunnel goes under a steep hill that was once the site of a cable line, and around which buses would have to detour for a long route.

* * *

NEW HAVEN Railroad's announcement that it would abandon its Old Colony lines on October 1st, has caused

Test run of Pittsburgh Ry. interurban near Canonsburg, Pa., in 1946. The 1613 is a renovated PCC car of the type slated to replace all heavier cars on the Pittsburgh's interurban runs

considerable furore in Boston and the suburbs, we hear from Correspondent Ray Mermet, 75 Warren Ter., Longmeadow 6, Mass.

There might be a solution for the residents of Quincy and Braintree in a plan for extension of the Metropolitan Transit Authority (Boston Elevated) to serve those cities. But for the other towns to the east and south there appears no solution but to add buses to the already existing Eastern Massachusetts lines.

Extension of the elevated lines to Quincy and Braintree would be most logical and convenient. There's only one thing wrong: the MTA is now losing money by the carloads, and can't possibly be in position to make the extension without digging deeper into public funds. Figures released recently indicate that the MTA lost about $700,000 in 1947 and it is anticipated that the 1948 loss will be in the vicinity of $6,000,000.

The deficit of the MTA has been termed a particularly sad thing for residents of Boston who, according to Senator Dolan, pay most of the losses.

"The people believed when the MTA took over the old road that the el losses would not haunt them each year. . . . Now they are buying new supplies of red ink and want to expland even with the losses staring us all in the face," adds the Senator.

* * *

GOING. GONE. Cornwall Street Railway, a small, popular trolley line, frequently mentioned in these pages as the home of so many boomer trolleys from abandoned lines, is to abandon its passenger service to trolley buses by July 1, 1949, writes Eric Edwards, 53 Gambel Ave., Toronto 6, Ont.

Along with the disappearance of this 50-year-old trolley line will go Cornwall's five-cent fare, Mr. Edwards tells us. Wonder how the traveling public will go for the fare rise?

Kingston, Jamaica, tram routes should be changed to buses by now, reports Arnold Philbrick, 135 Westford St., Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Philbrick describes the old cars in the British Colony as single-truck, single-trolley, eight-bench, hand-braked open cars in pretty battered shape. The tram service was provided by the Jamaica Public Service Corp., but the bus lines that will supplant the cars are privately-owned.

One of the three last remaining of United Electric Ry.'s streetcar routes, the Butler Avenue line is a private way —and looks it. Car 2108, headed toward you, is passing 2106 as she slows for the car stop sign just ahead

Mr. Philbrick also tells us that all electric railway service is now gone from Caracas, Venz. He visited one of the barns there recently and saw the old cars awaiting sale for scrap. An electric line to the seaport of Macuto apparently still handled freight at infrequent intervals, however.

Port Arthur (Ont.) Civic Ry., ceased electric railway operation on February 15th, we learn from Allan Grant, R R #2, Ft. William, Ont. The changeover was made in sub-zero temperature and a driving snowstorm. Several local citizens who took the first ride on the electric cars back in 1892, on March 1st of that year, were present for these funeral rites.

In one respect the Port Arthur Civic Ry. made history: it was the first municipally-owned and operated tramway on the North American continent.

* * *

BETTER news comes from Washington, D. C., where the scheduled change-over for Benning route streetcars was postponed by the Public Utility Commission of the District of Columbia.

Fearing that the coming summer shortage of gasoline will bring about rationing, or at least drive up the price, the PUC ordered a delay in the plan for buses on this very heavily-traveled route. It is our own opinion that the expected shortage of gasoline should be given much more consideration wherever streetcars are being changed for buses.

* * *

THE *Transit Postmark* issue of January, 1948, recently appearing on our desk, contains a most interesting story on the streetcar R. P. O. system in the United States, written by Earl D. Moore. In addition it contains a check list of all street railway post offices with dates of opening and discontinuance.

Fans who are really interested in this phase of the hobby would do well to contact H. E. Rankin, editor, 927 N. Highland St., Memphis 12, Tenn. Yearly subscription to Transit Postmark costs one dollar.

* * *

KANSAS CITY can well boast being up-to-date as its $8-million modernization program nears completion. PCC cars are now running along the Troost, Country Club, 12th Street-Kansas, Minnesota-Swope Park, Parallel-Jackson and 31st Street lines. Streamlined equipment for them total 184 liners. Out on Brooklyn, Indiana and Woodland the switch has been to trolley coach operation; and before this year is up, the Roanoke line will also be numbered as a route of trolley buses.

Francis Millington, 506 Wm. Len Hotel, Memphis 1, Tenn., has sent in this concise summary of the local transit situation. The Sunset Hill, North Prospect and Marlborough lines have been converted to gas operation. By October, 1948, Central Avenue will also be motorized, with Vine-Observation Park, 18th Street and Rosedale soon to follow. The 4-wheel Birneys formerly run on the Kensington and 39th Street lines will lose face before the buses. But they are among the

There was much talk about intermural railways and intermural rides—all around the town and back—in 1893. The cost was one Buffalo nickel. Chicago's elevated, *below*, long ago upped its fare; New York City's above-street lines follow suit July 1st

Photo from Harry D. Lentz, Lebanon, Pa.

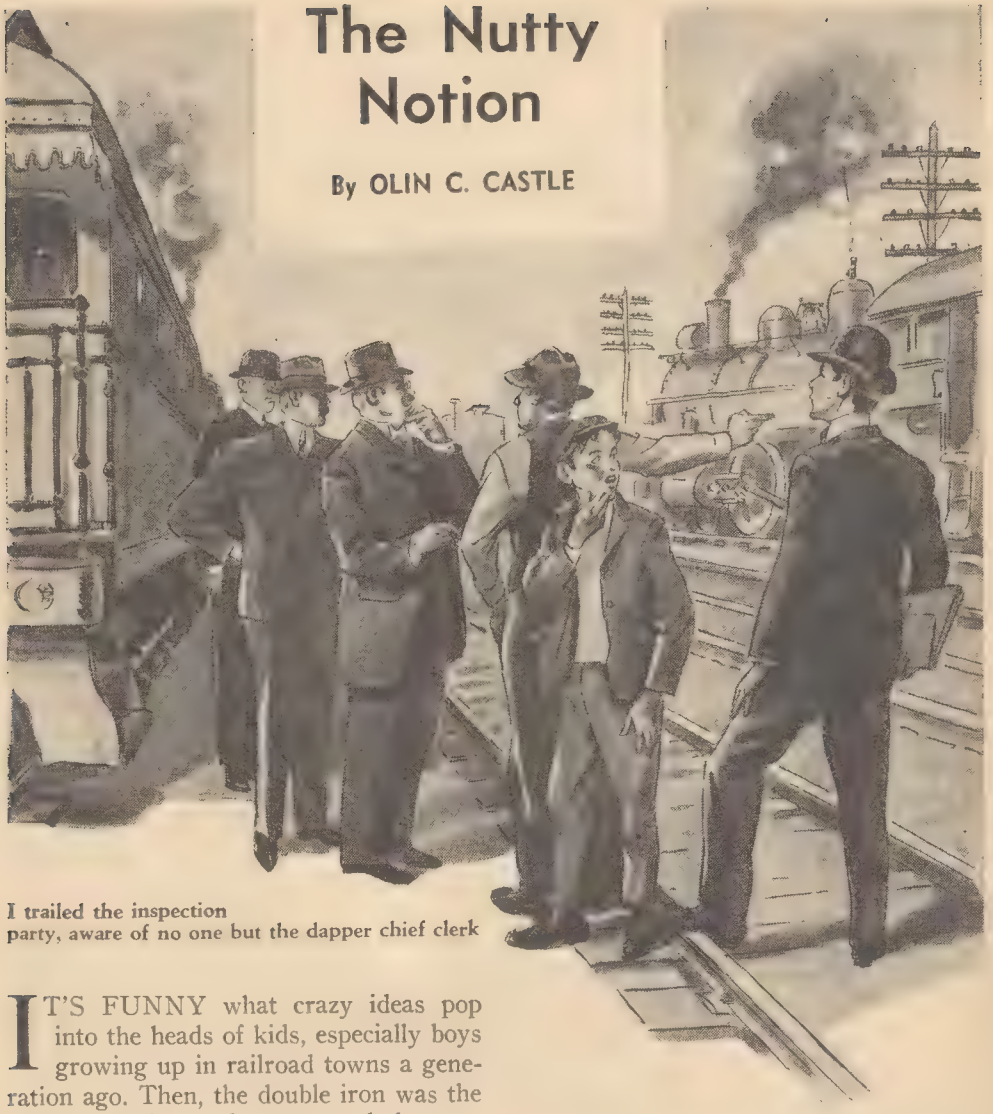
The gentlemen gracefully draped in open windows and sedately posing in the foreground testify that Grandpa on an electric excursion didn't always take his stance on the roof. But the conductors did; or did this once, when Lebanon Valley Electric celebrated in 1899

very few run throughout the country today.

Other changes are in order. The Troost route has been extended 8½ blocks from 55th Street to a loop south of 63rd. The Minnesota line in Kansas City, Kan., has been stretched from 18th Street to a loop west of 19th. This line formerly used 18th Street to Kansas, but the latter has been turned over to buses. The company has completed construction on the new division headquarters, storage yards and maintenance garage at 5th and Richmond in Kansas City, but it will be 1949 probably before the reorganization of service is completed.

The Nutty Notion

By OLIN C. CASTLE



I trailed the inspection party, aware of no one but the dapper chief clerk

IT'S FUNNY what crazy ideas pop into the heads of kids, especially boys growing up in railroad towns a generation ago. Then, the double iron was the straight track to adventure and the men working there were nearly all heroes. The youngsters likely were carried off by the aura surrounding train crews who daily took off for distant places—terminals as far off as a hundred miles—and by the tall tales of boomer telegraph operators who had explored remote fields of opportunity and had returned with glowing stories of the rugged West, and the hot tamales, pulque and seductive senoritas to be encountered south of the border.

Then there was also the spur to ambition provided by the periodic visits of inspection parties from the general office. Alert, sharp-eyed executives would breeze through the local facilities, voicing mild criticism, dropping constructive suggestions, making notes for future improvements and generally impressing their subordinates with their wisdom and responsibilty. Of course, there were among the oldtimers some who had "known them when." The legends of their rise from humble beginnings to officialdom received added embellishment with the years.

Probably there was an unseen purpose

in this condition. It may account in a measure for the fact that the railroad hierarchy, probably to a greater extent than in any other field, has been built from the ground up by men who got their education "the hard way," and so knew their jobs and could appreciate the problems of those whom they supervised.

All of which brings me to the conception of the crazy idea which set up a chain of events in my own railroad career. For fifty years, I've railroaded, during which I was never off a payroll, although there were two intervals of detached service under leave of absence from my railroad.

It all started when I was a messenger boy at a small sub-division point on the old Panhandle, now a part of the Pennsylvania System. My compensation for carrying messages and supplies between division offices, delivering Western Union messages in the little town and the adjoining country, handling mail between the post office and the station, calling dispatchers and linemen, putting up supplies for telegraph offices on the 193-mile division, and various other chores was of course nominal; amounting in fact to just eight dollars per month. I had taken the job because I was too young to get a job braking, or firing an engine, and too light even for a "grease knocker" job in the roundhouse.

In addition to the eight big smackers I drew down each month, I received in return for the dedication of my time and energies to the minor tasks assigned to me, the privilege of learning telegraphy. The operators at the big office and in the tower where train orders were handled, had little time to devote to my instruction, and at the time I felt that they had little sympathy or patience with my ambitions. Looking back, however, I recall many little acts of helpfulness and encouragement. Without these, I know, my pronounced inferiority complex would have eclipsed my desire to master the mysteries of Morse.

Most of these oldtimers have long since been promoted to the "High Line." Perhaps though they may listen in occasionally to an "OS" from some of their successors still manning block stations down here on the low-grade line, and may overhear my belated acknowledgement of their friendship.

Well, as I started to say, the "nutty notion" popped into my head one day when the superintendent and his staff came in on a special train to spend a few hours inspecting the facilities in our little sub-division town. One of the party was the superintendent's chief clerk, a dapper young fellow with an air of sophistication and a sartorial embellishment which instantly attracted my boyish notice and admiration. To me he seemed to typify the acme of youthful achievement, something to which I might aspire only as a "cat may look at a king."

I followed the party around through the yards and shops, and seized every opportunity to bustle around the offices in which they were conferring with other division officers. I can compare my attitude toward this young fellow only with that of an autograph hound after a movie star or with Sinatra's bobby soxers. With an audacity entirely inconsistent with my characteristic timidity, I suddenly conceived the idea that some day I would get a job as chief clerk to a superintendent. I hadn't the remotest notion what the duties of the job were or how you went about getting the job. At the time I wasn't even qualified for a block-office job, and some of my less sympathetic superiors predicted that I'd never become a telegrapher.

STILL the idea stuck in the back of my mind. It popped out now and then during the busy years following my eventual graduation as an extra operator, and through the stages of my promotions up to the job of relief to the dispatcher's copy operator. I'd learned a little more about the organization of a division and what makes the wheels keep turning. And the more I learned the more my realistic judgment told me how idiotic was my dream of being a chief clerk.

It's been said that a person can achieve anything he sets his mind upon; but, of course, that rule does not apply to the

daydreams of a scatter-brained kid. I was no Tom Edison or Henry Ford, applying myself to my job and excluding outside diversions. While at work, I was pretty conscientious and a fairly reliable, though not an expert, operator. Further than that, I did nothing to fit myself for the exalted position.

In due course, however, I became impatient with my chances for promotion. I sized up the personnel and the positions on the division, and by a mathematical calculation figured I would be eighty-four years old by the time I reached a regular job as dispatcher. Consulting the genealogical record of my family, I could find no record that anyone on either side had attained such longevity. And I had no such illusions as one of the boys at a little OS station on the division, who was offered a job by a pipe-line company as attendant at a pumping station. The pay was seventy-five dollars a month, with a rent-free house and a horse and buggy; and this fellow's salary was fifty a month for a twelve-hour day, seven days a week. Yet my friend refused the offer, saying, "I don't want to lose my railroad seniority".

Well, I had no delusions of grandeur respecting my chances on the Panhandle. In due course, when an opportunity presented itself on another railroad, I seized it promptly.

The job was in the office of the Baltimore & Ohio superintendent of car service in Baltimore. Among my varied duties was the handling of correspondence with division superintendents in respect to tonnage and engine performance. Being unfamiliar with the railroad and its equipment, I fortified myself with a pocket notebook. There I jotted down all sorts of data, including a list of the B&O locomotives with their classification, weight, tractive power, and so forth. Later, this record proved important to my career.

During the months I carried on my correspondence with the superintendents, the old idea of becoming a chief clerk began to reassert itself. Looking over the field, however, I was a little discouraged by the fact that all the divisions seemed to have capable, healthy chief clerks and none appeared slated for promotion or dismissal. So into hibernation went the idea.

After a brief stay in the car-service office, I was transferred to the general manager's office. There I was assigned to a desk where all the important communications coming down from the president's office, landed. It was my duty to see that his orders were directed to the desks of those who would handle them. One evening, after the office force had left and I was clearing up some work, a messenger from the president's office came in and dumped a pile of papers on my desk. He'd been working late also, since it was the day of the monthly meeting of the executive committee.

GLANCING through the papers I spotted a memorandum to the effect that it had been decided to create a new division by cutting off some fifty miles of standard gage and ninety-five miles of narrow gage from the Pittsburg Division. The idea was to provide a pocket-size division on which men could be trained for assignment to the larger divisions. The memo included the announcement that J. A. Spielmann, then division engineer of the Chicago Division, had been selected as superintendent of the new division.

Like the genie summoned by Aladdin, my old nutty notion popped out. "Here's your chief clerk's job all made to order," it said. Acting on the impulse, I grabbed a typewriter and proceeded to compose a letter to the prospective appointee.

I admit I didn't let myself seem handicapped by any doubts as to my qualifications for the job. I pointed out that the new superintendent would require as his right-hand man someone familiar not only with division operation but one who also knew his way around the general office. I carefully omittted the fact that my division experience did not extend beyond telegraph and station work. As reference, I gave Jim Maddy, chief clerk to the general manager and my immediate superior. Then I mailed the letter on my way home.

The next morning I burst into Mr. Maddy's office to inform him of my action and solicit his favorable reply to any inquiries from the new superintendent. Maddy took the wind out of my sails by announcing I was more likely to be fired than promoted, since I had jumped the gun. Not even the general manager had been officially advised of the executive committee's action.

So for a couple of days I went about in constant fear of being hauled up on the carpet and discharged. My break seemed to have been overlooked, however, and nothing happened. A few days later, Maddy came out to my desk and handed me a letter from Spielmann to the general manager. I was almost afraid to look. But the letter asked that I be sent to Butler, the headquarters of the new division, for a conference with the new super.

When I went to Butler, I found out what had happened at that end. Spielmann said he had received my letter just as he was leaving town with an extra gang to start an important maintenance project. Given no hint that he was slated for promotion, the engineer figured my letter was the work of some crank or joker. He thrust it into his hip pocket and for the time being forgot it.

That afternoon Spielmann received a wire asking him to report to the general superintendent in Chicago the following morning. On arrival in Chicago, he was told of his promotion. When he had recovered from his surprise, he recalled the letter and dragged it out of his pocket.

After rereading it, Spielmann said to himself, "Well, a fellow who knows my business before I do might not be a bad chap to have with me." Thus he wrote the general manager, asking to have me sent out for an interview.

It was a little before noon on the following Sunday when I stepped off the train at Butler. I had never met Spielmann, but he'd been described to me and I soon identified him standing on the station platform talking to a man whom I sized up as the yardmaster. My surmise proved correct, As I came up to the pair, I found that their discussion referred to providing power to relieve Butler yard, which was blocked with cars for the north. I took advantage of a pause in the conversation to introduce myself, and stood listening while the yardmaster proposed that one of the switch engines be given a train for Foxburg.

"Have you used Number 557 road before," asked the new super.

"No," replied the YM, "Pittsburg claims she's too heavy for the bridges."

"What's the bridge limit?"

"It's 115,000 pounds."

"What does the 557 weigh?" continued the superintendent.

"Oh, about 117,000 pounds—only about ten percent excess. The bridges should be good for that," he concluded.

During this dialogue I had reached into my vest pocket, withdrawn my little notebook and turned to the long unused page relating to locomotives. Then I addressed Mr. Spielmann.

"The 557 weighs 125,000 pounds," I said.

The superintendent turned. "Let's see that book," he said. After a glance at the engine table, he answered the YM. "No, we won't run a 125,000-pound engine over a bridge with a limit of 115,000." Turning to me, he continued, "Come on, let's get some lunch."

Naturally I had expected to be catechized with respect to my experience and qualifications. To my surprise the conversation on our walk to the hotel and over the lunch table was limited to a discussion of the program for organizing the division, securing quarters, personnel and equipment. By the time we rose from the table, definite assignments had been given me for details pertaining to my duties. After an afternoon spent with my new boss, getting acquainted with each other and with the layout of the terminal, I took the night train back to Baltimore.

And so my "nutty notion" had become a reality I was chief clerk to a division superintendent.

Photo by Lynn Newton, 3632 Castalia Ave., Los Angeles 32

Schenectady-built Consolidation with a shallow firebox, pictured at Lindenwood, Mo.

Locomotives of the St. Louis-San Francisco

Steam Locomotives

Numbers	Cylinders	Drivers	Pressure	Engine Weight	Tractive Effort	Builder and Date
			0-6-0 (Switcher) Type			
3540–3548	19 x 26	51	180	141,500	28,200	Baldwin, 1898; rebuilt 1922
3671–3675	20½ x 26	51	185	148,700	33,700	Baldwin, 1904
3678	19 x 26	51	180	120,300	28,200	Baldwin, 1905
3690	19 x 26	51	180	120,300	28,200	Baldwin, 1906
3732–3752	20½ x 26	51	185	154,500	33,700	Baldwin, 1910-11
3800–3806	21 x 28	51	190	163,500	39,100	Schenectady, 1919
			2-8-0 (Consolidation) Type			
956–962	21 x 28	57	200	174,500	36,800	Dickson, 1902
970–989	21 x 28	55	200	181,500	38,200	Baldwin, 1906
1201–1224	22 x 30	57	200	198,000	43,300	Baldwin, 1907
1227–1265	22 x 30	57	200	207,000	43,300	Baldwin, 1907
1266, 1268–1305	26 x 30	63	190	241,900	51,987	Baldwin, Brooks, 1910; rebuilt 1922-24
1267	23 x 30	63	200	219,600	42,800	Baldwin, 1910
1306–1345	26 x 30	63	195	247,700	53,355	Schenectady, 1912

Photo by Lynn Newton

Impressive Mikado, rebuilt by the Frisco from a 2-8-0 of the type at top of page

Photo by R. J. Foster, P.O. Box 375, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Footboards, raised headlights and recessed coal bunker make a switcher out of the 1282

Numbers	Cylinders	Drivers	Pressure	Engine Weight	Tractive Effort	Builder and Date
			2-8-2 (Mikado) Type			
1350–1356	26 x 30	63	195	322,600	61,300*	Schenectady, 1912; rebuilt SL&SF, '43
4000–4032	26 x 30	63	200	303,000	54,700	Lima, 1919
4100–4102, 4104–4108, 4112, 4113, 4120, 4123, 4124, 4126–4134	27 x 32	64	210	341,300	73,780*	Baldwin, 1923
4103, 4109–4111, 4114–4119, 4121, 4122, 4125	27 x 32	64	210	334,800	73,780*	Baldwin, 1923
4135–4149	27 x 32	64	210	343,500	73,780*	Baldwin, 1925
4150–4164	27 x 32	64	210	341,400	73,780*	Baldwin, 1926
4200–4219	27 x 32	64	235	375,790	68,500	Baldwin, 1930
			2-10-0 (Decapod) Type			
1613–1632	24 x 28	52	180	210,000	47,500	Richmond, 1917
			4-4-0 (American) Type			
182–187	17 x 26	69	200	149,800	18,500	Pittsburgh, 1899; rebuilt 1928
			4-6-0 (Ten-wheeler) Type			
630–633	21 x 26	69	200	182,500	28,300	Schenectady, 1905
695–699 705–724	21 x 28	63	200	197,900	33,300	Brooks, 1906
727–741	21 x 28	63	200	185,900	33,300	Schenectady, 1905
1100–1111	21 x 26	69	200	188,850	28,300	Schenectady, 1906
1400–1409	23 x 26	69	200	196,000	33,900	Baldwin, 1907

Photo by Arthur B. Johnson, 1072 E. Commercial, Springfield, Mo.

Well-disguised Russian Decapod; White Russian, that is. The steam dome is capitalistic in design

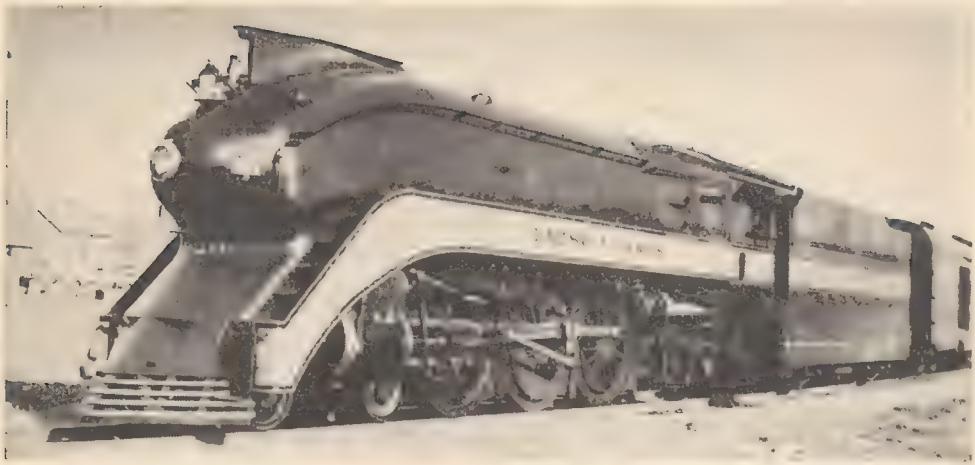


Photo by Preston George, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Above: Streamlined Pacific for the ***Firefly***. ***Opposite Page:*** Fast Frisco freight hauler

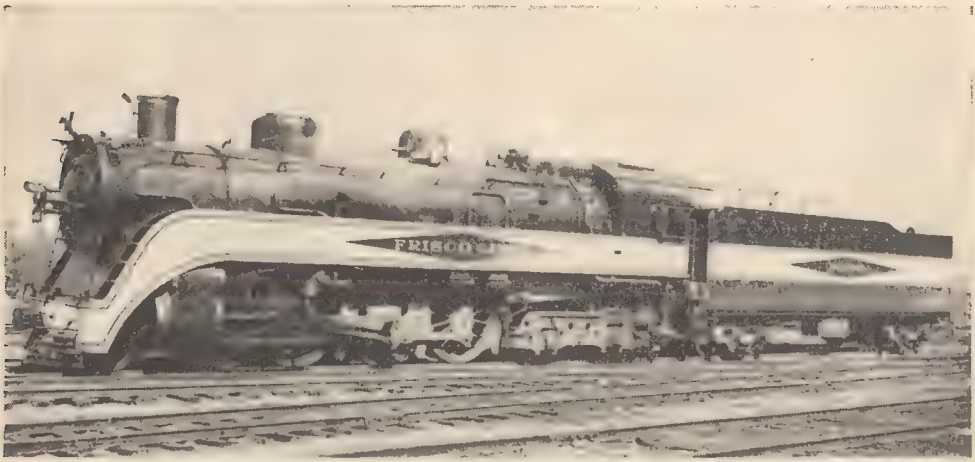


Photo from R. J. Foster, P.O. Box 375, East St. Louis, Ill.

Broad running board aprons distinguish oil-burning Hudsons used in fast passenger service

Photo from R. J. Foster, P.O. Box 375, East St. Louis, Ill.

Small objects ahead of Frisco engine stacks are electric light bulbs, used to indicate density of exhaust at night

Courtesy Frisco Lines

Numbers	Cylinders	Drivers	Pressure	Engine Weight	Tractive Effort	Builder and Date
			4-6-2 (Pacific) Type			
1007	21 x 26	69	200	204,900	28,200	Brooks, 1904
1011–1014	21 x 26	69	200	210,100	28,250	Baldwin, 1904
1015–1017, 1019–1024, 1027, 1028, 1030, 1032, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1038	24 x 28	69	200	225,500	39,700	Baldwin, 1910
1018, 1026, 1031	24 x 28	73	200	243,500	37,600	Baldwin, 1910
1025	24 x 28	73	200	229,200	37,600	Baldwin, 1910
1029, 1039	24 x 28	69	200	229,750	37,600	Baldwin, 1910
1034, 1036	24 x 28	73	200	229,200	37,600	Baldwin, 1910
1041	24 x 28	69	205	296,750	49,100*	Schenectady, 1912
1042	24 x 28	73	205	300,500	46,900*	Schenectady, 1912
1043	24 x 28	69	205	262,600	40,700	Schenectady, 1912
1044, 1051, 1059	24 x 28	73	205	290,500	38,500	Schenectady, 1912
1045	24 x 28	73	205	290,500	38,500	Schenectady, 1912
1046, 1053, 1058	24 x 28	69	205	296,750	49,100*	Schenectady, 1912
1047, 1048, 1052, 1054, 1055, 1057	24 x 28	69	205	262,600	40,700	Schenectady, 1912
1049, 1056	24 x 28	69	205	296,750	49,100*	Schenectady, 1912
1050	24 x 28	73	205	284,150	38,500	Schenectady, 1912
			4-6-4 (Hudson) Type			
1060–1069	26 x 28	74	225	360,960	47,800	Baldwin, 1917; rebuilt, 1937-41
			4-8-2 (Mountain) Type			
1500–1529	28 x 28	69	210	342,200	56,800	Baldwin, 1923
4300–4310	27 x 30	70	250	431,100	74,850*	SL&SF, 1936
4400–4422	29 x 32	70	210	449,760	77,350*	SL&SF, 1939
			4-8-4 (Northern) Type			
4500–4502	28 x 31	74	255	464,850	80,800*	Baldwin, 1942
4503–4514	28 x 31	74	255	474,070	80,800*	Baldwin, 1942
4515–4524	28 x 31	74	255	479,300	80,800*	Baldwin, 1943

Diesel Locomotives

Numbers	Horsepower	Engine Weight	Tractive Effort	Builder and Date
		B + B (Switcher) Type		
1, 2	386	88,000	22,000	Davenport-Besler, 1942
3	360	88,000	22,000	Whitcomb Loco. Co., 1943
4–8	360	88,000	22,000	General Electric, 1943
600–601	660	198,440	35,000	Baldwin, 1942
		B + B (Road Switcher) Type		
200–237	1,000	238,880	52,000	Baldwin, 1941
		B + B (Road Engine) Type		
2000–2003, 2001–2004, 2002–2005, 5000–5100–5101–5001	4,000	433,900	*37,600	EMD, 1947
	6,000	878,790	42,500	EMD, 1948
*With booster unit		(4 units)	(65:12 ratio)	

The Fiery Comet

Tubby Had Nothing Against Jet Propulsion, But a Skunk Equipped with Triple Blast Jets Was Something Else Again

The red cloth dropped. "Let her go!" the promoter roared

A BROILING August sun beat mercilessly down on the shingled roof of the Cape Haddock's depot. Hunched over his desk in the second-floor Pullman Company office, perspiring as only fat men do, sat Bert Lardner, conductor and summer agent on the Cape. The more he studied the recent report from the district office in Terminal City, the more he realized that the document held plenty of grief. And he'd never known it to fail: every time he got things running smoothly, some new headache would pop up.

Tubby scowled. Glancing restlessly about the room, his eyes fell on the rangy figure of Matt Stubbins, sprawled in a wooden chair with his feet propped on the radiator. Matt was killing time waiting for the afternoon local. The humid day weighed heavily on the drowsy electrician; but suddenly Lardner could not take the silence of the place.

"Say, Matt," he said abruptly, and

By RAYMOND HULL

when the other raised his head he continued. "You saw that accident two weeks ago, didn't you?" he asked. "The guy Boniface who fell off the car steps?"

Matt nodded, and as he thought more about it, he grinned. "Sure I saw it, and what a tumble. You should have seen the look on his face! It was . . ." He stopped while he eyed Tubby closely. "What's eating you, Tub?"

Lardner took his time explaining. "Well, I was just wondering if you thought it might have been a put-up job. That may sound queer to you, but then—"

The electrician shook his head. "Well, I hadn't thought of that angle, although it might have been. But he sure landed hard. What a smack on the kisser!"

Tubby looked dissatisfied. "I'm kinda on the spot, Matt, and sometimes first-hand information brings out things not in the reports. Could you tell me blow for blow what happened?"

The electrician waved away a fly. "Well, let's see. The *Cape Haddock Special* had just pulled in and I was watching sleeper Number 39, meeting my wife. I saw Boniface start to leave the Pullman, then

pause on the lowest step. The passenger who'd gotten off ahead of him, a thin fellow—"

"Brown," Tubby interrupted. "At least, that's the name he gave."

"Oh! monkey business, eh? Well. Brown was tipping the porter, sort of hurried. He turned around quickly without looking, and stumbled over the yellow stepping box. He didn't fall, but he kicked the box a good half foot along the station platform—just as Boniface stepped down. Boniface's foot hit the edge of the box, and he went head over teakettle. Landed on his side."

"And right away his elbow swelled up big as a balloon," grieved Tubby, "so he's suing the Cape Haddock & Shoreline for five thousand."

Matt whistled. "Hey, that ain't hay!" He stared incredulously. "A person would generally have to lose an arm to collect that much. But," he added philosophically, "it's no skin off your nose if the road gets taken."

"That's what you think!" The conductor ran stubby fingers through his thinning black hair. "Sure, the road's being sued, because it's legally considered the carrier, but the Pullman Company'll pay in the end. The road'll threaten suit. And the trouble is, Matt, Boniface'll probably win. The way folks feel about the CH&S right now, with its old equipment and rotten service, any jury on the Cape would be pretty darn biased. That's why the super told me to snoop around, talk to witnesses, and see if there are any grounds for suspecting that the fall was a deliberate attempt to defraud the road."

"That would be the only way to beat the case, wouldn't it?" Suddenly Matt chuckled gleefully. "So now you're a detective. This I gotta see! Okay, Hawkshaw, so what clues have you got?"

"Wise guy!" Tubby glowered. "There's no proof, just a couple of things the super mentioned. Brown gave a false address and nobody can locate him, so if he and Boniface *were* working together, this could mean that Brown wasn't considered a good risk on the witness stand. Also, the three doctors can't agree on what ails Boniface's elbow. It's no normal injury. And for what it's worth, the guy won't compromise out of court."

"Pretty sure of himself, isn't he?" The electrician eyed Tubby seriously. "But why don't they let the railroad dicks handle this? Playing Sherlock Holmes is rather out of your line."

"Nothing's out of an agent's line, and both companies are worried. The road's lost two accident cases lately. Let Boniface collect a big sum, and there'll be hell to pay. Those things get around. Why we'd have professional accident fakers swarming here from all over, to take advantage of soft juries. And what a time I'd have with reports, investigations, inspections, day and night. On edge all the time. You see?"

Matt nodded, but hearing a locomotive bell, he reached for his hat. "So long, Tub, you've got my sympathy. If you need somebody to hold your magnifying glass, just drop around."

LEFT to himself, Tubby stared wistfully out the window at Mike's bar across the street. Unfortunately it closed on Sunday afternoons. Matt was right: what did he know about detective work; not even where to begin. What might help, though, was the fact that Tubby knew Boniface slightly, having met him at the home of the widow, Sophronia Clover. A friend of her dead husband, Boniface called himself.

Until now, Tubby had accepted him as a substantial business man. However, it might pay to look him over again and perhaps find out something about his investments. The conductor was due at Sophie's this evening for his regular Sunday dinner date, and she had said that Boniface might drop in. This might prove a beginning, at least.

Three hours later, bathed and wearing a new brown suit, Tubby presented himself at Sophie's small white cottage with green blinds, and flowers all around it. Sophie

"Well, say—down where I come from, most folks are half-way polite to strangers!"

let him in with a warm, "Hello, dear." Tonight, her color seemed higher than usual, her black eyes more sparkling. And although no longer girlishly slender, tonight she seemed almost the same girl Tubby had known years ago, before her marriage.

The dinner was up to standard. Sophie had taken her usual pains to set the round dining-room table attractively, and the roast duck and "trimmings" were delicious. Yet Tubby sensed one minor annoyance. Sophie seemed to be talking an awful lot about Boniface.

"He has the nicest manners," she rambled on. "So thoughtful about the little courtesies that mean so much to a woman."

"I'm wondering," said Tubby thoughtfully, remembering several little things he had noticed, "is the guy naturally so thoughtful, or is it just an act?"

"Why, Bert!" Sophronia patted Tubby's hand. "I do believe you're jealous. Now don't be silly, he's just a very dear friend."

The conductor faced her squarely. "I might as well tell you that *dear, darling*

Cyril Boniface is suspected of trying to swindle the railroad by faking that accident."

"Well if that isn't just what a man would say!"

Seldom did Sophie's nicely-shaped lips close in such a straight, determined line. On such occasions, Tubby had learned, further argument was futile. He was silent as she went on. "If my instinct ever told me that a man was honest and good, he's Cyril. It sticks out all over him. And it's people like that, Bert, who get so awfully misunderstood."

The door chime shut off Tubby's reply.

It was Boniface, filling the room with his broad-shouldered physical presence and masculine heartiness. His features were rugged and kindly; his wide-mouthed grin magnetic; his whole manner expansive. He seemed well-groomed respectability personified; an older man with whom a doting mother would have entrusted her teen-age daughter alone in a hotel room.

"Good to see you again," he beamed at Tubby, and then to the widow, "I certainly will have that cup of coffee . . . wouldn't miss your delicious brew. I always used to wonder why your husband was so happy, and now I know."

Tubby felt slightly nauseated. Tripe! Pure tripe—but how the women lapped it up! Sophie was blushing as she hurried out to the kitchen. Glancing cynically at the man's right arm, crooked through a black sling, the conductor asked, "How's the elbow?"

"Not too good." Boniface shook his head sadly. "The bone's affected, you see. And to be handicapped now, with so many irons in the fire. . ."

There was a moment's pause, and from Boniface's pained expression Tubby got the feeling it was in reverent memory of a friend who had passed on.

ABOUT this Jet Propulsion Development Company," said Lardner, breaking the silence with pretended casualness, "I suppose that's one of your big irons?"

Tubby was reaching in the dark: he'd heard Sophie mention this firm, but had learned no details, only that it had something to do with railroading. Since this afternoon, however, the word 'development' had claimed his attention. It suggested a promotional scheme, which was like waving a red flag at Tubby. Hadn't he gone without needed clothing as a kid, while his father poured dollars down such drains?

"Indeed, it is." Boniface concealed any surprise he may have felt over the conductor's curiosity. "And it should interest you, especially. We're adapting jet propulsion to railroading."

"You don't mean rocket locomotives?" The amazed railroader visioned a torpedo-shaped car hurtling along rails at terrific speed, a trail of red-hot gas blasting from its rear. "But not trains?" he said emphatically, thinking of what the exhaust would do to any cars coupled up behind it.

"No cars yet," said Boniface, smiling amusedly at Tubby's obvious skepticism. "But they'll come, Lardner; a way will be found. You'll be hearing a lot about jet propulsion in the near future, how advantageously it can be adapted to ground uses. It's phenomenally cheap, you know, burns most any fuel. And since jet motors have practically no moving parts, no complex mechanism continually needing attention, rocket locomotives would make nine-tenths of the repair shops unnecessary."

Boniface heaved forward and tapped Tubby's knee, as he warmed up to his subject. "Just imagine how cheaply they can be built! Light as a feather, too, causing no wear and tear on the roadbed, even at preposterous speeds. Have you thought of that?"

"You've . . . you've built one?" asked Lardner.

"That's exactly what we've done." The promoter leaned back in his chair, beaming like a newly-proud father. "The *Fiery Comet*, we've named it, and you'll have the privilege of seeing it soon, Lardner,

right here in town. We'll be operating it on standard-gage track."

Sophie's eyes were shining. She had brought in the coffee, just in time to hear his last words. "And Bert! Cyril's been telling me how this engine will go down in history along with all the famous old locomotives, like the *Tom Thumb* and the *Rocket*. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yeah! Sure!" grunted Tubby bewilderedly.

If this were a hoax, Boniface certainly could make it sound convincing. He knew his terminology and got right down to fundamental principles. And he couldn't be bluffing about that *Fiery Comet* either; he was too smart to indulge in spectacular bragging that would surely boomerang. Nevertheless, a nagging doubt persisted in the conductor's mind. This was big stuff. Yet why was the guy talking so hard and so fast to convince just plain people, people with no great fortunes to invest? There could be one answer . . .

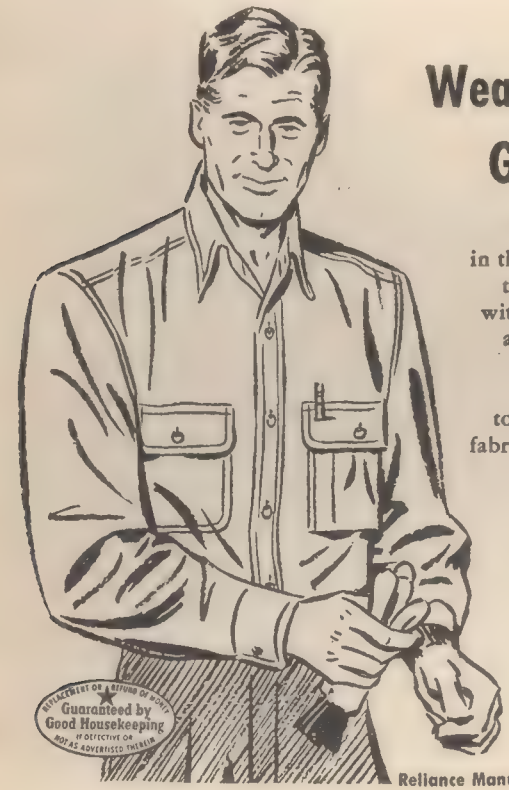
"I suppose," said Tubby, "that you're selling stock."

Boniface darted a wary glance. "Well, to a limited extent, yes. But not a single share will be sold until after we've demonstrated the *Fiery Comet*. We feel we owe that to the public, to let them see exactly what they're buying."

During the next half hour, Tubby asked several pertinent questions about the Jet Propulsion Development Company, which the promoter parried with broad generalities. Then, pleading, an appointment, Boniface left. Remembering his father, and fearing the worst, Tubby faced the widow soberly.

"He's trying to sell you stock, Sophie, isn't he? Quite a lot, too, I'd imagine."

Sophie tensed defensively. "He's not *trying* to, Bert, but since he and my husband were such good friends, he's made me a wonderful offer." Her eyes pleaded for Tubby's understanding. "There's so much that I need desperately, that I can't



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afford. A new furnace, the house painted, the roof fixed. And the way he's letting me in on the ground floor, I'd be silly not to take advantage of it. I can mortgage my house and double my money in a year . . ."

"Mortgage your home! Good grief, Sophie, that's the line every swindler has used since Hector was a pup. You listen to that nonsense and you'll end up in the cellar with no floor at all. That's how these things work."

The widow's jaw set determinedly. "I trust Cyril completely."

Tubby knew he was licked—for the time being anyway. Besides, he had nothing tangible against Boniface, merely suspicions. Still, when he thought of Sophie, he got sick; she couldn't afford to lose that much money. As it was, she barely got along by working as a part-time cashier in a drug store. Somehow, she must be made to see Boniface as the high-powered bunco artist he was, a talented actor who used his gift to win a victim's confidence—and then took her to the cleaner's.

Right under the boy friend's nose, too! Tubby gritted his teeth, suddenly aware of how the promoter must have been laughing up his sleeve at the fat simpleton who fell for a scientific-sounding line. And robbing a widow! The conductor clenched his fists. It would be a pleasure to spoil Boniface's game.

TUBBY left early, but not completely disheartened. The evening had not proved unprofitable. He'd learned that Boniface was not the gilt-edged character he appeared; that he was capable of faking that accident. The next step would be to question the porter in whose sleeper Boniface and Brown had ridden.

The Pullman conductor found the white-jacketed darky sitting in the smoking compartment of his car. Having made ready to receive passengers, he was waiting for the train to move into the depot. Lardner plumped himself down upon the leather cushion and offered the porter a cigar. "About that accident, when Boniface fell . . ."

The Negro rolled his eyes. "I'se told all I know, Mr. Lardner," he almost pleaded. "Statements and statements, over and over."

Noting a slight but wary flicker of the porter's eyelids, Tubby suddenly became alert. "There's one thing you never mentioned, though," he said sternly. "Did those two act like perfect strangers all night, never whispering together or anything?"

"Yes, suh," the porter assured him.

Tubby eyed his companion dubiously for a moment. For an ordinarily talkative man, he decided, this one was being unusually quiet, as though afraid of saying too much. Taking a wild guess, he said sharply, "Then what did they give you such a big tip for?"

The porter started and fingered a coat button nervously. "Didn't," he shouted, and the sound of his own voice startled him. Then under Tubby's stare his silence broke. "I might's well get it off'n my chest, Mr. Lardner, for you's got a way of finding out. You wouldn't get me in no trouble, though?" Seeing the conductor shake his head, the darky continued.

" 'Bout three weeks ago, I seen Boniface n' his thin pal in a room in the Royal Hotel in Terminal City. They was laughin' an' drinkin' like old friends. Door was open, it was so hot, an' I went past a dozen times."

"Good grief!" ejaculated Tubby. "That's important. Why couldn't you say so?"

The Negro grinned sheepishly. " Count I wasn't 'sposed to be there. It was a banquet—they needed extra waiters. So I played sick, took off from my regular run and made 'bout forty bucks. An' did the sign-out man know I'd lied to him, he'd skin me alive. So I ain't said nuthin'."

"Of all the crazy . . ."

"An' Mr. Lardner," the porter was talking fast and freely now, "the thin man's hangin' 'round Terminal City depot.

I seen him yesterday an' the station-duty porter seen him, too. Talkin' to folks. We's wonderin' why."

Just at that moment the car jolted and rolled toward the station. The porter grabbed his uniform cap and hurried out. Tubby sat still, thinking hard. The sign-out clerk could be appeased. With a witness to testify that the confidence men had been on intimate terms previous to the accident, the road would have grounds for bringing a counter-charge of colluding to defraud, stressing their peculiar behavior in ignoring each other on the train.

But first Brown must be located, and identified. Could he be living still at the Hotel Royal? Or maybe he left a forwarding address? Chances were that he did neither, but he could be followed home from the depot. That was a queer thing, though; would a real bunco artist leave such a clear trail behind him? It seemed as if he would get out of town as fast as possible but—well, it was worth looking into.

Lardner knew he couldn't rest easy until he did some investigating. He'd take the train to Terminal City that night. Even if he weren't overdue there to clear up some matters pending there, the front office would certainly agree that his time was well spent. A $5000 claim wasn't hay.

The next morning, in Terminal City's Royal Hotel, a small bribe bought the information that a man named Benton—answering to Brown's description—had checked out over two weeks earlier, leaving no forwarding address. Somewhat disappointed, Tubby headed for the depot. He'd see what could be seen there.

As he haunted the restaurant, waiting room and platforms, the conductor gave no outward signs of his office. He had even put aside his uniform for the neat brown suit. It was nearly noon; Tubby was lounging on a long wooden bench in the crowded waiting room, when Brown appeared. He sauntered in nonchalantly, like a man who found waiting for a train a boring ordeal. Lardner had no difficulty recognizing him, with the porter's descriptions to go by. "Thin with a little black mustache. Kind of sharp eyes . . . hair slicked down. A blue suit, real snappy cut. Yo' can't miss him because there's a little mole on his chin."

Acting on a hunch, Tubby ambled over to the newsstand and bought cigarettes. Intending to bank some money, he had carried a few large bills, which he now flourished carelessly. Then he returned to the bench, sat down and yawned. As he stretched, he glared about him from one side of the room to the other: he took careful notice of Brown, who he was certain was watching him. Sure enough, Brown had seen the bills. The problem of meeting the swindler casually was simplified; the fellow was already strolling toward him, leisurely, of course.

BROWN thumped down beside Lardner and yawned. "Hate waiting for trains, don't you? Cigarette?"

"Thanks." Tubby stretched tiredly. "Yeah, waiting's a dull business.

"Sure is. Gets me down. What train you taking?"

"The one o'clock, going south."

"Now isn't that a coincidence!" The newcomer's smile was really friendly. "I'm taking that same train. How about a drink to kill the hour?"

"Why not?" agreed Tubby.

The pair had scarcely left the depot when a swarthy, chunkily-built man stopped them. "Say! Where's the First National Bank, please?" he asked anxiously.

In a suprisingly rude voice, Brown countered, "I don't know."

"Well—saay!" The stranger stared amazedly. "Down where I come from, most folks try to help strangers."

"Oh, now, I'm sorry!" Brown grinned apologetically. "Never thought of it that way. Let me buy you a drink, and then I'll show you the bank myself."

Tubby suspected that this talk was for his benefit, so he awaited the outcome curiously. He was not greatly surprised when the apparently mollified stranger said, "Why I'll match you for them!"

Without replying, Brown headed for Jack's Bar across the way. "We'll all feel better after a couple."

When the beer was lined up in front of them, the stranger grew insistent. "The next round's on me if you won't match me for them." He drew out a fifty-cent piece.

"Okay, okay." Brown nodded jovially, apparently sorry about his rudeness. "Odd man loses, eh?" he asked; then in an aside to Tubby on his left he whispered, "You show a head each time and we'll see some fun."

There was a chance the stranger might have been slightly deaf—he certainly seemed not to hear—but while Tubby nodded imperceptibly, he grew rather hot. So he was not only supposed to be greedy, but also slightly stupid. However, he intended to go along with the gag and see what happened. Then each man slapped a half dollar on the back of his hand, and Lardner managed to make his come "heads."

It worked three times. With Brown always showing a tail, the stranger could never be the 'odd man'. Consequently he always won and his grin grew from ear to ear. He began to look almost patronizing as he took in the other two.

"Sure am hot today," he joked, "spite of this cold beer." He roared then at his own wit.

Brown didn't seem the least perturbed. "Well, here's your chance to make something worthwhile. Your luck on that may be running out so let's change to odd man wins. I'll lay you ten on that."

For a second the man seemed to think that one over. Quickly enough he grinned confidently. "You're on, brother. I just know this is my lucky day." He pulled a wallet from his back pocket. "Can someone change this?"

Brown looked at Tubby and the conductor pulled out his small roll. He produced two tens, and as he handed them over he got a nudge and a broad wink from Brown.

Once again he displayed a head and won ten dollars from each man. He knew this was a come on, a sop to his greediness. Now if he wanted to keep his shirt, it was time to pull out.

Pushing up his sleeve, Lardner glanced anxiously at his watch. "I'm sorry as hell, fellows, but I left my rain coat at the hotel. Just time to get it and make the train." Gulping down the last of his beer convincingly, he made a dive for the swinging doors. And as he walked through he thought he heard a snicker behind him, but he paid no attention.

Tubby knew for a fact now that Brown was a professional confidence man. He also knew what the outcome would have been: the ante would have been upped until it included Tubby's winnings and some if not all, of his own money too. Then Brown, the roper, would have won the pot; the stranger or "inside man", would have departed in a huff; and a moment later, just as Brown was about to divide his winnings with the conductor, he would have reappeared.

"You're a pair of swindlers!" the stranger would shout. "I'm going to call a cop."

Apparently flustered, Brown would protest. "Nothing of the kind—just putting away my money." But he would whisper warningly to Tubby, "We'd better separate. See you on the train."

Brown, of course, would never show up again. It was an old con game, devised especially for railroad stations. Tubby would be the sucker, powerless to do anything as his train moved farther and farther away from Terminal City.

Lardner grinned. Well, this stupid-looking fat man had fooled them. He could buy himself an expensive lunch and still be in money, with twenty to invest and from professional swindlers, too. That was the laugh. In the station beanery he attacked a porterhouse steak hungrily, following it with all the trimmings.

True, he hadn't been able to trail Brown to his lodgings. The railroad detectives could keep their eyes open for him. What was more important, Tubby could now testify that Boniface travelled with swin-

dlers, which would make his case fall flat as a car wheel. Yes, things were shaping up very well indeed . . . a good morning's work. Except . . .

The conductor slowly put down his cup of coffee, his thirst gone. How could he have been so idiotic? How could he testify that Brown was a swindler—when Tubby, the supposed victim, had won the pot? He'd been too damned smart for his own good.

Disgusted with himself, Lardner sat there not knowing what to do. There was no use in trying to hunt them up again; they'd be suspicious if he attemped anything like that now. And there was so little time. He barely had enough to pay his bill and make a hurried visit to the Pullman office.

Tubby stood up, and strode toward the cashier's booth. Thinking only about how licked he was, he pulled out the ten-dollar bill he had won from the stranger. The elderly cashier scrutinized the bill closely and spread it on the counter. Then he gave Tub a long look.

"No good, mister! It's counterfeit."

"Good grief! But I drew my pay just yesterday . . ." He stopped and his face grew red. He pulled out the twenty without a word; the fellow shook his head a second time—counterfeit also. Tubby hadn't won—he had lost twenty dollars of his own money: the swindlers had taken no chances. No wonder they had laughed. Talk about being smart!

WHILE cleaning up his business in the Pullman office, Tubby did some heavy thinking. He certainly couldn't see the super now to report progress. Yet perhaps something might be salvaged from the debacle at that. Could Boniface be bluffed into dropping his claim? This, of course, wouldn't prevent Sophie from being swindled. For Boniface wouldn't be foolish enough to confess his reason for dropping the suit, and she wouldn't be

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disillusioned about him. What Tubby really needed was to expose the man with such a bang that the widow would consider her "dear friend" a skunk equipped with triple-blast jets. But a man couldn't expect all the breaks. He'd have to forget the *Fiery Comet* for the time being, and concentrate on the claim.

Climbing up to the fifth floor of the depot, the conductor entered the Cape Haddock & Shoreline Claim Department. There he outlined his scheme to the head, an affable individual. The man listened carefully.

"It's worth a try," he decided. "We'll have an agent follow you up and offer to settle for some trivial amount, just to get Boniface's signature, relieving us of any further claim. We'll also instruct our police to watch out for Brown, though it's doubtful if he'll work the depot soon again. You'll have him worried, wondering who you are. Wire me the result, Lardner, and good luck."

Back in Cape Haddock the following afternoon, Tubby went looking for Boniface at his hotel. Not finding him there, he dropped around to Sophie's. Resplendent in her best red dress, the widow answered the bell.

"You're just in time for tea!" she greeted Tub, and then announced happily, "Mr. Boniface is here with some girl friends of mine."

The conductor snarled. "Tea! Rather have beer."

Sophie smiled tolerantly. "But you don't guzzle beer at a tea. However you can open a bottle in the kitchen."

On his way there, Tubby saw Boniface in the parlor, balancing a cup on his knee like a veteran tea hound. The "girls" were five matrons who lived on the right side of the tracks, women with a few loose dollars to invest. So Boniface was finding the widow a really helpful decoy! And after her friends awakened minus their eye teeth, wouldn't they just love her then!

Through the open doorway Tubby listened to Boniface sounding off. "The Smithsonian Institute, you know, is where Lindbergh's plane is hanging. And they've asked for the *Fiery Comet,* once we've finished our experiments with it. That shows, ladies, what Washington thinks of our work." His enthusiastic smile swept the group. "And I'm happy to inform you that we've decided upon the time and place for our demonstration. It will occur at ten o'clock Saturday morning, on Gunn Road. We're using the old trolley tracks."

Smithsonian Institute! Tubby muttered to himself. As for Gunn Road . . he ransacked his memory. Oh, yes, that was the only stretch of trolley rails not scrapped when the buses had replaced the electric cars. A fine place for the demonstration: the tracks now overgrown with weeds were off the road, out of traffic.

When Boniface left the house, Tubby walked down the street with him. He didn't waste much time with preliminaries. "I've just picked up some information," the conductor asserted, "and as a friend, I think I should let you in on it. It's about Brown."

"Brown? Brown?" Boniface seemed puzzled. "Oh, yes, the clumsy fellow responsible for my accident?"

"Yeah, that's he," said Tubby sarcastically. "You and he were seen together in the Royal Hotel, laughing and drinking together on August second, yet you acted like strangers on the train. You see what that means, don't you? The railroad's concluded that your fall was just a racket, planned beforehand."

"Preposterous!" Boniface bristled with indignation. "The most incredible slander I've ever heard!" He looked squarely at Lardner and in his eyes was the soul of an honest man pleading to be believed. "Lardner! I swear that I never saw Brown before or after my accident."

"That's what I thought." Having expected this denial, Tubby went right on. "But the road doesn't see it that way. There's more, you see. We know that Brown's a confidence man. Fact is, he tried to bunco me in Terminal City yesterday. And if you run into criminal charges,

linking your name with a man of that type'll raise hell with your reputation. Even if you manage to say out of jail."

THE CONDUCTOR hesitated. Boniface's cool stare bothered him now. Something was wrong—the promoter should look worried or frightened. Nevertheless, committed to his plan, Tubby continued, "It would ruin your jet-propulsion business, wouldn't it?"

"Wouldn't it!" There was a mocking note in the promoter's voice.

"Yeah!" Tubby almost floundered. "And advising you as a friend . . ."

"What you'd advise," said his companion curtly, "is that I either drop my claim entirely or settle for my doctor's bills. I know—that's standard procedure with claim agents." Having shed the geniality which he wore like a uniform, Boniface was not pleasing to look at. His eyes narrowed and his wide mouth was scornful. "And if you're not an errand boy for the CH&S, I'll call myself a fool! It's so obvious that it's pathetic.

"Well, you can tell them, my *friend* Lardner, that on the night in question I was miles from Terminal City, and that I can prove it. Moreover, if the road had any honest facts to go on, do you suppose it would be trying to scare me?" The promoter's eyes blazed. "You haven't been doing a little lying and snooping on your own, have you? Keep right on and see what happens to bunglers. They get hurt."

Turning on his heel suddenly, Boniface strode rapidly along the tree-shaded sidewalk. Tubby was left with nothing to swing his clenched fists at. So after watching the promoter until his figure disappeared in the darkness, the conductor began his weary trudge back to the depot. Of course, Boniface was right: he'd been a fool to dicker with him. At the station, Tubby's pencil dug angrily into a telegraph blank—his report to the claim department. "Claimant cannot be bluffed."

The crowning humiliation did not come until the next day. Then the conductor read the wire from Superintendent Trumbull—the Pullman conductor's immediate boss—whom the CH&S official had obviously contacted. The super's message read:

"Stop acting for CH&S unless authorized by me. All you accomplished was to warn Boniface to alibi himself. Fine job of bungling. Send complete report your activities this matter immediately."

Tubby crumpled the telegram slowly. A report would read fine, just fine! He'd forget about the immediately part, until he'd done some thinking. It required an hour of sitting on the dock and staring into space before his idea began to take on shape. The first step would be a call on Matt Stubbins. Hadn't he offered to hold Hawkshaw's magnifying glass?

Matt was just the man for the purpose. More than an electrician he was an all-round mechanic, with a shop in his own cellar. He would have been a foreman long ago only that he wasn't considered thoroughly responsible, perhaps because of his incurable fondness for practical jokes. However, no one could argue Matt's good nature and willingness to help a friend out.

After dinner that evening, Tubby took the bus to Gunn Road. Matt ushered him into a homey living room. "Take a load off your feet, Tubby," he grinned. "Sorry the wife can't come down—she's upstairs with the kid. An upset stomach, nothing serious. Well, what's new in the swindling business?"

"Plenty. And I don't like it." The conductor eased himself into a capacious upholstered chair. "Now it's rocket railroading."

"I've been hearing gossip, but what's behind it?" Matt sat himself down then and puffed at a corncob pipe while Tubby brought him up to date.

At the finish Matt was laughing uproariously. "I told you this would be good!" he chuckled.

"It ain't funny!" Tubby retorted. "Every time I buck that crowd, I wind up looking like a bigger boob than before.

Not to mention being in the doghouse with the super. If I don't get somewhere pretty quick, I'll blow up."

"Still butting your head against a stone wall?" The electrician pointed with his pipe stem. "Tubby, you're outclassed. You're up against a slick bunch of operators . . . but I suppose you're bull-headed enough to keep right on trying."

"Yeah," Tubby replied, paying little attention to his words. "I've got a new slant. Matt, what do you know about jet propulsion — applied to railroading, that is?"

"Not too much." The mechanic scratched his bristly red hair. "But this *Fiery Comet* doesn't have to be a fake, necessarily. If jets can propel a heavy plane along the ground fast enough to take off, there's no reason why they can't move a car along rails where there'd be less friction. And Boniface's other arguments sound damned logical, too."

"And yet . . ." Tubby paused reflectively. "I can't believe that Boniface could operate along a straight line if it paid a hundred times as well as going crooked. It's the nature of the beast, and I'm banking on that pretty heavily." He looked squarely at his host. "What I want is a look at that *Fiery Comet,* when nobody's around. With you along, though, because you know motive power."

"Why not?" said Matt. "I've worked on steam locomotives, Diesel, electric and gasoline, and this would just about round out my experience. But how?"

"Around a railroad depot, you hear a lot of gossip." Tubby grinned knowingly. "It seems that Boniface has rented the old Harris barn right here on Gunn Road for Friday and Saturday. And the only reason I can see is that he intends to store his jet buggy in it the night before the demonstration."

"That barn!" The electrician lifted his bushy brows. "Could be, there's trolley tracks right in front of it. Oh, I know that old barn inside and out. It's only a few minutes' walk from here and I played all over it as a kid. There's a back window that can be jimmied out easily, frame and all; the place hasn't been used for years. What's your scheme? Sabotage?"

TUBBY SCOWLED thoughtfully. "Not in my line. But I've got to make sure the *Comet's* a fake, before I go ahead with my plan. I've got a pal who works on the daily paper, and if I can show that Boniface is pulling something—and exactly how—you'll see a piece in the Saturday morning edition that'll queer his game completely. And that would spoil his damage suit, too. Proving him a crook—you see? Killing two birds with one stone."

The conductor did not inform Matt that he had already phoned Sophie and obtained her promise not to buy any stock until after the demonstration; she had conceded that much. Of course, all his eggs were now in one basket, he reflected glumly, a basket with a loose bottom. Too many things could go wrong with that barn business.

"I'd better warn you," Tub said, "we might be running into things we don't expect. A cop once told me that confidence men don't usually go in for rough stuff—they'd rather use their wits. But we're walking right into the rats' nest. Not that we intend to meet them, of course."

Matt's eyes flashed excitedly. "I'll risk it, Tubby. I gotta know about that buggy, for if a thing rolls on wheels, it's my meat. And at night, nobody'd be around, saying, 'Don't touch this or that!' "

"Okay!" The conductor rose heavily. "So I'll see you Saturday evening about eight?"

"Sure thing. Get off the bus at the brickyard spur and I'll meet you. I'll also try to keep an eye on the barn that afternoon, to see what goes in." Matt let Tubby out. " 'Night."

On Friday morning, the *Cape Haddock Daily Chronicle* came out with a feature article on the *Fiery Comet.* Tubby was chagrined and he lost no time hunting up his reporter friend, Molly Shaw, to find

out how it happened. Boniface, it seemed, had sold the idea to the owner: atomic power for railroading was out before it came in; jet propulsion was the thing. He compared the *Fiery Comet,* in historical importance, to the famous *Tom Thumb* of 1830 and announced this was real twentieth-century progress. When the editor finished spouting on the marvels of the new machine, Boniface was assured a great crowd for his demonstration. If he had paid for the publicity, it couldn't have been better. Yet here he got it *gratis.* Tubby banged out of the newspaper office.

To add to Lardner's woe, he came face to face with placards announcing the forthcoming event, which Boniface had pasted up all over town. They showed a streamlined vehicle shooting along the rails too fast to betray its exact shape. Even the weatherman was helpful, predicting a sunny day. So the whole town was talking, and planning to be there; Cyril Boniface appeared to be having things quite his own way.

Later Tubby learned from a banker why the promotor was selling no stock until after the demonstration. If no one saw his certificates beforehand, no one would possess any facts on which to base queries to government bureaus, to find out whether this stock had been legally listed and approved. By the time replies came Boniface would have cleaned up and left town. A clever man—Boniface.

Boarding the bus for Gunn Road, Friday night, Lardner was uneasy. He still hadn't written to the super, and he was doubtful of the evening ahead. It was probably his last chance to do anything, yet starting out with illegal entry was a bad omen. In such cases, when unpleasant things happened to the intruder, the police generally patted the tenant on the head and said "Good boy!" This meant that Boniface could literally get away with murder. Tubby sighed. Affairs certainly were not working according to schedule.

A typical Cape Haddock murk dimmed the street lights. Beyond the business section, it slowed the bus to a creep and

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the driver stopped twice before locating the Glenn Road turn-off. The brickyard spur, however, was easy to locate. The coupler of a carelessly-spotted boxcar was overhanging the road.

Matt was waiting, as he had promised. "Guys are in the barn. I gotta shoot back to the house," he said worriedly. "The baby's sick again and the wife's away. I haven't been able to reach her yet."

"Gee, that's tough," said Tubby. "But about the barn?"

"Had a neighbor's kid watching it until a while ago. Just before he went for supper two guys drove in with a big van. If you could stand by till I show up, I'll get back as soon as I can. That way we'll know where we're at."

Tubby wished he weren't given to hunches; he didn't like the setup.

"So you don't know what's happened since the kid left? Okay, I'd better go," he said unhappily. "How'll I find the place in this murk?"

"I'll show you," returned Matt.

KEEPING his flashlight pointed downward, the electrician led the conductor a quarter-mile along the road. They hurried as quickly as possible without stumbling. Finally Matt stopped across from where a vertical slit of light shone hazily through a partly-opened barn doorway. "Still there," he muttered. "Here! Guess this is about as good a place as any."

Ploughing into bushes, Matt played his torch on a sizable boulder. "Never spot you here. Join you soon's I can, Tub, so long."

Left alone, Lardner sat on the damp boulder and peered between wet leaves at the light coming from the barn. With moisture dripping down his neck and his feet heavy on the damp grass, he reflected that a man his age—with a rheumatic knee—should know better. Adventure was one thing when being planned safely at home; it was another when you got into it.

Suppose those guys stayed in that barn all night? Now accustomed to the dead silence, he started nervously when a locomotive whistle shrieked eerily, calling to a flagman that a light engine had backed safely onto the spur, using it as a sidetrack. Soon afterward the barn door slid open with a loud groaning and two shadowy figures emerged. Tubby held his breath and prayed when he saw the glow from two flashlights moving across the road almost directly at him. But the men went to a car a few yards away—he could hear the door being yanked open. It was a car which Matt's torch would have revealed had he flashed it about.

A voice Tubby recognized as Brown's spoke irritably. "How long's Joe going to be fixing that wire? Say! How come the car? Thought you were broke."

"I am, thanks to you." Boniface's smooth voice was unmistakable. "This boat's borrowed."

"Now wait a minute!" Brown seemed bewildered. "Why thanks to me?"

"Because you can't learn to use your head. Pulling that piker's grift in the Terminal City depot! And why the devil couldn't you pick somebody besides the Pullman agent on the Cape?"

"You mean the wise fat boy? Ouch!" Brown became plaintive. "But I was broke, and how was I to know? He looked just like any other sucker. You mean he queered the pitch here?"

"Exactly," replied Boniface with great precision. "He met you and then he started adding things up. Now I'm not getting any hush money from the railroad." Tubby could imagine the promoter shaking his head sadly, as he continued. "I knew I'd waged my war of nerves long enough, so I was ready to settle for what I could get. Then Fat comes along, trying to scare me off altogether, and as a follow-up, the road offered me twenty-five bucks. Imagine that? I still think I can win the case, but half a grand in the pocket would have been surer."

Brown spat disgustedly. "If we don't have the damndest luck these days! Going

Blinded in the glare of three flashlights, he kicked wildly at the nearest, connected, and heard a pained yell. . . .

broke beating that Pittsburgh rap, and then the accident goes sour. And say, you took a hell of a tumble off that stepping box, too!"

"You kicked it too far." Boniface sighed deeply. "And it wasn't exactly pleasant injecting mineral oil into my elbow to make it swell, then scratching the skin so the puncture mark wouldn't show. I certainly wouldn't have fooled around with that business if I'd known I'd come across this *Fiery Comet* proposition."

There was a short pause. "How'd you glom onto that contraption, anyway?" asked his companion.

The promoter chuckled, and then he reminisced: "Ran into an old friend, accidentally, a guy who runs an auto graveyard. He has the finest collection of junk in the country, cars, planes, anything on wheels, and he redecorates hot cars as a sideline. The way certain pieces of junk were accidentally piled suggested the *Comet,* and so I sold him on throwing the buggy together. For shares, of course, but there'll be plenty to go around, Brownie."

"Time we got the breaks," Brown growled. "And the fat boy? His nose ain't in this, too, is it?"

"Yes, unfortunately." Boniface gritted his teeth audibly. "A certain widow I had in the bag is stalling—his girl friend. Don't know what else he's up to, but I don't like it. He's got a lot of friends."

Brown's fingers tapped nervously on metal. "If he's that suspicious, he shouldn't see too much of the *Comet* tomorrow. He sounds to me like somebody who ought to be tucked away for a day or two."

"I thought of that, but it's out of my line. And hired help is liable to get out of hand, later. No, we'll shoot the *Comet* out of town right after the demonstration —before anybody gets a good look inside. As for his checking on the stock, I'm not worried. With the trial coming up next week, we'll get that over with and milk the town too, before anyone catches on to our phony certificates."

"And then lam." Brown grunted. "Oh, say! I've got those sleeping tablets you wanted."

"Thanks," said his partner. "Well, here's Joe, finally."

TUBBY heard the barn door close and the rattle of a padlock against a hasp. "Okay, let's go!" said the bass voice of Brown's bonco playmate in Terminal City, as a light moved toward the car. The car door slammed shut and the starter whirred. Then the headlights blazed—and directly into Tubby's round, startled face.

Blinded and feeling rather like a naked bather caught in the glare of a hundred searchlights, he tried to flee. But he found his left knee too cramped for him to move spryly—even though goaded by the knowledge that Boniface would have to do something to silence the guy who'd heard this conversation. By the time Tubby was scrambling from the glare, one man had leaped from the car. "Get him!" bellowed someone hoarsely. The conductor, lunging bull-like through the bushes, rammed hard against a stone wall.

Trapped, with three men closing in, Lardner had no choice: he had to turn and fight. Kicking wildly at the nearest of the approaching lights, he connected and heard a sick groan. He was panting himself. Blinded by the two remaining lights which were pointed at his eyes; he could only flail his arms about in a wild shadow-boxing. His own frantic haymakers kept him off balance.

Such an unequal battle could not last long. It seemed hours, but probably it was less than a minute until Tubby was outflanked.

Lightning flashed through his head, then was followed by a darker night.

Returning to consciousness, Lardner had no idea how long he had blacked-out. He could see no light. His head ached dully; his tongue was swollen and parched; and later, when he found the strength to creep around on the wooden flooring with lighted matches, he collected nothing but splinters for his trouble.

Finally, the conductor got to his feet unsteadily and began feeling the walls. As he had suspected, he had been dumped into a boxcar, probably the one on the spur. Been here for hours, too, for his watch had run down. Hadn't Brown mentioned sleeping tablets? No doubt that Boniface had used them. He winced as he fingered the egg-sized lump on his head.

The immediate question was how to get out. As his senses grew sharper, he became aware of the noise outside. It was undoubtedly the racket that had awakened him. It must be the crowd cheering for the demonstration. He *had* to get out! Having located a short length of lumber, he began pounding frantically on the door. Eventually, it slid open.

Never had the blinding sunlight seemed more welcome. He scarcely had time to blink in it before a cry rose from the mob. The experimental engine was coming, it was being moved now, they said. Horns heralded its coming, for those in the parked automobiles were anxious to witness the marvel. The right-of-way, extending beyond the red barn for nearly a mile away, was lined on either side with passenger cars.

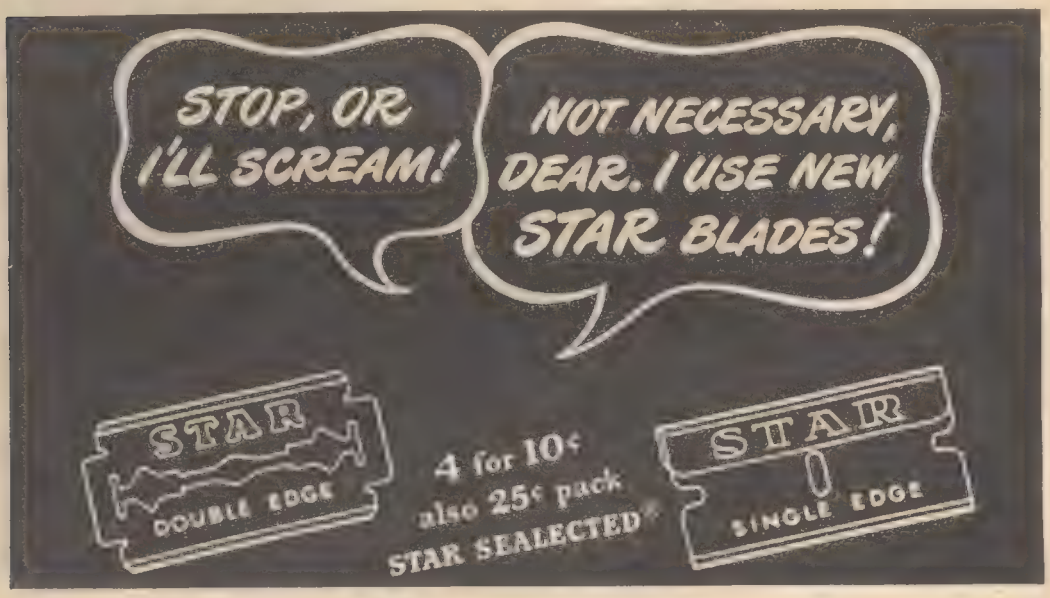
Trudging foggily toward the barn, Tubby saw people clustered ten deep along the old trolley track which paralleled the highway. They were in a holiday mood, laughing and joking, excited by the idea that history was in the making before their eyes. Around them ran excited children, darting noisily about, playing. Adding to the carnival atmosphere was a soft drink peddler. Tubby stopped at his wagon, and eased his thirst with six bottles of pop.

By this time he felt better. Now for action. He saw two state policemen sitting in their patrol car, and impulsively he started toward them. Then he stopped as suddenly. They would only direct him to headquarters, and what could he say there? He'd spend hours explaining, swearing out a warrant for arrest for assault, and by then the demonstration would be over. As for stopping that—who would believe him if he began yelling "fake"?

He remembered Matt then. Where was he now? Had he arrived just in time to be kayoed by the same battlers, and then tossed in some similar dungeon? There was no chance to dash down to his home and back before the trial run. He had to stay on the scene; here there was a hope that he might work some sabotage.

Tubby climbed onto the back of an open truck to look over people's heads for his first view of the *Fiery Comet*. Standing on the grass grown trolley track, the vehicle gleamed with aluminum paint. Its cabin was obviously the fuselage of a small two-seater airplane, minus the engine and propellors, and with a pointed front end; the rear tapered to the rim of a protruding round vent. It rested on a sheet-metal chassis sharply curved at either end and extending low nearly to the level of the rails. Beneath that showed the rims of two wheels, as near together as those of a section crew's handcar, giving the vehicle an unsteady, teetering appearance.

While the glistening paint did not conceal dents and ridges which hinted that the fuselage had taken a beating and had been straightened, nevertheless the *Fiery Comet* was sufficiently streamlined and bizarre to impress credulous "investors." Near the car stood a green van with loading skids extending to the ground. Beside it, Tubby got a glimpse of Sophie, standing close to Cyril Boniface who was perched on a wooden box with a megaphone in his hand. Everything seemed



set; it looked as if the visitors were ready to wipe up the field with the home team. Then Tubby's eye caught a third figure—and a face with a broad grin. Matt Stubbins couldn't have looked more pleased if they had made him a full partner in their scheme.

JUST THEN the promoter's voice boomed out and the chattering stopped. Boniface talked smoothly, stressing the historical importance of the event, briefly describing jet propulsion. Then came the big announcement: "We did not originally intend to sell shares of our stock so early. But so many good people have pleaded with us to do so that as a favor to the community, we have decided to yield. The shares are from ten dollars up, and after we have demonstrated the *Fiery Comet,* those of you who wish to make an investment will find me over there." Boniface pointed toward a kitchen table and chair near the barn door.

"But remember, we do not urge you. This is only a trial test and as you know jet power is for tomorrow. But I see that our engineer wishes to say a word." With that, he handed the amplifier to the swarthy, green-shirted man inside the cabin—Brown's confederate, Joe.

"Hello, folks!" Joe bawled lustily. "Just think, after today there will be hundreds of thousands of jet cars built, and for the next seventeen years—the life of a patent—they'll all be based on the design you see in front of you. A small royalty on each will run into millions, you hear, folks, millions! It's my opinion, that anybody who's afraid to risk a few bucks on this—ought never to take a chance."

Cyril grabbed for the amplifier. "Now Joe—we weren't urging—remember! Excuse him, good friends, but as you know now it's hard not to allow your enthusiasm to run away with you when, once in a lifetime, you get a chance like this. But enough talk. I think we are ready for the test. So clear the tracks, everyone. Somebody grab that little girl, please." Boniface's voice rose to a shrill tone at the last. "Okay, Joe. Are we ready? Stand by for the signal. . . . Keep your eyes on her, fellow citizens. Remember, a new era in railroading will be ushered in before you. Steady. On the signal, Joe." Boniface pulled a flag out of his right-hand pocket then and held it high. The red cloth dropped.

"Let her go!" roared the promoter.

With a bluish blast ejected by the rear motors, the *Fiery Comet* moved, accelerated, went highballing. Not at any rocket speed, but rapidly enough to elicit surprised exclamations, cheering and finally hat waving. It sped along fast enough to keep spectators from getting a good look at the mechanism. Then after one particularly wild lurch over a bad rail joint in the rusting trackage, the streamliner shot out of sight around a curve.

Wearily Tubby clung to the truck's side. He felt slightly sick. There was no doubt now that Boniface had won the pot: people were surging toward the kitchen table—jostling one another to get near—handing over money as fast as the collectors could cram their bills into a large black cash box and fill out gilt-edged stock certificates.

There'd be no exposure, with or without fire works. It was goodbye to Sophie's house . . . to the hopes of many folk. Boniface must be laughing already at the bunch of rubes.

Willing hands shoved the *Fiery Comet* back to its starting point. Boniface, however, paid little attention to this performance; he remained busy raking in the freshly-offered mazuma until the last customer was cared for. Then he locked the money box and mounted his rostrum again. With his profits banked, he was happy to give the poor suckers a bit of a show. The people were paying for it—and paying well.

"Future models," he announced, "will run backward and forward. There will be bigger interiors, double deckers, glass domes and innumerable improvements. We hope to sell the Cape Haddock Railroad several special models for their sum-

mer schedules. But I see there are a good number of you who would like to see her put through her paces again. Remember this is only a test car. And while it's news today, tomorrow you'll all be riding one." He stopped and signalled the cab. "All right, Joe. Let's go."

Again the car shot ahead. Yet this time its previous dramatics were gone. Something was missing: for an instant Tubby could only stare—as did the rest of the assembled crowd—until he realized that no blast was roaring from the jets. Obviously the *Fiery Comet* was being propelled by some other means; it was so apparent that soon the crowd was beginning to hoot.

From all over came a restless stirring and angry muttering of the people whose money had filled the cash box. Grabbing that up, Boniface stared swiftly about, looking for a route of escape. He began to sweat as he discovered that every direction was blocked. He saw men closing in upon him, some excitedly but more with the slow, firm tread of determination and menace. Letting the box drop with a clank, he grabbed up the kitchen chair by its back and began swinging it. A moment later, the brawny arm of a truck driver wrenched it out of his hands and a blue-shirted giant shoved the swindler sideways. From then on, Boniface bounced back and forth like a punch bag, caught by the blows of the men near him but crowded so that while he staggered he never could fall. They were playing with him—roughing, shoving, catching—until the mob spirit really took hold.

Then the slugging started in earnest. With wild hollering, the seething mass was tightening around him. Only those nearest could see him—and very little they saw at that. His arms were crossed protectively in front of his face, but now and then they were beaten down by a sharp blow to his middle. Those who had been cheated had stopped thinking; they were just loosing their fury on the cause of it all. The two state policemen had gone to the rescue but a squad was needed. Nevertheless they waded in, yanking and whacking methodically, until they arrived at the core of the melee.

They were too late to help Boniface much. The battered wreck of a man they dragged away still breathed, but that was about all. He would require considerable patching before he resembled a normal human being once again.

Aware that something was amiss, Joe kept on at full speed, hoping to find sufficient track ahead to let him clear the crowd. He had not figured on the car wheels striking on a faulty rail joint once too often.

Designed to balance on its running gear almost like a seesaw, the *Fiery Comet* suddenly lifted its pointed nose, then as suddenly dove down, striking the earth with a jolt and spinning of wheels. Over it rolled, skidding sidewise while it ripped open its side seams and slid to a stop in ominous silence, except for the sound of one wheel whirling round and round, slower and slower. The wonder car of the age had reverted to its original status—a collection of battered junk.

Judging by the careful manner in which men were lifting him out through a window, the driver, too, was due for a trip to the shop.

Glancing around then, Tubby saw a policeman standing with the locked cash box between his legs. "Everybody'll get his money back," the officer was explaining. "Take it easy, now, everything's all right. Just hold onto your stock and watch the newspapers. You'll all have your money back."

WHILE shaken by the grim spectacle, Tubby couldn't feel too sorry for the swindlers. And never had he been relieved of so many troublesome worries so abruptly.

The exposure of Boniface had gone off like a regular block-buster—which was more than he could have asked. However, Sophie would be convinced all right and without losing any money; as for the damage suit, the road wouldn't have to pay a cent in claims.

Only one thing bothered Tubby. It had been such a narrow escape. What kind fate had put the mechanism on the blink? Tub didn't know, but it was one in a million that the trick had worked. If Boniface hadn't overplayed his hand, he would probably be on his way out of town now, with echoes of that cheering crowd still in his ears. They'd have cheered again when he lifted five thousand smackers from the vest pocket of the CH&S claims department.

Lardner didn't want to think about it. He was relieved to see Matt Stubbins working towards him just at that moment. Tub had wanted to find his friend. What the devil had happened to him last night?

"F'Heaven's sake!" blurted the mechanic, his mouth open. "Where'd you go to last night?"

"Never mind about me!" said Tubby impatiently. "Whatever happened to you? Why it's the luck of the Lord that blasted jet went screwy or I'd be in a fine hole."

"Well, you wouldn't have been lynched, anyway." Matt grinned wryly. "Not that I ever planned on anything like that. It was just my queer sense of humor playing tricks again, I suppose. I thought it would be funny to fool even Boniface and his boys."

Lardner stood speechless. Unaware of his companion's surprise, the mechanic began viewing the wreckage with professional interest. "That chassis, Tubby, under the sheet metal is just a handcar run by an electric motor with storage batteries hidden under the trimmings. The jet motor had nothing to do with moving the buggy. It's only a small-scale experimental job made by some plane company.

"It might budge a kid's scooter, but not that scrap pile. Yet it certainly produced a swell blast—the fireworks that fooled the suckers."

"But, Matt . . ." Tubby was stammering. "Then you got in? I thought they might have polished you off, though I might have suspected something when I saw your silly grin. By that time I was so damn foggy, I didn't know what to think.

"Whatever I did, it was too late to stop them then, so I wasn't trying to kid myself that we had them licked."

Matt laughed. "Oh, I got in all right. But it was a mite late. Must have been two when I got back to the rock where I'd left you, but there was no sign of yourself.

"Everything was blacked out, so I circled around the barn and figured all was clear. I figured you'd got mad and quit, so I just jimmied out the window and went in and played with those gages."

"What gages?" Lardner demanded.

"Why, the . . ." Matt stopped at Tubby's puzzled look. "But, of course, I didn't tell you, did I? I made a slight adjustment on the gage that controlled the jet fireworks, Tubby. That's why they sort of ran out of power at an inconvenient moment."

This time Tubby joined the fun. He threw back his head and roared with re-

lief. Only then he had a sharp reminder of the dope they'd given him. His head throbbed and his stomach was bothering him again.

He sat down on the ground with his head in his hands and bent over until it cleared, then he grinned wanly. "I'm okay, Matt. Continue with the story."

"Sure, I can't get you something?" the mechanic asked. When Lardner shook his head positively, he decided that a distraction might be a bigger help. In a flash, Matt was stretched out lazily on the ground beside him.

"Well, I got the idea the moment I saw the oxygen tank in the *Comet*. It had to be there for the fireworks, you see. So home I went and picked up a gage like that on the tank, only mine had the indicator needle jammed so you'd always think there was a lot more oxygen than you actually had.

"Then I came back and switched the gages, so that when Joe turned on the juice he'd see that the electric motor worked okay—but there'd be no blast outside."

Tubby looked doubtful. "But the jets exploded fine the first time," he protested.

"Of course!" Matt's eyes twinkled mischievously. "That was because I left him a little oxygen in his tank on purpose. I figured if it started off all right, and then went haywire, it'd be much more comical."

"You and your jokes," Tubby groaned. "It almost wasn't funny." But weary as he felt, the conductor managed a wry smile.

For once, Matt's humor had done some good. "By rights, the CH&S and the Pullman Company should chip in for a leather medal, but needless to say, they won't," he remarked, and added:

"Anyway, Matt, we all owe you a monument; you saved me from the super and saved the town the money that was set away for a rainy day."

Matt grinned smugly. "Any time, Hawkshaw! Just pass the toughest cases on to old Stubbins. He solves them while you sleep."

"Sleep! Say, those babies were prepared for me. Sleeping pills . . . You'd almost think they knew I was going to be here . . ."

The conductor frowned. "You're a little on the hit-and-miss side, methinks. Just suppose for a moment that Boniface hadn't called for that second run? Then what?"

"Then I think we should go have that drink you want to buy me," said Matt glibly, "so that you can forget such notions."

When Tubby didn't take to smiling easily, the mechanic boosted himself to his feet and led the way. "Don't worry, Tub. If it came to that, I was ready to demand a second showing," he laughed louder this time, "on my rights as a stockholder."

The next minute the two were ambling contentedly toward Mike's place. Neither had a care in the world.

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On the Spot

AN APOLOGY to Gilbert H. Kneiss and the Stanford University Press: *Railroad Magazine's* policy of publishing only original material was violated for the first (and we hope and believe the last) time, when a short filler, "Welcoming Committee—Western Style," by the alleged author T. N. Durosko, appeared in our April, 1948, issue. Unbeknown to us, this same incident had previously been described in almost identical words, by Gilbert H. Kneiss, in his excellent book *Bonanza Railroads,* published by the Stanford University Press. Having been the victims of flagrant plagiarism ourselves on several occasions within recent years, we can thoroughly appreciate the injustice done to Mr. Kneiss and the Stanford University Press and make haste to give credit to the actual author and publisher of this entertaining anecdote.

* * *

SHOCKPROOF SHIPPING article in our Feb. '48 issue caught the eye of Joe Marshall, Freight Claims Division, Association of American Railroads, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago 5, Ill. "The article is interesting," he says, "except for the inference that a certain cure-all will eliminate damage to freight in transit which is the result of a combination of circumstances involving poor packaging, poor loading, poor handling, with all they imply, and not solely a question of equipment.

"Thousands of men giving thought to this question over the years apparently have had no glimmer of a possible cure-all. If anybody should find one, the National Freight Loss and Prevention Committee, a railroad coordinating body, would like to turn to other pressing matters. You can put it down that they are not overlooking any bets. Figures show that freight is handled successfully; otherwise, we should be broke in a week."

CANADA'S shortest common-carrier railway, the mile-long Portage Ry., has just bought two new engines, thus dooming to the scrap heap the two ancient locomotives which since 1908 had been hauling passengers and freight over the line, reports Thomas A. English, 7 Ravina Cres., Toronto 6, Ont., Canada. This road is operated only in summertime by the Huntsville & Lake of Bays Navigation Co. One of the two recently-junked engines was the saddle-tanker pictured in our March issue, page 65.

Until the construction of a highway not long ago there was no means of access to Lake of Bays other than by water, and then only by using two boats and the Portage Ry., this lake being the source of the non-navigable south branch of Muskota River. The only other railway in that general area of Ontario is the Canadian National, many miles away.

* * *

HOW MANY different routes have been used by Lehigh Valley passenger trains in reaching tidewater at New York City? Henry Cotterell, Jr., 36 Alexander St., Newark 6, N.J., points out that at present all through trains run over the Pennsy between PRR Junction, Newark, and the big metropolis, while "doodlebug" locals Numbers 52 and 53 operate to and from the LV's own railhead at Jersey City adjacent to the Jersey Central's terminal, the latter's ferries carrying the Valley passengers in and out of New York City.

Cotterell continues: "A few years ago the *Asa Packer,* when it was a gasoline-electric train during depression times, left from Jersey City on the LV, went only as far as Claremont, thence around on the National Dock RR. to the Pennsy at Shanley's Cut (just east of Journal Square), over the Pennsy as far as PRR Junction, Newark, and back onto the Valley's rails again.

Photo from Herbert O'Hanlon, 2695 Bellaire St., Denver, Colo.

At Windy Point, June 3, 1947. Number 6 pushes the plow through 18-foot snow on the Manitou & Pikes Peak

"Other routes taken at various times included using the LV's Perth Amboy branch from South Plainfield to Metuchen and over the Pennsy to Exchange Place, Jersey City; leaving the Valley's main line at Cranford and going around a (long since removed) connection to the CNJ at Aldane; running down the LV main stem to Oak Island Junction on the Newark meadows and thence onto the CNJ via their cutoff to Newark Transfer and in on the latter's Newark and New York branch to the Jersey City terminal."

* * *

ERNEST E. NORRIS, president of the Southern, is a brass pounder, having begun railroading in 1898 as an operator on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. Not long ago, while inspecting Southern offices in a certain community, he heard operators chatting by wire and chuckled as he recognized this message in Morse code, "The big boss just went down the hill. I'll have to sign off at once." Later, telling the story to a friend, he remarked, "It was some comfort not to hear the keys tapping out a message something like this, 'That blankety so-and-so fellow Norris just went by. I'll have to quit now.'"

* * *

HEROINE of Union Station at Durham, N.C., is Miss Minnie Chandler, night ticket clerk. A masked gunman demanded the money from her cash drawer. Minnie shook her head, pushed the revolver aside, and ordered him to "Get out!" Meanwhile, unknown to her, a mail-truck driver named James Malloy was sitting in the shadows of the dimly-lit waiting room. It was late at night and nobody else was around. Malloy was waiting for mail from an eastbound train when he heard and saw the altercation. Drawing his own pistol, he closed in.

While the two persons in the ticket cage were arguing, Malloy drew a bead on the thug but held his fire lest he hit Minnie. Silently he maneuvered for a clear shot. Then his pistol blazed, the bandit fell, and Malloy called the police. Minnie stood the rest of her trick at the ticket counter. Before going home, she pencilled a note to her boss:

"Someone tried to hold me up and rob me. James the mail boy shot him. I am not hurt or nervous. I had gone out to mail a letter and the masked man followed me back into the office. I will see you tomorrow."

That was all; no tears, no hysterics. A few hours later the crook died in a hospital without revealing his name. Fingerprints identified him as a dangerous criminal with a record of prison terms served for armed robberies. A grand jury cleared Malloy of the shooting.

Courtesy Illinois Central

Diesel backdrop for an open air safety film shown recently at Memphis Roundhouse. Don't be puzzled by the mobile visual aid unit—that's what makes daylight showing possible

PANAMA RAILROAD locomotives featured in our March issue prompted Maj. C. G. Price, Jr., Transp. Corps Reserve, National Bank Bldg., Harrisonburg, Va., to remark that many of the locomotives used to build the Canal were, on completion of the project, returned to the U.S. and transferred to ownership of the U.S. Army, where they gave good service many years. As they were 5-foot gagers they had to be converted to standard gage for use in this country.

Maj. Price continues: "From April '41 through May '44, as an Army officer I was assigned as shop superintendent of the Holabird Railroad Repair Shops in Baltimore, Md., the Army's largest permanent rail shops. About 1938 some of the old Panama engines and other worn-out equipment were sent to Holabird to be scrapped when the opportunity presented itself. However, shortly after we entered World War II a desperate motive-power shortage led to orders for me to begin rebuilding all the old locomotives and putting them in condition for heavy service.

"As you can imagine, this was a tough job. The old engines had been robbed of parts and they were just about held together by rust anyhow, but the shops did a remarkable job, completely rebuilding and modernizing ten old locomotives and four or five locomotive cranes. I doubt if any shops in the country had a harder job. The rejuvenated veterans were highly complimented on their performance in hauling war freight and troops."

* * *

This honorably discharged veteran is U.S.A. 6971, one of the Panamas repaired at Holabird Shops during World War II and assigned to G.I. passenger service between Fort Belvoir and the RF&P interchange at Accotink, Va. She sported a regular rear-end name plate, *The Engineer*; and her 24-inch bell steamboat type whistle and sharp, square exhaust made her as pretty to hear as she was to see. The Army has retired all of these steam locomotives and is now using surplus Diesels

WOOLEY SPECIAL. Recollections of a mixed train in the Old West that consisted of 25 stock cars for sheep, a coach for passengers, and a steam locomotive come from George W. Bolds, 55 Tiemann Place, New York 27, N.Y. This story goes back to the 19th century, about ten years after the Santa Fe had laid its rails westward through south-central Kansas and on into Colorado.

In those days Garden City, Kan., served as an operating center for promoters busily getting charters and subsidies for railroads to run north, south and west from Garden City. None of these paper roads were ever built, excepting the Gulf, Garden City & Northern, which was partly completed and then sold to the Santa Fe.

At Hutchinson, Kan., a new line was started in a southwesterly direction through St. Johns and Bucklin to Liberal, later being continued to Roswell, N.M. This line is operating today as a branch of the Santa Fe. Liberal, a village about 40 miles east of the Colorado line, was located not far from "the Strip," a No-Man's Land that served as a hideout for cattle rustlers, horse thieves and other professional badmen. The Strip was an area 34 miles deep by 168 miles wide sandwiched between Kansas on the north and the Texas Panhandle on the south.

Photo from Glenn L. Moe, 728 E. Fairview Ave., South Bend, Ind.

As she looked in 1883. D&RG's cap-stacked 4-4-2, Number 172, on the turntable at Gunnison, Colo. Framed by the big cab-windows is Engineer W. R. Bates, pilot of the first train into Gunnison

No officer of the law could legally enter that section to make an arrest, so the shady inhabitants were a curse to the entire Southwest.

About the time this branch was opened, western Kansas became a mecca for new settlers. And from western Texas and New Mexico owners of great herds of sheep, some numbering tens of thousands, commenced trekking those herds northeastward during the summer, arriving at Liberal in the fall for shipment to eastern markets. Large receiving pens and loading chutes were built at Liberal. The sheepmen decided in which order the herds were to reach Liberal, so as not to overcrowd the loading pens and car facilities.

One October day the first herd of 10,000 crossed the New Mexico line and the Strip into Kansas enroute to Liberal. Then trouble began. The settlers objected to having sheep tramp over their land; they organized and armed themselves. Still the outnumbered herders refused to move their sheep back out of Nebraska. One man rashly took a shot at the settlers, but missed. Hell then broke loose on the western plains. Two herders and some sheep were slain. The homesteaders did not let up till they had driven all the herders and sheep south across the Kansas line.

Then the outlaws in the Strip took a hand. They drove the herds and herdsmen northward, and a general fight occurred. There is no record of how many men were killed. All we know is that the sheepmen managed to get most of their great herd to Liberal. There they ran into more difficulty. The short line was a rickety affair, hurriedly built and ballasted mostly with buffalo sod. The sheepmen were ready to load, but no cars were available. Two days later a train of 25 empty cars arrived, but less than a third of the herd could be loaded in it. The angry men had to wait at Liberal until the train ran to Hutchinson and came back with more cars.

This delay was all the more irksome because other herds were due to reach Liberal soon, further overcrowding the pens. Then the short line made a daily trip from Hutchinson to Liberal, each time with 25 stock cars and a coach for passengers. This train was dubbed the Wooley Special. It carried more passengers than the regular accommodation train.

"I was there in the late fall of the first season's shipment," Mr. Bolds tells us, "and saw more woolies than I had thought exited in the whole world. Looking south, east and west, I saw nothing but sheep waiting for cars."

The outlaws set fire to buffalo grass, but failed to scatter the sheep. In fact, the sheep themselves stamped out the flames, as the grass was short and the wind died down.

"One time," our correpondent goes on, "I rode the Wooley Special from Liberal to Hutchinson. Settlers and business men who wanted to go east would take this train and make connections with the Santa Fe at Hutchinson. If you met a fellow with a suitcase waiting to go east, you'd ask, 'Going on the Wooley Special or the accommodation?' Many Texans rode on horseback to Liberal, left their horses at the corral there, and boarded the Wooley Special."

A Texan headed for Liberal with 300 steers to ship to market, expecting to find plenty of cars waiting for him, cars which he had ordered before-hand by mail. The cars he thought were his were being loaded with sheep. Enraged, he told the herders to unload at once, so he could use the cars for his cattle, but they only laughed at him.

"If you don't get those sheep out of my cattle cars," he threatened the agent, "my cowboys will come in here and blow your town off the map."

The agent replied: "All the stock cars that arrive here for at least a month are contracted for sheep, the thousands already here to be loaded and more to follow. We will have no cars for cattle until this sheep season is over."

Said the Texan, "We'll fight over this."

"I don't think so," the agent rejoined. "If you'll look around a little you will find a young army of sheepmen. They've just won a fight with the outlaws from the Strip."

The Texan did look around. What he saw cooled him down considerably. Returning to the agent, he made arrangements to ship his cattle after all the sheep had been cared for. Sheep were given priority on the Wooley Special.

* * *

URGENT NEED of new locomotives, freight and passenger cars, rail, track fastenings and material for repairs is being felt by all railroads, which have on order more than 1500 locomotives and nearly 120,000 new freight cars, according to G. T. Wicksthom, Union Pacific general purchasing agent, Omaha, Neb., but deliveries of new equipment are below expectations, due to a critical shortage of steel.

To help alleviate this situation the UP announces that in a 14-month period it has turned back to steel companies nearly 270,000 gross tons of scrap iron and steel, including worn-out hulks of 357 locomotives and 868 steel cars. The UP's leading point for scrap-metal collection is Cheyenne, Wyo., because of the large number of retired engines and steel cars cut up into sections there for shipment to foundries and steel mills.

A CLUE FOR YOU

IF it's mystery and adventure you want in your radio listening fare, just tune to these programs.

QUICK AS A FLASH
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SHERLOCK HOLMES
Sundays, 7:00 p.m., EST.
Conan Doyle's stories dramatized

THE FALCON
Mondays, 8:00 p.m., EST.
Romance mixed with murder

QUIET PLEASE
Mondays, 9:30 p.m., EST.
By W. Cooper, writer of "Lights Out"

MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER
Tuesdays, 8:00 p.m., EST.
Eerie and supernatural tales

RACKET SMASHERS
Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., EST.
Experts counteract crime

Check local newspaper program listings against possible variations in broadcast schedules.

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.

Photo from Earle M. Tomme, Jr., Box 484, Raymondville, Tex.

Cab from MoP-IGN Number 231, victim of a boiler explosion, straddles MoP's 302, *above*. Ex-Coast Lines 62, said to be ex-Frisco 600 series, she takes her uncertain and scrambled condition with calm at Raymondville, Texas

DEPOT LIGHTS. "You've missed a train in Tacoma," writes Rene Tuthill, 105 Kent St., Salishan, Tacoma 5, Wash., "so you sit and wait for the next one at the Union Station here. Gazing at the great dome overhead, you wonder about all the lights 'way up there. That dome, you learn from a casual inquiry at the information booth, is 60 feet from the floor. To arrange a scaffold each time a bulb went out would break the railroad quicker than betting on rowboat in a speedboat race. For a lot of reasons, the maintenanceman couldn't be hoisted up to the sockets by a swing.

"All right, here's the secret: That dome is inside another dome, and between the two are little wooden runways directly above the bulbs. The station's custodian makes a memorandum of which of the 1081 bulbs have died out. There are four complete circles of lights in the dome marked A, B, C, D in the keeper's mind. He writes, for example, 'A-1,' 'B-3,' and so on.

"Next, by a devious route up shady stairs and through mysterious and dusty paths, ducking low steel rods and supports, he reaches the four wooden runways in the strange dome attic. He circles each one, opens the sockets from behind the globe, replaces with new bulbs the expired bulks marked on his memo, and the job is done. The lights last about three months in the winter, longer in the summer when they aren't used so much. Bulbs of 50 watts and 120 volts are used.

"But here's something that most folks don't know. Of the 1300 bulbs in the Union Station building, a goodly number were placed by the architect who didn't make full provision for their replacement. As a consequence, they are saved as much as possible, because they are so hard to replace. Many lights are turned on only when something especially important is happening, a dignitary comes to town, or perhaps the sun is eclipsed.

"Other lights are replaced by long ladders, like those in the four arches, each of which bears 24 globes. In some of the low-ceilinged rooms they are replaced by means of a long bamboo pole with an apparatus on the end constructed to hold the bulb when it is being turned."

* * *

INFORMATION about Joseph Tignanelli, who was section foreman on a railroad entering Des Moines, is wanted by his nephew, Joseph Tignanelli, 1425 68th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. The section foreman was killed in a railroad accident in 1916 or '17 at the age of about 33, leaving a widow and a daughter Louise

who, if alive today, is about 30, in addition to a brother, young Joseph's father, now living at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Our correspondent wants some clue as to the whereabouts of Louise and her mother.

Veterans of the former Old Colony RR. (now part of the New Haven) who remember Henry Martin Bowen, the father of Harry R. Bowen, 34 Vanness Rd., North Weymouth, Mass., are asked to get in touch with the son, who will show them some rare and interesting Old Colony photos in exchange for information or reminiscences. The elder Bowen went railroading in 1905 as a crossing watchman, later serving as station agent or operator at Hanson Square, Mayflower Park, Ashmont, and Braintree; and as train dispatcher at Taunton. He then held the first trick, Boston-Provincetown, until his death in '34.

Data on a road which he believes was known as the Toronto & Eastern is sought by Fred N. Gay, 25927 McAlister Rd., R. F. D. 3, Birmingham, Mich., who writes:

"Back in 1915, as a small boy, I often visited relatives in Oshawa and Courtice, Ont., and at that time saw construction of that road under way. I understood gas-electric cars were to be operated. The roadbed was completed and rails were laid east from Toronto, but never to my knowledge were trains or cars operated over the line, except for an occasional test run of a Grand Trunk or Canadian National engine pulling a few freight cars. The rails were subsequently torn up. Many years ago a large wooden trestle near Courtice was burned. Today hydro-electric towers span the old right-of-way. Who can tell me further details?"

* * *

RETIRING after 41 years as a Boston & Albany RR. civil engineer, Rev. H. Lewis Hardy, age 65, has just turned to an entirely different career, that of a recently ordained minister occupying the joint pastorate of the Methodist churches at Corinch and East Corinth, Me. However, he is no novice as a preacher, having substituted occasionally for ailing clergymen in communities to which his railroad work took him.

* * *

COLORED rail-picture book, *Pete and Pierre on the French Railroads,* treated seriously but in comic-book format, has just been issued by French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y., which offers to supply inquirers with free information on the railroads of France. The book, printed in English, tells pictorically and with text matter the story of Peter Jones, son of a stationmaster at Pittsburgh, Pa., and his visit to Pierre Martin, son of a French stationmaster at Le Havre, their rail tour of France, and their varied experiences on this trip.

* * *

COAL-BURNING locomotives are being replaced by oil-burners "to the greatest possible extent" on the Union Pacific under orders from President G. F. Ashby, who announces that "if deemed necessary, the use of Diesels will be extended to the Eastern District." The action was taken in connection with the strike of 3100 UP Coal Co. miners in sympathy with John L. Lewis' pension demands. Maintaining that the crisis was brought about by "docile followers of irresponsible leaders," Mr. Ashby says, "I had not intended Dieselization of the Eastern District unless forced to do so."

* * *

WORLD'S longest railway in 1856 was the Illinois Central, 784 miles, according to *The Ladies' Repository* magazine of that year, sent in by Russell Buckhout, Chicago, which also gave the following data: "The United States are composed of 32 states and 9 territories. They contain an entire population of 27,000,000, of whom 23,000,000 are white. The extent of seacoast is 12,600 miles. The length of the 10 principal rivers is 20,000 miles. The surface of the 5 Great Lakes is 90,000 square miles. The number of miles of railway in operation is 20,000, which cost $70,000,000. The length of canals is 5000 miles."

Courtesy New York Central

The eyes have it—at least in this shot showing placement of the new sealed-beam headlights on a New York Central locomotive front. This they should call the *Boiled Owl Special*

HEADLIGHT. The sealed beam lamp, the lighting development which revolutionized automobile headlights, has been adapted for use on New York Central locomotives. With its candle-power developed from a relatively small reflector area, the new type lamp permits the installation of two headlamps on a locomotive instead of one, giving added insurance against possible lamp failure during a run. Should one lamp fail, the other would still provide adequate emergency illumination. The new lamp requires less time to clean than does the older, multi-part type, it blackens less readily and is waterproof.

* * *

MORE THAN 100 million passengers arrived or departed on trains at New York's Penn Station during each of the last four years. The 1947 figure was 100,533,590, a 7-percent decrease from the 108,195,563 who used the station in 1946, and an 8-percent drop from the all-time peak of 109,349,563 reported for 1945. Since Penn Station was opened in 1910 the total number of passengers who have used it is a little short of two billion. Of the passengers counted for 1947, the Long Island moved 68,132,363; the Pennsy 29,119,626; the New Haven 2,379,292, and the Lehigh Valley 902,309.

* * *

BRITISH reader Arthur J. Richards, 21 Briarfield Road, Tyseley, Birmingham, England, reports having witnessed the following incident at what used to be the Great Western's Snow Hill station in his city:

"The 11:56 a. m. express had just arrived from London on the dot. As it came to a standstill I happened to be standing beside the engine, Number 6008, the *King James II*. A smartly dressed gentleman whom I learned was an American visitor to Britain came up to the engine, admired her, and said to the engineer and fireman; 'A very fine run! Thank you men for a safe journey,' and he handed them what turned out to be a substantial tip. This is the first case ever brought to my attention where an engine crew was tipped by a passenger for having made a good run. Does any reader know of another such instance?"

Another Englishman, Norman Hall, 66 Margaret St., Ashton-u-Lyne, Lancashire, sends us an item from the *London Daily Mail* telling how a man who claimed to be a member of Parliament tried to get a ride in a newspaper train which did not carry passengers. The scene was King's Cross station, London, on what used to be the London & North Eastern Ry. at about 2:30 a. m. After a ticket collector and a guard had requested the alleged M. P. to leave the train, the man complained to the assistant stationmaster:

"I have been sitting in the House (the lower house of Parliament) till 2 a. m. I want to get home."

But the assistant stationmaster knew that Parliament was not in session at that time, so he asked the railway police to eject the unwelcome passenger. The latter stormed:

"The railways are nationalized. They belong to me and to everyone. I can do as I like now."

He resisted ejection so strenuously that the assistant stationmaster had the train pull into a tunnel and there cut off the car in which the intruder was seated and left it there for half an hour. When they brought the man back half an hour later he was still angry. They finally got him out by threatening to switch the car onto a sidetrack and leave it there the rest of the night. He was last seen heading for home on the 4:25 a. m. local.

* * *

SALUTE. "Red" Higgenbotham, hogger on the Chicago & Illinois Midland switcher at Pekin, Ill., makes trips every Monday, Wednesday and Friday into the Peoria & Pekin Union yards at Peoria, Ill., to deliver merchandise cars. Enroute, while passing the cemetery in which his former engineer, "Peggy" Redman, is buried, Red invariably toots a highball as a token of respect, reports

Photograph by Mike Runey, 5 Mountainview Dr., Pine City, N. Y.

Roundhouse roundup at Sayre, Pa., yards brought out five Lehigh Valley types. Left to right: streamlined Pacific; 5200 series Northern; Ten-Wheeler; standard passenger Pacific; another 5200 fast freighter

John Pruett, Jr., 603 Nowland Ave., Peoria.

* * *

A TOMCAT delayed for 45 minutes the other evening a Great Northern mail train a short distance east of the Spokane depot, we learn from Walter Thayer, Box 1588, Chelan, Wash. The venturesome cat was crossing an electrically-operated switch when a Hillyard depot operator pressed the button. The animal was crushed to death in the switch, which could not close, thus automatically turning all block signals red. Nobody knew what had happened until the fast mail ground to a stop and the feline body was discovered jammed in the switch.

* * *

FOOTNOTE to "Nevada Northern," page of this issue, comes from the author, B. A Thomas, 10908 Dalerose Ave., Inglewood, Calif. "In the article," writes Mr. Thomas, "I hadn't space to paint a halo around Mr. Duddelson's head, and that is what I would have liked to do. You see, that old boy was like a daddy to all us boomers; we really loved him and would have gone through hell and high water for him. He was a thorough railroad man and talked our language.

"He had received his official position on the Nevada Northern through the gratitude of a principal stockholder who owed much to him for a favor done in former days. Mr. Duddelson was given a life-time job, and the other boys couldn't oust him though, eventually, they relieved him of most of his duties. In my time, we had a vice-president of the "gold-headed cane" type, who didn't know a boxcar from a bit of baled hay. It was

quite natural for this bit of aristocracy to feel himself above a railroad man. Eventually, politics moved the telegraph and dispatchers' offices out of the superintendent's building. But, isolated as he was from the rest of the railroad, Mr. Duddelson remained 'our super' until he passed away. "I'll never forget him and neither will scores of others like myself."

* * *

REGRET that the old steam-Diesel controversy is still going on is expressed by Ed. Weinstein, c/o Shortwave Production, Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. "It seems to me that what is pretty near the final answer to this battle came in the comparative figures of steam and Diesel mileage in Donald M. Steffee's 'Annual Speed Survey,' " he writes.

Ed has been reading *Railroad Magazine* for nearly 18 years. "The improvement is terrific. For my money, it is the best magazine in the field. But I miss the articles analyzing such systems as the Soo Line and the Bangor & Aroostock which you published before the last war, articles that went in heavily for operating and financial conditions, as compared, for instance with those similar to the recent two-part feature on the Canadian National which were, to my mind, just glorified travelogs."

Another critic is James L. Weaver, 219 Gibbs Ave., Newport, R. I. He writes: "As a reader of *Railroad* since 1934 who has saved every copy to date, I regard the present magazine very highly and enjoy some of your fact articles, but somehow it lacks the color and glamour of five or ten years ago. Virtually gone from its pages are the old riproaring stories of Dellinger, Tyler, Bedwell and certain other boomers who really captured the thrills of the most colorful era in railroading. Also I miss the biographical sketches of the great railroad builders and magnates and the exciting tales of famous wrecks. Only through the pages of *Railroad Magazine* as it was can we keep alive those bygone days and personalities.

"I am aware that times are constantly changing and your editorial policy has to keep up with the times, whether for better or for worse. I want to commend Mr. Comstock on his beautiful January cover painting and to urge that you stop cluttering up a good magazine with a lot of tinhorn Diesel pictures. What do other readers think of the present-day contents of *Railroad?*"

* * *

COMMUTERS. "Editor Comstock's article on commuters was most amusing and interesting," comments Robert A. LeMassena, 398 N. Maple Ave., East Orange, "but it left out one thing, which more than all other items causes the financial headache of commuter service. This service is handled in bulk. High speeds are admittedly not necessary. Train handling doesn't have to be done with kid gloves. And the commuters show up five days a week, come hell or high water.

KENT RAZOR BLADES

8 Blades Per Pack

10¢

Biggest Savings in Your Daily Shaves! Buy 8 to the Pack in Kent Razor Blades!

If not Available at Your Dealers
Mail 10¢ for 1 pk.—$1 for 12 pks.

CUPPLES COMPANY
ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

Courtesy British Combine

Footnote to last winter's coal shortage was written by former Great Western (now British Railways) with the conversion of heavy-duty locomotives to oil-burners at Swindon GWR works. Ratio of 6 gallons of oil to 75 pounds of coal per mile sounds good to coal-starved England; not so good to a coal-wealthy N. S. *At right:* A second footnote, in italics sharp enough for Diesel-fearing Easterners to feel—end of regular operations at NYO&W's Middletown, N. Y., roundhouse. Not even when delivery of 26 more coal-less engines completes steampower displacement, will the stalls be emptier or the wye more deserted

Photo from D. Diver, 10 Harrison St., Middletown, N. Y.

But—and this is the trouble, strange as it seems—they all come at the same time, twice a day.

"All of this means the cars are pretty well filled. Throttle artists aren't needed for engineers. Maintenance of track and equipment isn't high because of high-speed operation. And the assignment of crews and equipment can be made with little waste. All of which makes for low-cost, high-net revenue transportation. But the fact that the loads arrive in two peaks completely negates any thought of profit.

"Take the Lackawanna, for example. It operates 282 cars in electric service, of which a few are always in the shops. In the morning, all of these cars run into Hoboken, while a large percentage deadhead back for another load. During all the rest of the 24 hours, the regular service can be maintained by about 50 cars, the remainder standing idle for about 20 hours. Most of the cars, therefore, make only about 100 revenue miles per day, which is nothing to brag about.

"The many suburban stations must have a capacity to take care of the biggest morning crowd, while the Hoboken Terminal could be small indeed were it not for commuters. This terminal, with its two-coach yards, engine terminal, 18 tracks and platforms, and repair shop, together with the 3-track and 4-track main lines occupy some of the most expensive and highly taxed land in the world, yet they are used, for the great majority of movements, for traffic which keeps them busy only four hours per 24-hour day.

"Even purchased power costs ten times the usual rate, when purchased during the morning and evening peaks. Why does the DL&W maintain this tremendous standby plant and equipment almost for the exclusive use of traffic during but one-sixth of the time? Why operate it when it does not pay its own way? As one of the owners of this property, holding some common stock and bonds, I want this form of charity either to stop or to return something on my investment. I see no reason why I should take the money I make from freight traffic and long distance passenger traffic and give it to the daily-traveling citizenry of suburban New Jersey.

"Such talk hurts the gentle commuter. The trouble is that he has been spoiled these many years. It is about time he realized the honeymoon was over. Unless

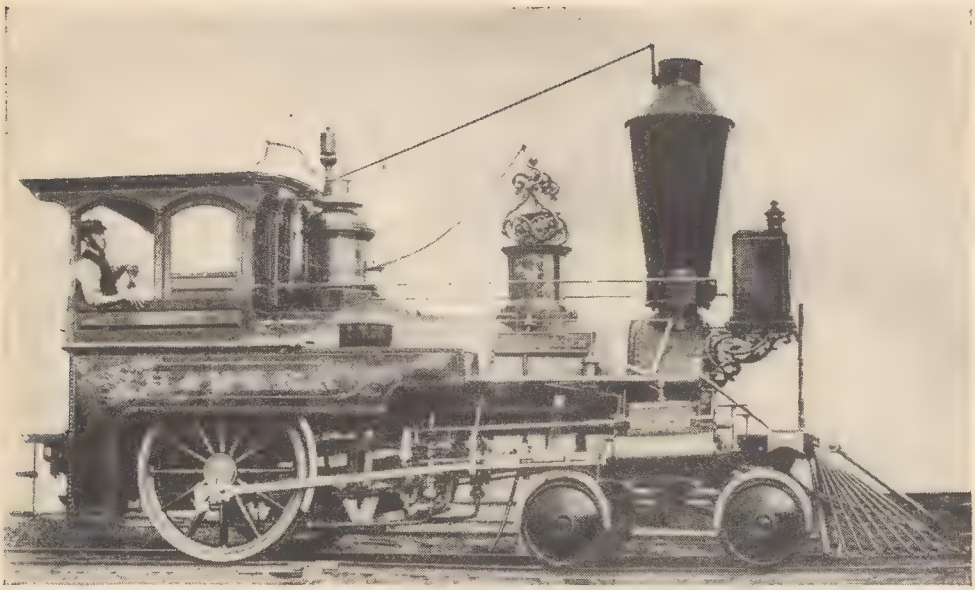
the State of New Jersey takes a different attitude toward railroad taxation (which isn't likely), ye commuter will have to pay for the service he gets. These same fellows don't run their own businesses the way the railroads run the commuter business, so why should they expect or demand concessions in rates? Other businesses see to it that customers pay for the excess plant peak loads required. The telephone company spreads it over all cusomers. But power companies have 'demand rates' in effect which penalizes the cusomer who adds to their peaks. Thus the gent who wants a lot of power at once pays for the additional plant which his demand requires the power company to install.

"So why shouldn't commuters pay a premium rate too? Since we must have all of these stations, cars, trackage, interlocking plants, terminal, crews, ferry boats, etc., for their use when they want them, why shouldn't those customers pay us enough in fares, so that we don't saddle others with part of the costs? If they want air-conditioned cars and those cars can't be used elsewhere, I am quite sure the people who desire them are going to pay for them. Just because the DL&W is a public service does not give the public the right to request that we run the service at a loss or that we subsidize the service with revenues obtained in other manners.

"I might even get so vehement as to ask commuters if they would prefer to walk or ride a bus rather than pay enough to make the rendering of the train service worthwhile to the one who renders it."

* * *

MAINE CENTRAL wreck in the winter of 1906-'07 as described in our November '47 issue struck C. E. Freeman, Boston & Maine agent, 24 Beverly, Mass., with peculiar force because, says he: "I was the only man to come out alive on the head end, as I was in the cab of engine 372, freight train 22 west, headed for Portland, Me. All others were killed. The other engine involved was Number 359 with freight extra eastbound for Waterville, Me. The collision occurred December 6, 1906, between Monmouth and Annabessacook on an S-curve. I not only survived but am still going strong, being one of the oldest agents on the B&M today. After the wreck I took up telegraphy.



Delivery day for the *Hackensack*, product of Rogers Paterson, N. J., shop, with M. S. Hudson, works superintendent, in the cab. Her jewel-like appearance is proof that holding down the driving parts didn't reduce the ornamentation

I have in my possession five pictures of the pile-up, showing the big hooks as they pulled the two engines apart. I remember it was bitterly cold that night, with sleet, rain and ice adding to our bedevilment."

* * *

SPECIAL. Car Number 100 of the Georgia Northern Railroad, former property of President C. W. Pidcock, has been acquired by the writing team of Lucius Beebe and Charles M. Clegg, Jr., and been rechristened the *Gold Coast*. They expect to use it in the far West as a mobile residence while working on their next book: *Wells Fargo; Bandits, Bonanza and Booze*. The *Gold Coast* was built by the Central of Georgia at its Savannah shops in 1907 and its interior will be redecorated in Victorian style by Robert Hanley, Inc., of Hollywood. In addition to the conventional observation apartment, dining room, kitchen offices and crew's quarters it includes a guest stateroom, a master suite and three washrooms and two shower baths. It has a wooden superstructure mounted on a steel frame, standard Pullman six wheel trucks, and can run in Class 1 passenger trains.

THE HACKENSACK. "For the sake of historical accuracy," writes Walter A. Lucas, 56 Tuxedo Ave., Hawthorne, N. J., "I would like to call attention to the illustration on page 92 of the April '48 issue, which shows an artist's conception of the locomotive *Hackensack* on the Hackensack & New York Railroad that is somewhat overdone. This engine never had a tender, let alone an 8-wheel one which is evidently a figment of imagination. The locomotive is true to life as it was no doubt copied from a photograph taken by the late John Reid who took most of the excellent pictures of the Paterson locomotive builders. A copy of this engine is shown. Neither was this engine a failure. It performed for many years after it was acquired by the Erie and is shown in two other photographs on this road.

When the Hackensack & New York Railroad was being planned, two tank locomotives were ordered from the Rogers Locomotive and Machine Works, on April 12, 1860. The details of construction were arranged by Robert Rennie for the Hackensack & New York Railroad Company and William S. Hudson, the superintendent of the locomotive works. The

engines were named *Hackensack* and *Lodi*. The town of Hackensack was the terminal of the road and the village of Lodi, two miles distant, was at the end of a branch line where Mr. Rennie had extensive cotton print works.

Following is a draft of the original order appearing in the books of the Rogers Locomotive and Machine Works, applying to these two locomotives. Some explanation may be necessary as to some of the specifications. The 'Walnut House' is of course the cab and it had a small bin for carrying anthracite. One load of this fuel would carry the train on a trip. Felt covered the boiler as insulation and the jacket was the usual highly polished Russia iron. The iron head is the flue sheet in lieu of copper used on some roads.

Patterson, Sept. 29, 1860
Hackensack & New York R.R. Co.
Dr. to Machine Shop
To 1 - 6 wheel tank locomotive engine (Shop No. 955)
HACKENSACK

With 1 pair 4½ ft. driving wheels, Flange Farnley Tyres 2¼in. and 4-26 in. Truck Wheels with inside bearings, Two tanks on the Engine, one on each side of the boiler over the drivers, each capable of holding about 220 gallons (say 440 in all). Walnut House—arranged for holding coal. Cylinders 9 in. x 16 in., Link-motion, Single exhaust, Iron Valves - Sandbox, Heaters, Gong, Cowcatcher of Round bar Iron—Footboards forward of Tanks, bound with brass. Hand rail of 1 in. Bar Iron. Boiler covered with Felt & Russia Iron. One cast Steam dome over Furnace covered with Russia Iron, Brass Moldings and Brass top. Iron Head. 94-1½ in., Wrot Iron lap welded safe ended flues 5 ft. long. Pumps and upper air-chambers of Brass. Copper Feed and branch pipes. Steam-chests and cylinder heads covered with Brass. Feed and cylinder cocks operate from foot board—Wrot driving and Cast Iron Truck Pedestals. Bush and Lobdell's truck wheels—Spark-arrester arranged with cone damper. Cast Iron Grates and all necessary fixtures for using *Anthracite Coal for Fuel*. Lockbridge's patent brakes, extra cost of $300. Allen's Brass Steam gauge, Puddled steel Truck axles. Lamp stand. Flag Staff, Variable exhaust, 6 ft. Track. Weight on drivers, 18,399 pounds. Weight on truck 13,755 pounds. Total weight of engine 32,154 pounds. Water in tanks 3,370, in Boiler 2,555=5,925 pounds. Total 38,078 pounds. Price of engine $4,500.00, plus $300,000 for brakes.

The same specifications apply to the engine *Lodi*, completed Oct. 25, 1860—Shop Number 961.

These engines were successfully employed in constructing the railroad and later in hauling single car passenger trains from Hackensack to Jersey City via the Erie Railway, the junction of the two roads being located where it is today on the 'Hackensack' meadows six miles south of the town bearing that name. About twenty-five years ago the writer had the pleasant experience of interviewing James C. Blauvelt, an 85-year-old retired brakeman who worked on the trains hauled by these small engines. At the time president-elect Abraham Lincoln was traveling from Springfield, Ill., to Washington, D. C. On Feb. 21, 1861, these engines hauled special trains from Hackensack to Jersey City where Lincoln made a brief stop and addressed the assembly of Jerseymen before continuing his journey over the New Jersey Railroad & Transportation Co.'s line (PRR today) to Philadelphia and on to the capital.

Increasing business on the Hackensack & New York R.R. necessitated the construction of larger locomotives and early in 1861 a new engine named *Bergen* arrived on the road from the shop of Danforth, Cooke and Co. She was of the 4-4-0 type and had a short career, for in April, 1861, she ran through the open

draw of the Hackensack river bridge and sank out of sight. Following the Civil War the Rogers Works delivered another locomotive in May, 1867. This was named *Hackensack* in place of the older tank-engine which went unnamed from then on.

Eventually the Hackensack & New York R.R. was extended northward and was renamed New Jersey & New York R.R., afterward becoming part of the Erie which operates it today as part of the New York Division.

* * *

CORRECTING one point in our *Annual Speed Survey* (April issue), T. J. O'Shaughnessy, the Rock Island's public relations officer, writes: "I enjoyed very much reading Steffee's article and the story on Laurence Sauter's amusement-park *Rocket.* Your Magazine is doing a fine service in maintaining public interest in the railroads. There is a minor error on page 22, where the Rock Island's *Californian* is mentioned as still being in service. This train was discontinued some time ago. Northbound Pullman and coach passengers are now carried on the *New Golden State* and the *Imperial,* both of which, incidentally, are doing capacity business. We also have a Chicago-Los Angeles train, the *Southwest Express* which does head-end and local business."

* * *

RAILFANETTE. Mona Jean Atkinson, age 16, of Penacock, N. H., likes to assist her dad, Engr. C. H. Atkinson, in running the 3-spot through the yard of the Stratton & Co. flour mill. This engine was originally owned by the Woodstock Railway (which made its last run the day before Easter, 1933) and was originally named the *J. G. Porter* for the Woodstock's first superintendent. Mona's experience with steam began when she was two years old and used to sit in her father's lap behind the wheel of his big Stanley Steamer feeding its 20 hp. engine from a generous supply of steam.

"Steam never stalls," she says, "but starts doing exactly what you want it to do. And it is not likely to go on a mad uncontrollable spree as some Diesels are. Don't even utter the word 'Diesel' around our 3-spot, lest both pops fly open in protest, not to mention what Dad would do."

* * *

CANADIAN colonist cars, despite descriptions sometimes printed to the contrary, are not the Canadian equivalent of tourist sleeping cars in the United States, according to A. D. King, Renfrew, Ont., Canada, who writes:

"Our roads have their own tourist cars, apart from colonist cars. The Canadian tourist car is almost the same as an open-section Pullman. Most of them are air-conditioned. Porters make up berths and provide other service, but tourist passengers have no lounge car or observation car.

The car contains a little two-burner stove on which you may boil a kettle of water but not prepare food. The fare is the same as in coaches, while a berth costs about three-quarters less than the standard berth."

* * *

LAST STOP is the Reader's Choice Coupon *(page 141),* which guides your editorial crew in selecting material for future issues of *Railroad Magazine.*

Some readers use the coupon. Others prefer not to clip the magazine; they send home-made coupons, postcards or letters. Regardless of how votes are written, all count the same. Results of balloting on the March issue show as follows:

1. Sunnyside Yards, *Rohde*
2. So You're a Passenger Conductor, *Earp*
3. Railroad Scouts, *Dellinger*
4. "Down Under" Railroads, *Harris*
5. Time Element, *Jackson*
6. Forgotten Trolleys, *Maguire*
7. On the Spot
8. Light of the Lantern
9. A Taste of Railroading, *Rooney*
10. Locomotive of the Month

Most popular photos: pages 18, 125 and 122-123

Railroad Camera Club

ITEMS sent to the *Switch List* and *Model Trading Post* are published free, in good faith, but without guarantee. Write plainly and keep 'em short. Print name and complete address.

Because of time needed to edit, print and distribute this magazine, all material should reach the Editor eight weeks before publication date. Redball handling is given to items we get the first week of each month, if accompanied by latest Reader's Choice coupon (clipped from page 141 or home-made).

Due to scarcity of space, we prefer that no reader be listed here oftener than once in three months.

Use these abbreviations: *pix*, photos; *cond.*, condition; *ea.*, each; *elec.*, electric; *env.*, envelope; *eqpmt.*, equipment; *esp.*, especially; *info.*, information; *n.g.*, narrow-gage; *negs.*, negatives; *p.c.*, postcard; *pref.*, preferably; *tr.*, train.

And these photo sizes: Size 127—1⅝x2½ inches; Size 117—2¼x2¼; Size 130—2⅞x2⅞; Size 118 or 124—3¼x4¼; Size 122 or p.c.—3x5½; Size 616 same as 116, on thin spool; Size 10—2¼x3¼ inches.

The term *tts*, refers to public timetables, unless preceded by *emp.*, when it means employes' (operating) timetables.

(R) indicates desire to buy, swap or sell back issues of *Railroad Magazine* or its predecessors, *Railroad Man's* or *Railroad Stories. (Specify condition of each copy.)*

(*) indicates juicefan appeal.

RAILROAD CAMERA CLUB is open to all who collect railroad or streetcar pictures or other railroadiana such as time tables, passes, train orders, trolley transfers, magazines, books, etc. There are no fees, no dues.

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Switch List

CHAS. ABLE (*), 466 Park Ave., Valparaiso, Ind., has list 1200 elec. pix, mostly size 116; sells 6c ea., or over 80, 5c ea.; 10c for 30-page list, sample.

JIM ADY, 333 Ximeno Ave., Long Beach 14, Calif., will buy '38, '41 *Loco Cyclopedia*, also rulebooks, emp. tts. from Tonopah & Tidewater RR., SP, UP, AT&SF. or trade same.

(R) LYLE H. BAIE, 2008 Cumberland St., Rockford, Ill., will sell *Railroad Magazine*, odd copies '18 to date.

(R) DON BARINGER, 300 Park Ave., Goshen, Ind., offers to highest bidder: *Railroad Magazine*, Sept. '35 to date as set, good cond.; *Trains*, Dec. '40 to date, as set; *CERA* bulletins, compl. set; *ERA* bulletins, compl.; 120 issues *Railway Age*.

(R) EDW. E. BARNES, 817 W. 11th St., Casper, Wyo., wants *Railroad Magazines* Jan., Feb., May, June, Aug. '47; has env., emp. tts., tr. ords., Electro-Motive opr. manual distribution charts, misc. articles.

DOUGLAS S. BATES, 7043 20th N. E., Seattle 5, Wash., will swap NYC, CB&Q, NWP, RI tr. ords. for GN, NP ords. Will swap Vol. 13 (1946 bound) for GN, NP rulebooks or sell same for $4.

(R) C. A. BIRD, 1539 Selby Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn., offers *Railroad Man's Magazine*, Aug. '07; May, June '08; Jan., May '12; Feb. '35, all with covers, good cond. considering age, to highest bidder. Also '43 to date; tr. ords., passes, tkts., emp. tts., rulebooks, other misc. railroadiana, some very old, prior to 1900. List for stamp. Will trade any for German Maerklin spur 00 eqpmt.

(*) JOHN H. BRINCKMANN, Jr., 44 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J., has large collec. emp., elec., foreign, steamship tts. for sale. List for stamp. Wants tts. abdn, N. J., N. Y., Pa. elec. lines.

(*) JOHN D. BROOKS, 26 Olive St., Jamaica Plain, Mass., has elec. pix, size 616, many rare. Can also secure negs., supply copy negs., prints. Send for list.

GEO. A. BURGESS, 7405 Marillac Dr., St. Louis 21, Mo., will make 5x7 enlargements negs. up to 616, 25c ea.; guarantees safe return negs.; also interested in rebuilding collec. Wabash, other mid-western rds. Send list.

(*) TED BURKETT, Sr., 365 S. Detroit Ave., Toledo 9, O., wants fantrip pix OPS, T&I, LSE, CL, W. Va.-Marion Rys., Stark Elec. and Wheeling City Lines. Has T&E (OPS) and Toledo pix to trade for elec. tts.

(R) DENNIS A. BUSH, 66 Hazelwell Fordrough, Stirchley, Birmingham 30, Eng., wants *Railroad Magazines*. Will swap trainmen's ords., other ry. literature; also Fortnightly instruction booklets.

(R) PAUL J. CALVERT, Box 523, Owensboro, Ky., will sell or trade *Railroad Magazine*, Oct. '45 to Dec. '46; emp. tts. Wants vols. 1, 2, 3 *Trains*.

DON CHRISTENSEN, 1109 Roosevelt Ave., Ames, Ia., will sell or swap size 620 negs. Midwestern rds., also size 4x5, 8x10 pix. Lists, contact print, 10c.

HARRY COTTERELL, Jr., 36 Alexander St., Newark 6, N. J., wants pix DT&I depots north of Napoleon, O.; also roundhouses at Tecumseh and Flat Rock. Offers size 122 eng. views taken '47 in exchange.

RICHARD W. DANIEL, 905 Putnam Ave., High Point, N. C., buys pix size 127, 1⅝x2½, all leading rr's.

(R) WALTER M. DUVE, 232 Clark St., Kendallville, Ind., will sell *Railroad Magazines*, good cond., Jan. '37 to Dec. '46, exc. June '39, $15 complete.

C. A. EMRY, 1720 N. W. 30th, Oklahoma City 6, Okla., will sell pix from most compl. list Okla. Ry.; also tts. from AT&SF, SI&SF, RI, Okla. Ry.

(*) R. D. FULLERTON, 38 S. Quentin Ave., Dayton 3, O., will trade one playing card with PRR scene on reverse for ea. match case cover or celluloid callendar (pocket size) with rr. tr., scene, or co. name; also one copy Mar. '42 *Off. Guide* to swap for RPO covers.

TED GAY, 156 Van Buren Ave., Teaneck, N. J., has additional 122 size negs. and prints for sale or trade. Will trade small road and engines now scrapped for action negs. or 8 mm. rail films.

W. E. GLOEB, R. 1, Ft. Crook, Nebr., will sell UP, Nebr. Div. emp. tts., No. 1, 2/29/48, 25c or 2 for 40c; 2 UP Transp. rulebooks, $2. ea.

WM. R. GORDON, 1404 Blossom Rd., Rochester 10, N. Y., has 350 rr. tts., 1890 to 1947, to trade for TT gage or sell.

LARRY M. GRABERT, 113a W. 21st St., Long Beach 6, Calif., wants pix, info. Mt. Tamalpais, Muir Woods RR., Tonopah & Tidewater, Yosemite Valley.

(R) ARTHUR KAFARSKI, 4427 Montana St., Chicago 39, Ill., has *Railroad Stories* '39 to date, compl. new cond.; also pix, size 116, catalogs, loco cyclopedias. Wants 8 mm. home movie films or eqpmnt.

(*) PHILIP L. KEISTER, 314 2nd National Bldg.,

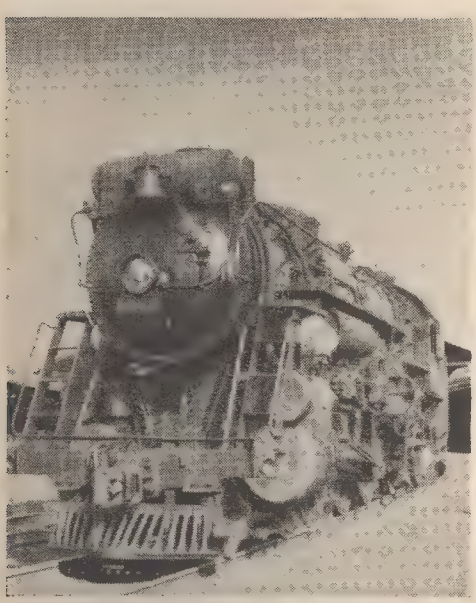

Photo from Wm. A. Burke, 815 Dixie Lane, Plainfield, N. J.

Pacific type pulling an Erie express out of Jersey City terminal

Freeport, Ill., wants *Trains* Nov., Dec. '42; will sell *Trains*, Nov. '40, Feb. '41; Jan. '42; Feb., Mar. '43, to best offer. Wants Freeport, Ill., streetcar pix.

RAYMOND E. KELLER, 334 12th Ave., W. Calgary, Alberta, Canada, wants to hear from anyone interested in starting rr. club in Calgary, or from fans interested in CPR and CNR.

W. J. KIEFER, 378 Cleveland Ave., Salt Lake City 4, Utah, will sell or trade size 616 loco pix or negs. of this area.

(R) E. A. KONDOLEON, 68-37 108th St., Forest Hills, N. Y., will sell *Railroad Magazines*, by yearly sets, '38 to '47, $2.50 set, excell. cond.; Jan. '38 missing.

(R) G. B. KRUSCHKE, Box 1078, Clearwater, Fla., has large number *Railroad Magazines, Trains, Railway Age, Model Railroader, Model Craftsman* to trade for loco negs., 35 mm. to size 116.

PETER KUCHINSKY, 96 Arlington St., Chelsea 50, Mass., will sell emp. tts. B&M, Fitchburg Div., dated June 24, '42, for best offer; will consider trade.

ERNEST LEHMANN, Rt. 2, Box 138, Boyd, Minn., will sell or trade size 116 pix Milw., C&NY, M&St.L, CRI&P, Omaha. List, sample, 10c.

ROBT. A. LeMASSENA, 760 Ogden St., Denver 3, Colo., starting collec. Colo. postcards of Colo. rrs. only. Will buy any showing right-of-way, trs., cars, engs., stas., scenery, etc., over 10 yrs. old. Write first.

(*) JOHN LES CANEC, 173 E. Burlington St., Riverside, Ill., has pix streetcars from Lancaster, Altoona, Johnstown, Pa.; Anaconda, Mont.; Columbus, Cinn., Ohio; Gary, Indianopolis, Ind, Waukegan City cars operated by the North Shore Line. Will trade or sell.

(R) T. C. LIGHTFOOT, 214 Runnymede, Jenkintown, Pa., will sell C.O.D., f.o.b., *Railroad Magazine*, new cond., May, Dec. '38, '45, '47 compl., '46 exc. Oct., all $15.

JOHN C. McCULLOUGH, 6033 N. E. Hassalo St., Portland 13, Ore., collects railroadiana.

(R) F. RAY McKNIGHT, 140 Pleasant Ave., Pleasantville, N. Y., will sell *Railroad Magazine*, '33 to '45; several *Off. Guides* from '35; few NYC&HR and NYC rulebooks. List on request.

GENE MILLER, 622 Taylor Ave., Evansville, Ind., has a collection of 16 mm. rr. films, colored and black and white; willing to make them up for fans at cost. Shots taken in and around Evansville, Chicago, St. Louis, Terre Haute, California, elsewhere. Would like to contact collectors in California, Wyoming, along the B&O and N&W to arrange trades in both 16 mm. and

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(*) JOHN H. MILLER, 562 Courtland Ave., Marion, O., sells 25c lot, CDM elec., last tt. tr. ord., pass., csh for rect., ht. chb., also *Central States Guides*, 50c.

SCOTT NIXON, SFC Building, Augusta 5, Ga., will apply cachet to all standard size, self-add., stamped envelopes sent to him enclos. 1c, to commemorate initial trip of the C&O *Chessie* and Kansas City Southern *Southern Belle*.

S. R. MORSS, Rt. 3, Bradford, Mass., has ICS Transportation Books, listing all rrs., stops, connecting lines, also folio of maps, 1906 edition, theatrical passes, Wabash rr. (1879), Chicago, Milw., St. Paul (1882), others same era; tkts. Worcester & Nashua and storybook rr., others. Make offer.

DAVID H. NOBLE, Box 1147, GPO, Lexington, Ky., offers to sell or swap '14 General Electric *Railway Handbook*.

T. J. PELLETIER, Rt. 1, Potlatch, Idaho, wants all old key wind loco, any brand; all pix Tenn. Central, also Munson RR.

(*) ERNIE PLANT, 3226 E. 26th Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, offers pix of all streetcars west of Winnipeg, most east. roads, also CPR, CNR, PGE, BCER, TH&B, Ont. Nor., T&NO, LE&N, L&PS, GRR, several shortlines, steam and juice; size 116, 20 for $1.25; some steam and BCER negs., 35c ea.; rr scenes, tr. ords., booklets, trsfs., etc. List, sample, 10c. Entire collection for sale, write for details.

PAUL W. PRESCOTT, 218 Whitney St., Conneaut, O., will sell or trade size 116 pix; over 1000 pix from 150 rds. List, sample, 6c stamp.

WM. H. RADCLIFFE, 18 Central Ave., Dudley, Mass., has pix to trade N. H., SAL, N&W, B&A, B&M; will buy negs. western n. g. rds.

WM. P. RATCHFORD, 1427 E. Mt. Pleasant Ave., Philadelphia 19, Pa., has action pix, size 118, *Wall Street, Crusader*, other Rdg. trs.; also DL&W; sample, list, 10c.

(R) J. B. RELYEA, 35 Wyneva St., Philadelphia 44, Pa., will sell last 7 yrs. *Railroad Magazine*, perf. cond., to highest bidder.

(R) FRED RICHARDSON, 457 Water St., Warren, R. I., has *Railroad Magazine*, Mar. '33-Mar. '39; *Trains*, Nov. '41-Nov. '47; 30 assorted *Baldwin Locos* for sale.

(*) HARVEY ROE, 68 Lake Ave., Tarrytown, N. Y., has size 8x10 pix abdn. Tarrytown trolley cars. List for stamp.

JIM SCRIBBINS, 1609a W. Center St., Milwaukee 6, Wis., offers size 116, 616 pix Milw., GB&W, DM&IR, Soo, etc., for size 116, 616, p. c. ACL, RF&P, WM, B&M. Wants any good pix of name signs on obs. cars on rear of tr.

JOSEPH SCHUSSMANN, 449 Bloomfield Ave., Caldwell, N. J., wishes to corres. with fans of Erie's New York & Greenwood Lake Div.; interested in trading pix, emp. tts., tts., old tkts., etc.

(*) F. CLAYTON SNYDER, 2049 Center St., Wesleyville, Pa., wants size 616 pix of Erie, Pa., streetcars; also Memphis, Tenn., and Peoria, Ill. Will sell *Baldwin, Alco* handbooks, CB&Q lantern with 110-V. bulb; few *Baldwin Mags*. Does anyone know whereabouts of Chas. Anderson, D&SL agent at Fraser, Colo., in '13.

GENE SOLTNER, 4820 Van Kirk St., Philadelphia 24, Pa., dismantling collec., all good size 616 negs., 175 Rdg. negs., 12 PRR, 9 B&O, 9 CRRNJ, 5 LV, 8 misc. rds. Lot, $15; 10c ea.

(R) GEORGE SLAWSON, 320 Riverside Dr., New York City, will sell set *Railroad Man's Magazine*, Dec. '29 to date, minus NYO&W rosters, May-July '43; $50 plus shipping charges.

(R) CHARLES STATS, 9427 S 82nd Court, Palos Park, Ill., will sell *Railroad Magazine*, July '47; *Trains*, Nov. '43; *Model Railroader*, June '47; *Clappers* '47 reproduction of AF 1920 cat. for $1.75 or trade for Jan., July '47 *Model Railroader*; Nov., Dec. '45 *Trains*; Nov. '46 *Model Craftsman*.

DONALD M. STEFFEE, 512 8th Ave., Brooklyn 15, N. Y., will trade or sell many emp. tts. covering nearly all trunk lines; also several shortlines for other short lines, terminal tts. showing mileages. trunk line issues '10 to '20. Send large self-addressed stamped env. for list.

(R) DONALD STEWART, 484 Hawthorne Ave., Yonkers 5, N. Y., wants *Railroad Magazine*, *Trains* back issues; will trade *Popular Science*, '43 to '47, for same; will trade trsfs., NYC commutation tkts.

CLARENCE STIDD, 2031 Galewood Ave., S. W., Grand Rapids 9, Mich., will sell pix PM steam or Diesels, sizes 3x4, 8x10, colored, plain.

C. B. SWOYER, Box 22, Duke Center, Pa., will pay

50c ea. for *Trains*, Dec. 40; '41 exc. Mar., June-Aug.; Feb., May, Nov., Dec. '42.

ROBT. THOMPSON, 573 Banning St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, will buy all CNR pix, size 116, 45, 50 (tank style), 3700, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 6405, 6410. Send list, price.

(R) JOHN TODD, 702 Santa Fe Ave., La Junta, Colo., wants May to Aug. '37 *Railroad Magazine;* also roster with Santa Fe power.

(*) E. L. TOMBERLIN, 1755 16th Ave., Oakland 6, Calif., wants list elec. ry., st. ry., bus pix, to add to tfr. collec.; also juice, bus tts. Wants to hear from Europe.

T. H. TOTTEN, 2906 N. Broadway, Los Angeles 31, Calif., wants to trade 2x2 in. Kodachrome slides (35 mm. or Bantam) locos or trs. for slides SP, UP (Diesel only), Santa Fe; is trying to build up collec.

(R) EDWIN A. VAIL, Rt. 3, Box 244, Ojai, Calif., will sell *Railroad Magazine*, Oct. '38-Dec. '47, for $25 exp. prepaid; file in good cond. exc. Aug., Sept., Dec. '45; Nov., Dec. '46; Jan. '47 missing. Write if interested.

(*) GLENN VAN EMAN, 3343 Parkwood, Houston 4, Tex., wants streetcar pix, Waco, El Paso, San Antonio, Dallas, Tulsa, Okla. City, New Orleans, also Tex. Elec.

(*) E. P. VERDONCK, 8 Nelmar Ave., St. Augustine, Fla., will sell size 116 negs., locos., trolleys, 5c for details. State rds. wanted.

EDWARD H. WEBER, 8 Garden Ave., Chatham, N. J., has DL&W tr. ords., Oct. 6, '47, to date, Sundays excluded with other exceptions; DL&W clearance forms A, also Sundays excluded with other exceptions, 3c ea. Write first.

ERNEST A. WEBB, 1705 Woodlawn Ave., Logansport, Ind., will sell size 116 pix PRR, Wabash, Monon, IC, etc., 20 for $1. cash or money order only. Send 10c coin for list, sample. Buys negs. same rds., size 116, p. c. Sells rosters, reasonable.

(R) C. E. WOOD, Box 372, Seneca, Mo., has *Railroad Magazines, Trains*, emp. mags. to trade for emp. tts.; also SLSF, other surplus emp. tts. to trade.

Model Trading Post

LYLE H. BAIE, 2008 Cumberland St., Rockford, Ill., will sell Scale Craft 00, 4-8-4 loco, frt. cars, pts.

GILBERT S. CANTWELL, Box 13, Mount Pleasant, Ia., wants Nov. '43 copy *Model Builder;* Marx switches. Write, stating cond., price.

JOHN CHENEY, 4989 Newport Ave., N. W., Washington 16, D. C., will sell Lionel bascule bridge, never used, $15.; sell or trade std. gage Lionel, Ives; HO Marklin. Wants Ives cat.

GEORGE E. CONDOYANNIS, 316 Huntington Ave., Boston 15, Mass., has large assortment 0 gage 3-rail scale frt. car trucks. Encl. stamped env. for list request.

BILL EVART, Hitchcock, Okla., wants to sell small train.

ROBERT GARASHA, 4102 Argyle, Chicago 30, Ill., will sell 5 pr. Walthers 0 gage interurban trucks to highest bidder, or trade for HO interurban trucks to highest bidder or trade for HO interurban eqpmt. Enc. stamped self-add. env.

ARTHUR H. GILES, 429 E. 64th St., New York City 21, wants Lionel scale cars, good cond., 714 boxcar, 715 tank car, 716 hopper, 717 caboose, also D.C. inverter.

ROBERT CORDON, 1219 W. 69th St., Los Angeles 44, Calif., has HO dockside, 10 cars incl. caboose, fair cond., value $45. Take highest offer or trade in TT gage. Some track.

HARRY GRAFF, 403 West End Ave., Elizabeth 2, N. J., will sell models LNER, correctly lined and colored, 1 *Sir Sam Fay* class loco, 4-6-0, 1 tank loco, 2-4-2, both by Leeds Model Co., ¼ in. scale 3-rail 6 volt perm. mag. motors, both for $125.

ARTHUR KAFARSKI, 4427 Montana St., Chicago 39, Ill., has HO gage eqpmt. Will trade for 8 mm. home movie films or eqpmt.

BARNEY MARTIN, 5204 Clement Dr., Maple Heights 5, Bedford, O., has 3, 0 gage Lionel locos, 1 V. P. streamliner, 40 sec., 072 trk., 25 sec. 0 gage trk., 1.90 degree, 1, 45 degree crossover, Lionel trsfs.; pr. 022, 1 pr. Marx switches, Lionel signal bridge, streamlined cars, 35 misc. scale frt. cars, misc. pts. for making cars. List on request.

ROGER C. MORRISON, 1100 Ave. G. (Lipscomb), Bessemer, Ala., will trade new HO Mogul, used Diesel switcher, needs repairs, cars, rail, etc., *Professional Magic, Encyclopedia Britannica.* Wants antique guns or your offer.

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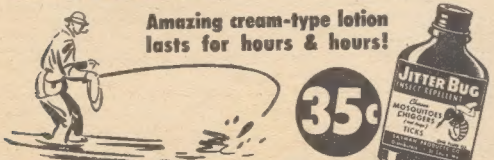

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WM. L. SWAGGER, Cleveland Railroad Club, 1981 E. 105th St., Rear, Cleveland 6, O., starting new railfan clubs, meetings 2nd Sat. month; 0 gage model rr.

Flagstops

FANTRIPS. Third annual tri-boro trolley tour over the surface lines of Brooklyn and Queens will be held Sunday, June 6th, leaving Park Row and Brooklyn Bridge, Manhattan, at 10 a.m., D. S. T. Fare in advance, $1.25; $2 day of trip. For tickets, contact Everett A. White, Transit Improvement Ass'n, 310 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

The Apache Express, sponsored by the Railway Club of Southern California, will leave Los Angeles at 1 p.m., June 26th, returning on July 2nd. Excursion will tour Santa Fe to Holbrook, Apache Railway to McNary, Southwest Lumber Company Ry. to mountain area, Winslow Diesel shops, Canyon Diablo, Flagstaff, Williams, Grand Canyon, Ash Fork, Hell Canyon, Granite Dells, Prescott, Iron Springs, Skull Valley, Wickenburg, Phoenix Salome, Parker, Rice, Cadiz and Ludlow. 1844 miles in your own train. Fares: $50 reclining coach; tourist and Pullman rates higher. All information from club officials, P. O. Box 116, Los Angeles 42, Calif.

Railroad Boosters, Box 5279, Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles 55, Calif., announce August 15th trip over Southern Pacific Ventura, Port Hueneme and Ojai branches, traveling via Santa Paula Valley and returning via North Hollywood.

Akron Railroad Club plans a Fourth of July run across East Broad Top via special steam train. Fare: $3 per couple. Write William P. Smith, sec'y, 69 Marvin Avenue, Akron, Ohio. Regular club meetings fourth Thursday of month at local YMCA.

Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc., announces unusual trainride via NYVH&H, June 20th, leaving Boston So. St. at 9:30 a.m. Route includes stops at Providence and Worcester; return to Boston at 5:30 p.m. Write to Cyrus Hosmer, Jr., Trip Chairman, Raiload Enthusiasts, Inc.. 34 Chester Rd., Belmont 78, Mass., for details.

MODELERS. The Racine (Wisconsin) Model Railroad Club invites all model railroaders in the vicinity to become members. Layouts include 0, 00 and HO. Meetings held every Thursday at 7 p.m.; for place, write William J. Barr, sec'y, 83 S. Lake Shore Rd., Racine.

NON-PROFIT exchange club for swapping excess equipment and locating rare items from other collectors has been formed by J. H. Wipfli of Los Angeles. Anyone interested can receive information about dues and benefits by writing to Rail Fans Exchange Club, 1863 Echo Park Ave., Los Angeles 26, Calif.

FOR SALE. The Connecticut Valley Chapter NRHS is selling glossy-paper booklets to trolley and rail fans. Listed: *Claremont Railway*, 50c postpaid; *Transportation* (story of Connecticut Electric Ry. and two Italian tram systems), 25c pp.; *Transportation*, history of Brooklyn, Bath & West End RR. and Brisbane Rys., 25c pp.; bound together 50c pp. *Massachusetts Northeastern St. Ry.*, 50c pp; *Trolley Days in Brattleboro*, Vt., 30c. Address Roger Borrup, Warehouse Point, Conn., for copies or information. Send stamps, coin, money order.

STILL credited to RKO Pathe's "Whistle in the Night," and appearing on page 142 of our February issue, was taken by L. B. Keller, Box 93, Coldwater, Mich. *Railroad's* apologies to Photographer Keller for this error.

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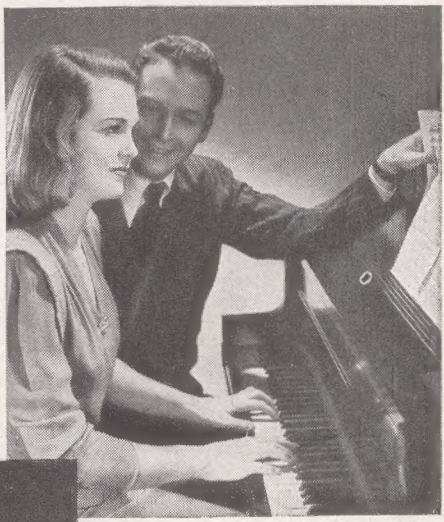
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